

# 'ARRID' exclusive perspiration



'ARRID' Deodorant



Entering Sauna bath-



10 minutes— perspiration has commenced



Notice no perspiration on 'ARRID' treated area.

proves that NEW

ith amazing 'PERSTOP'

stops perspiration before it starts



So if you are going where the action is - buy



Page 2

# Women's Weekly

Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 34c; New Zealand, 15c; Malaysia, \$1.00 (Malay-sian currency).

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St. Sydney, Letters: Box 4988WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

Melbourne; Newspaper House, 24' Colling St., Melbourne, Letters Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne 3001

Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491C, G.P.O., Perth 6001.

Tasmania: Letters to Sydney

NOVEMBER 20, 1968

Vol. 36, No. 25

### OUR COVERNMENT

Republican Richard Milhous Nixon (55), elected 37th President of the United States last week, and (inset) his wile, Patricia, who is two months younger than her husband. The new First Lady, a former schoolteacher and bank clerk, married Mr. Nixon when he was a young attorney in 1940. They have two daughters, Tricia and Julie.

# CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES	
Melbourne Cup fashions . 8,9	
Is There a Life After Doath? 41	
Ways to Mend a Broken Heart	
Do Women Really Want Equality?	
CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS Centre lift-out	

## DECHIAD FEATURES

HEADER LINE
Social Roundobout 11
TV Parade 15
Beautiful Australia 35
Compact 36, 37
Letter Box, Ross Campbell . 40
Traveller's Tale 44, 45
New York Letter, Kay Melaun 54
Dog Picture Contest 54
Stars 56
House of the Week . 72-75
General Knowledge Test . 90
For Teenogers 101, 102
Mandrake, Crossword 10:

Manarake, Crossword	0.0
FICTION	
Mary Contrary, Roberta Yates .	. 60, 6
Let's Drink to Charl Eleanar Smith	
The Spider in the L. Marilyn Harris	
The Mon On the C	
FASHION	

PASHION		
Party Dress to Crochet .		21
Dress Sense, Betty Keep	*	51
Fashion Frocks		90
Needlework Notions .	-	98
Butterick Patterns	*	103

HOME and FAMILY		-
At Home with Margaret Sydney		38
Home Hints	80	53
Readers' Stories	57,	59
Prize Recipes, Transfer	*0	68
Cookery: Made Without Baking	**	69
Gardenine Barries	83	85

# THE BRIDE WORE THE HARAIT YELLOW - THE 1 3 NOV 1968 BRIDEGROOM RED

THE bride looked happy in her short, white-spotted yellow dress. So did the bridegroom in his red linen Nehru-mood suit with white ruffled shirt and large ruby medallion.

But orange blossoms and soloist singing "Oh Promise Me" in the Lyford Cay Club, Nassau, would have been

inappropriate.
The brid inappropriate.

The bridegroom, actor
Laurence Harvey, divorced
from British actress Margaret Leighton, is some seven
years his bride's junior and
looks even younger than 39.

The bride, long-ago actress
Joan Perry, has been married
twice before.

twice before.

And the two have been constant companions for nearly eight years.

Much better as it wasmagistrate officiating, a few friends present. The friends included the wife of designer Jean-Louis (she was a matron-of-honor), actor John Ireland and Mrs. Ireland, and John Cohn, son of the bride's first husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Harvey flew out of Nassau a week after their wedding. They were cagy about their plans, wanted everything without fuss. Nassau, used to exotic goings-on, gave it to

# Champaane

The only ado was over the wedding breakfast fare. Har-

wedding breakfast fare. Harvey arrived in Nassau from Rome complete with cases of champagne and caviar.

This was not necessarily a marriage special. When Laurence Harvey was still a minor name in the film world be used to have his wines. he used to have his wines

flown to him on location in Egypt and Texas.

Harvey, real name Laruschka Mischa Skikne, is a Lithuanian who grew up in modest circumstances in South Africa, but early acquired exacting tastes in

gracious living.

His bride calls him "the little prince."

It wasn't true that she'd given him a lavender Rolls-Royce with his initials on it, he told an interviewer once.

he told an interviewer once.
"It was sort of opal," he said. "I don't have it now. I have a sand-colored Rolls and an Austin Mini-Cooper."

The second Mrs. Laurence

Harvey greatly resembles the first, being medium height, fair, and older than her husband.

She was a novice actress in 1941 when she married 50-year-old Harry Cohn, autocratic boss of Columbia Pictures, a former song-plugger who got into movie-making in 1913, founded



WEDDING DAY picture of the Laurence Harveys. Note his frilled shirt.

Columbia, and ran it as a

His feuds with stars made

Harry Cohn died in 1958, and 18 months later Joan Cohn married another mil-

# \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* By KAY MELAUN \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

lionaire, shoe manufacturer Harry Karl.

They were divorced after

less than a month of marriage.

(By the complex ramifications of film-world relationships, this gives Laurence Harvey a slender link with Eddie Fisher and with Australia.

Before marrying Joan Cohn, Karl was married to actress Marie McDonald, who is said to have had an emotional breakdown while in Australia in 1963. After the divorce from Joan, Karl married Debbie Reynolds, who had just divorced Eddie

Fisher.)
The new Mrs. Harvey may need to draw on e perience to cope with the difficulties of married life.

Laurence Harvey is a complex character, called

unfathomable even by those

who know him well.

He once agreed with an interviewer that he was "like an iceberg, four-fifths sub-merged," and added that, if he ever discovered for himself what the four-fifths was composed of, he would

His Slavic blood might be

His Slavic blood might be a part explanation.

He was aged six when his parents settled in Johannesburg. His father was a building contractor, and Larry studied at technical college to be an architect. He soon take it was for the contract of the contract gave it away for the stage.

## Hollywood

After Army service in North Africa and Italy with the South African Army entertainment unit, he attended the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, got a theatre job in Man-chester, and then made 18 or 19 films for a British com-

pany. In 1952 he did a season in Stratford, where he met Margaret Leighton. (They married in 1957 and married in 1961.)
divorced in 1961.)
came Hollywood

Then came Hollywood and gradually the big-time

"Room at the Top," "Darling," "Life at the Top," "Dandy in Aspic."

His path has diverged from his family's. They are Jewish and have settled in Israel. He has described his older brother, Nachum, as "quite a Hebrew scholar."

Besides the Nassau apart-Besides the Nassau apartment, which is let for most of the time, Harvey has a house in Beverly Hills with three servants, plus a two-bedroom, two-bath flat in Park Lane, London.

He is always off some-where—yachting round the South of France, filming in Yugoslavia with Jeanne Moreau and Orson Welles, or down in the Bahamas. He counts Welles, Frank Sinatra, and Jerry Lewis among his close friends.

He part-owns an antique shop in Hollywood, likes Haydn and Tchaikovsky, as well as the Beatles and Dinah Washington. He likes 16th-and 17th-century paintings, although he prefers to discover new young painters.

# In Park Lane

He has gournet food tastes. While filming "Room at the Top," he trained his Bradford hotel to serve his wine at exact temperature with his port-soaked stilton.

This is a description given by an interviewer of the sitting-room furnishings of his Park Lane flat:

Walls covered with apricot silk — green-and-cerise silk curtains lined with purple— gold velvet sofa with some 20 cerise silk pillows — gilt-framed mirrors — gilded chairs with cerise silk seats chairs with cerise silk seats and hand-painted backs— 18th-century Chinese cabinet of black-and-gold lacquer— 16th-century Moorish mosaic tile battle scene on a black marble pedestal — coffee table six and a half feet long, coffee the top a solid block of green malachite, the legs carved wooden column capitals. On the coffee table, a sculptured hand of white marble, on a black onyx base.

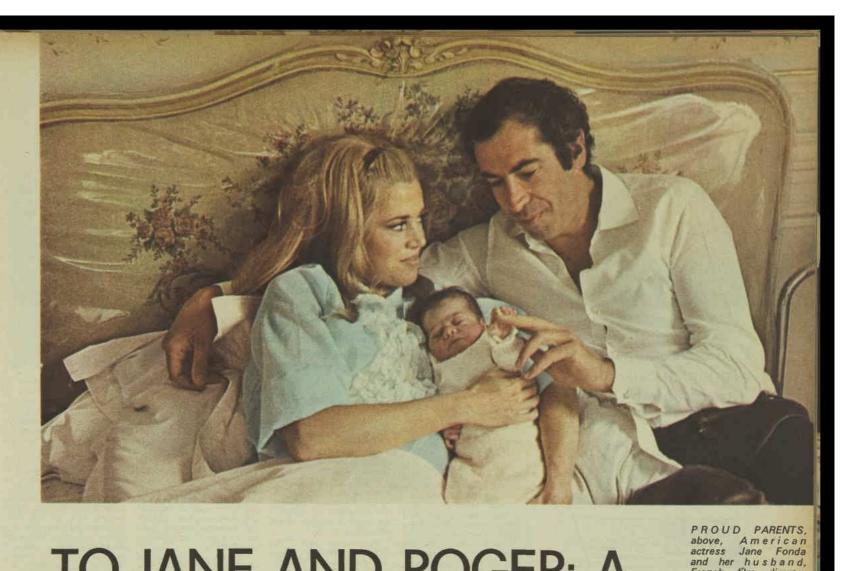
Of the hand, he said, "It's Roman, frightfully old and valuable."

It all indicates a sybarite. But Harvey is also one of the hardest-working actors in the world, with drive and deter-mination. Some say he is made of steel.

The cads he plays so well on-screen color the image of the man, although fellow actors have gone into print as saying that the roles are make a color of the man arter to the color of the color only an extension of the Laurence Harvey they know. Whatever the amalgam, it

can hold few surprises for his

After eight years' associa-tion she knows her "little prince" well. And she's had experience of difficult



TO JANE AND ROGER: A

DAUGHTER

JANE FONDA wanted a son. But when her first child, Vanessa, was born on September 28 all previous thoughts were swept away.

Her husband, French film director Roger Vadim, was present at the short confinement on a sunny Saturday morning in a Paris suburban clinic. It was his third child, but his first participation in a birth; he stayed at his wife's side all morning.

Vanessa weighed 6lb, at birth, with an abundant crop of black hair like her father's.

The sunlit room where Jane rested after the birth was warm, cheerful, and comfortable, with tapestries on the walls, a television set facing the bed, and a sheaf of flowers from Vadim on a bedside table.

from Vadim on a bedside table.

Three hours after the birth, when Jane had put on a lace-frilled white nightgown and a touch of make-up, and tidied her hair, her baby was put in her arms. The excited father took a few pictures for the family album.

There was a constant stream of telephone calls from delighted friends — and a very long conversation, long-distance, with the actress's father, Henry Fonda, in America. And one unscheduled diversion—the sudden appearance at the window of 11-year-old Nathalie, Vadim's eldest child, daughter of his second wife, Annette Stroyberg.

Nathalie had been unable to resist the desire to steal a

Nathalie had been unable to resist the desire to steal a first glimpse at Vanessa. From her vantage point she heard the baby's first cries.

JANE FONDA, right, with Vanessa, her first child. Soon after the birth, Jane telephoned new grandfather Henry Fonda in the United States.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

French film director French film director Roger Vadim, with Vanessa, a few hours after her birth in Paris.



# Treat yourself to the comfort of wearing an expanding Rowi watch bracelet

In one single movement it may be put on or taken off the wrist - so convenient.

It is durable, elegant, water resistant and will suit any watch. Rowi offers you a large selection of such expanding watch bracelets in carat gold, rolled gold and Stainless Steel. Also styles available for men's watches.



WATCH BRACELETS





# **Hal Porter** comes to town...

 Hal Porter, on one of his occasional forays into Sydney, has weathered a week of parties and promotions preparing the public for his latest book. He is fast approaching exhaustion.



HAL PORTER . . . complex person

HAL PORTER'S eyes, "usually big and blue, feel more like garnets."

Now, seated, cigarette in hand, he suggests he be allowed to waffle rather than

allowed to waffle rather than merely answer questions.

"You know," he says, "when I come to the city I have a reputation for being rather drunken and gay.

"But I come to the city to see all my old mates. If they all ate cucumber sandwiches, then I would eat cucumber sandwiches, then I would eat cucumber sandwiches, As it is, they all drink, so I drink. "However, when I'm writing there is no grog, no gaiety. Just solid work."

In the seclusion of his sister's farm at Garvoc, Vic., Hal Porter writes, uninterrupted, up to 18 hours a day. "I haven't got the best-

seller quality in me-although these paperback editions are making me a lot more money," he says. "But I do manage to look after ME; to travel; to dress from Sauile Rom Savile Row.

"I'm a freebooter—divorced, no house, no kids, no car. I can keep myself in the discomfort to which I am used. I suppose it's a selfish way of life."

Porter's new book, "The Actors," published by Angus and Robertson in October, has already shared this year's prize for a non-fiction book in a national literary com-petition. It's about Japan.

The 57-year-old author first visited Japan 20 years ago when he taught children of Australian officers in the

Occupation Forces.

In his first novel, "A Handful of Pennies," Porter

was "pretty sweet and kind about the Japanese." Today, after a return visit, his senti-

ments are different.

The country, the people's religion, their politics, their attitude frightened him; and "The Actors" says as made

attitude frightened him; and "The Actors" says as much. A political party, Komeito, which has gained a third of the Diet's seats in less than ten years, and Soka Gakkai, the Japanese religion with an enormous following, horrified him.

"It's not quite Nazism but

"It's not quite Nazism, but something like it," he says. "Its policy is dangerous

# By JACQUELINE **SMITH**

enough; but when it's a religion, you better watch it."

Of his future plans, Porter says, "To me the most interesting thing is a collection of short stories, which here flowing around I've been flogging around. And I have also had an outburst of poetry - it comes and goes-and that is to be collected into a book."

Looking further ahead: "I have been commissioned to write a play for London's West End. I'll have a bash at it, but I am not a great

at it, but I am not a great playwright, honey.

"While I will never write a really great play, I'll never write a really bad one. I have worked in the theatre

have worked in the theatre and know enough to write good curtain-lines.

"Not that I like the theatre. I never go to it.

"When I was young I would go to the theatre all googly-eyed—but now I'd rather stay home and write a noem.

a poem.

"That, incidentally, is my great ambition . . . to write perfect poetry."

Three years ago Hal Porter was asket to do a sketchbook and essay on Sydney.

"My plate was pretty full at the time, and I over-assessed myself and eventually had to abandon the idea.

abandon the idea.
"It was a laborious stinthours of research at the Mitchell Library and getting

up at ridiculous hours to sketch buildings.
"The material," he ex-plains, "is keepable. I have put it in my glory-box."
Hal Porter has only been

writing full-time since he was 50, "When I was young there was nowhere in Australia for

was nowhere in Australia for the young writer to have his work published."

Until the past few years he made his living mainly as a teacher (there was an assortment of other jobs—cadet journalist, amateur actor, artist, librarian, dairy-farmer, and, at one time, pub manager), teaching in a school on the Melbourne docks and later in exclusive private schools in Hobart, Adelaide, and Sydney.

Of his writing: "I have no imagination," says Mr. Porter carnestly. "I just recount a series of incidents."

Hal Porter's amazing eye

series of incidents."

Hal Porter's amazing eye for detail and memory which seems capable of total recall are particularly evident in his two-volume (there's likely to be another volume later) autobiography.

The first part, "Watcher on the Cast Iron Balcony," is an account of what he

on the Cast Iron Balcony,"
is an account of what he
describes as his period of
non-innocence — from the
year of his birth until his
mother's death, when he was
a schoolboy.

"I am sure I was born

non-innocent and that I will die innocent," says the author, caught midway on his journey to innocence. "I have no faith in the innocence of children."

# Loves people

Part two, "The Paper Chase," describes the next 21 years, from 1929 to 1950.

Hal Porter is a fascinating man, a charming man. Yet a very complex and private person who leaves one wondering just who is Hal

Porter?

There's bluff Hal, or Hal the anti-intellectual, Hal the schoolmaster, Hal the much-befriended, Hal the rascal,

befriended, Hal the rascal, Hal the recluse, or the gregarious Hal.

And then there is Hal Porter, the man who is a great admirer of Australians and a great lover of people.

"I adore people," he says.
"I know people are wonderful. I also know people are vile... not that I have met many really evil people.

"I've met some stinkers: but always, next door, there

"I've met some stinkers: but always, next door, there will be someone who is far better than you could ever have imagined,"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

# Schoolgirl wins \$100 in Bake-Off

THIS year for the first time our annual Bake-Off recipe contest included an Australiawide section for handicapped children.

The winner, 14-year-old Pamela Behan, comes from Junee, N.S.W. Her prize-winning recipe (Party Delight Cake for a children's party) was entered in the Cakes section.

Pamela is a student at the School for the Deaf, North Rocks, Sydney, and has been a boarder there since she

ary school morning for Pamela. Then she received a letter informing her she had won the prize and enclosing

Excitedly she looked at the amount and thought it was for \$10. Then she looked again and discovered she had

The school's principal said Pamela was so flabbergasted she couldn't even begin to imagine what she would do with the money. But first it

would go into the school bank and then she would consult her mother about it.

A Girl Guide, Pamela is very interested in cooking and all home crafts.

She is in her second year

of cookery classes at the school and was encouraged to enter the contest by her cookery teacher after some entry forms had been received at the school.

Pamela worked out a recipe under the guidance of her teacher. She then posted off her entry and to her great surprise won first prize in the Australia-wide con-

In addition to Pamela's prize, four other prizes were awarded in the section. These awarded in the section. These were for \$50 each and were won by: Lynda Aumann, Olivers Rd., Templestowe, Vic. (Pineapple Patties); Julie Cope, Ashford House School, 87 Anzac Highway, Ashford, S.A. (Orange Cake); Pauline English, Broderick House School, Lakemba, N.S.W. (Tropical Pie); Judy Pagan, The Spastic Centre, New Farm, Qld. (Honey Sponge).

# THE OTHER KENNEDY WIDOW

# STILL ON HER PEDESTAL AND AWAITING THE BIRTH OF HER 11th CHILD

ALTHOUGH the former Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy has stepped off the pedestal reserved for "the Ken-nedy women" in America, Mrs. Ethel Kennedy is still firmly ensconced

To be raised to their pedestal of overwhelming public esteem, the Kennedy nen seemingly must first widowed in the most circumstances. tragic circumstances, and then inspire a grieving nation by their bravery and quiet strength during the tragedy's aftermath.

Ethel Kennedy, widowed in early June when Senator Robert F. Kennedy was felled by an assassin, has little time to grieve these

At the Kennedy estate at Hickory Hill, near Washington, she awaits the couple's 11th child, and is occupied in the planning of a memorial to the late Senator.

"The baby will be a Thanksgiving present," she said. It is expected at the end of November, when America holds a Thanksgiving Festival that dates back to the feasts the pilgrims. to the feasts the pilgrims shared with the Indians when the country was first settled.

She has stayed close to home for the past several months, and her doctor has banned all travel until the baby arrives.

She is strong and healthy and doctors anticipate no

# SKI SLOPE

Her wish for privacy has been respected by the Press and public, and friends say the infectious normality of the children has helped pull her through the first hard months of sorrow.

"The children are so brave," she has told friends. "They have helped me more than they can know."

The memorial for the

Senator is to be a chapel on a plateau in New Hamp-shire near Robert Kennedy's favorite ski slope. Mrs. Kennedy has selected

the words of a psalm, the verses of which refer to mountains and their inspira-tion, to be engraved on the

"I lift up my eyes toward the mountains: Whence shall help come to me? My help is from the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

heaven and earth."

Her children helped Mrs.
Kennedy decide to stay at
Hickory Hill.

"Let's not move into that
gloomy apartment in New
York." said one of the children. The Kennedy apartment in United Nations

# By BILL WILSON

Towers, overlooking New York's East River, near the UN, has been sold.

"And let's not go to live in Massachusetts, either," said another. The Kennedy clan all maintain houses at Hyannisport, Massachusetts, where the family patriarch, Joseph P. Kennedy, and his wife Rose, live.

where the family patriarch, Joseph P. Kennedy, and his wife, Rose, live.

"Why can't we stay right here at Hickory Hill?" said Kathleen, 17, and Joseph, 16, and Robert, jun, 14.

"Yes, that way we can take the shortcut to school," said Michael, ten, and David, 13, who attend a parochial school nearby.

Their brother Christopher, four, is at a nearby kindergarten.

Courtney, 12, and Mary Kerry, nine, go to Stone Ridge Day School of the Sacred Heart. Kathleen attends Putney School in Vermont, and Joe is at Milton Academy.

The other children are Matthew Maxwell Taylor Kennedy, three, and the baby, Douglas Harriman Kennedy.

baby, Douglas Harriman Kennedy. Nearby lives "Uncle Ted," Senator Edward M. Ken-

nedy, and his wife, Joan. Ethel Kennedy was just out of college — Manhattan-

ville College of the Sacred Heart, in New York — when she was married.

she was married.

Her college roommate was Jean Kennedy (the wife of Stephen Smith, who ran the Presidential campaigns of both John and Robert Kennedy, and who is the manager of the Kennedy financial holdings).

### AGED 40. BUT SIZE EIGHT

Jean introduced Ethel to her brother Robert, then a law student, at a ski weekend in Canada. When they were married in 1950, Bobby's best man was his brother John.

Always an outgoing, informal, spontaneous person, Ethel was considered a "real

She enthusiastically par-ticipated in the Kennedy sports, and was always an asset on a touch football

She is slim and wiry, 5ft. 5\frac{1}{2}in. tall.

She was 40 last April, and is one of the few mothers-of-ten in the world who wears an American size eight

dress.
She wears simple, often sleeveless — and expensive

Campaigning hard with Bobby in the Presidential Primary election this year, she wore the latest clothes, several inches above the knee. But with them she also wore little white corton

gloves, reminiscent of her convent days.

Ethel was the sixth of a family of seven, daughter of a wealthy industrialist. A very pious girl, she at one time wanted to be a nun, and studied Metaphysics at Columbia University

However, she has not the intellectual and cultural interests that the other worshipped Kennedy widow — Jackie — has.

"She's not introspective, and doesn't have any com-plexes or hang-ups," a friend once said. But she has a phobia

Her mother and father vere both killed in 1955

when the private plane they when the private plane they were aboard crashed. Eleven years later, her oldest brother, George Skakel, jun, died in another crash of a small plane.

To help Bobby in his political campaigns, Ethel struggled with her terror of planes to travel with him, clasping a rosary in one hand and Bobby's hand with the other.

"The first thing you have to say about Ethel," a friend once said, "is her great sense of priority: Bobby and the kids."

She was inseparable from Bobby while he was alive. As a young counsel advising the Senate Rackets Committee, he could always look into the front row of the public gal-lery and see Ethel there.

As a Senator, during any major speech he delivered in the Senate Chamber, Bobby could look up to the visitors' gallery and see Ethel, intent and hanging on every phrase

phrase.

Now her life revolves around the children, their friends, and their many pets romping on the ten-acre estate at Hickory Hill.

The single most important trait to instill in children,

FAMILY GROUP. From left, Michael, David, Robert, Joseph, Kath-leen, Matthew, the late Senator Kennedy, Chris-topher, Mrs. Kennedy, and Mary.

Mrs. Kennedy has said, is a sense of responsibility.

She is completely permissive — and if one of her brood wants to ski down a orood wants to set down a difficult slope, she makes no objection, although the older children have had sev-eral broken limbs.

"If they're going to develop independence," she said, "they have to do it while they're young.

"The less fear the more they can accomplish. This outweighs the risks."

This is pure Kennedyese, from Joseph Kennedy down through his sons John Fitz-gerald and Robert Francis.

It has often been said that Ethel is more a Kennedy than the Kennedys them-selves, and for many she has long been the "favorite Ken-nedy."

During the California Pri-mary this year, at the end of which her husband was of which her husband was slain, a woman at a political rally, overdressed in inexpen-sive clothes, was heard to say, "Jackie came off sort of plutocratic. But Ethel's just like one of us,"











# SUNBEAM MIXMASTER MIXER

the world's finest food mixer

Lasting pleasure is hers for years when you give a Sunbeam Mixmaster Mixer—the gift she will use every day in a thousand ways—for perfect results—no matter how simple or exotic the dish. Only Sunbeam has this exclusive beating action—Both Beaters and Bowl revolve at scientifically correct speeds to give perfect mixture and aeration—cakes come out higher—up to 25% more volume...souffles are fluffier, cream thicker. Has the right speed for every mixing job, and a constant, automatic speed control. It mixes, whips, beats, mashes, stirs, folds and juices. Attachments? Yes—there are special attachments to make food preparation a delight—a mincer, a blender and a slicer and shredder—to handle all food preparation perfectly.

# SUNBEAM POWER BLENDER

the easy way to a new world of taste tempting menus

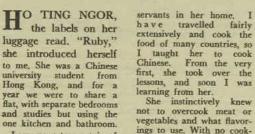
Versatility is the key—it blends, chops, grates, grinds, liquefies and purees. Prepares everything from baby food to party drinks. Powerful 2-speed motor, 2-pint vessel and Blend & Store jars in heat-resistant glass. It is a must for entertaining.

SUNBEAM-THE FINEST APPLIANCES MADE



# AN ASIAN IN MY **KITCHEN**

By PATSY ADAM-SMITH



vegetables and what flavorings to use. With no cookbook to help her, she shopped round Hobart until she found ingredients for many of the dishes too "foreign" even for me, such as squid and dried artichoke (which stank).

Traditional instinct also guided her in foods new to her. vegetables and what flavor-I was none too certain of the outcome. Ruby, I had already learnt before her arrival, as the daughter of a ealthy Chinese family ealing in real estate in

dealing in real estate in Hong Kong; I was brought up in the Australian bush.

On the face of it we had

On the face of it we had nothing in common, yet we got along so well that when the time came to part we both wept and clung together like sisters until the purser told us the gangway was up and I would have to make a jump for it.

Ho Ting Ngor was head-ing back for the "Fragrant Harbor," and her going made me realise what fun we'd had in those months

One day she bought a big ox-tongue and wrestled it into the biggest saucepan we sported and boiled it



mechanic. I cooked what meat I could and the rest

mechanic. I cooked what meat I could and the rest I gave away. Not Ruby! Out the kitchen window went her meat, including two small chickens.

She hung them out late in the evening when it was cool and there were no flies about; the chickens were "sealed" by air by morning and did not attract flies (even though they attracted plenty of interested onlookers on the footpath below). Like the tongue, they dried perfectly.

It was when Ruby had guests that the big cookups took place. Asians are gregarious, and I've seen so many people crowded into our kitchen that we could have been practising for the "stack them in the telephone box" contrast.

phone box" contest.

Everyone, girls and boys,

a people steeped in traditional prejudice to change, particularly when it is their hard-won high standard of living that is at stake."

living that is at stake."

One reassuring proof that there is no prejudice among the younger generation is that in matters of the heart there seems to be no barrier. Ruby had the difficulty of any Australian girl of her age: that of making up her mind.

Boyfriends were plentiful. At first she went out with different Australians and then settled for an Australian journalist and went steady with him until she left for home. When I visited Hong Kong and met her family, she first of all asked about this boy.

We've remained close friends, this tiny girl whose name is best translated as Ruby, and I. Everyone I've known who has had similar relationships.

Ruby, and I. Everyone I've known who has had similar relationships has had the same experience.

In the past five years foreign students in Australia have increased by 130 percent. There is now one to every 1000 Australian people, and even if contact with Asians is still a novel experience to many the novelty is wearing off now that over 11,000 colored students are studying here.

It is likely then that you

students are studying here.

It is likely then that you may some day be faced with the possibility of letting a room to an Asian. If you do, don't miss the opportunity of a lifetime.

When I visited Ruby's fragile, porcelain - like mother in her home on the fashionable "Peak" on Hong Kong Island, she feted me with moon cakes in honor of the feast of the Moon Goddess and then served rice-birds, the tiny bird, small as ten-cent piece, that is caught in Red piece, that is caught in Red China and sells at the equivalent of \$A2 each— and one is not even a mouthful.

"You have shared your comfortable home with my daughter," she silenced me when I tried to thank her for her hospitality. "You have here or recover."

And I thought of bomb of an old gas at bomb of an old gas stove and our fridge that went bung every time the weather warmed up.

# NEXT WEEK

24-PAGE LIFT-OUT

• There are marvellous ideas for Australian holidays to suit a variety of tastes in this booklet . .

NEXT

≥

NEXT

0

WEEK

NEXT

0

WEEK

NEXT

.

WEEK

0

WEEK

NEXT

0

WEEK

WEEK



A six-page preview of the London-Sydney marathon car trial.



.

NEXT

0

0

0

WEEK

0

0

.



BRIGHT AND SHINING CHRISTMAS KNITTING



You'll meet the young, new star of New York's model world - aged 15.

HOW TO MAKE THE PERFECT PAVLOVA



Bright, big Christmas catalogue of toys to buy for boys and girls.





NEW **FASHIONS** FOR SUNSEEKERS: BUTTERICK **PATTERNS** 



Garden expert Allan Seale discusses irises for all garden areas.



OUR NEW SERIAL: "A LITTLE GAME" COMPELLING SUSPENSE

NEXT WEEK

# Cooking became such a pleasure

# with all her friends laughing,

# talking, and lending a hand . . .

and what fun many other Australians could have if they took an Asian into their kitchen. For it is in a for ten minutes. When she tried to eat it she cried that it was too tough. "Boil it a couple of hours longer," I suggested. "It would have no food value left," she told me primly. "I will dry it." kitchen, as every woman knows, that friendships are made or melted.

Australian women have never had such an oppor-tunity to know young people of other lands. Of course, taking an Asian into your home isn't all easy sailing. Ruby's affluent background and my plain hust one were often Next day, on my way to work, I looked up to our third-floor kitchen window and there, dangling out on the end of a rod for all Hobart to see, was the ox tongue, split down the middle and threaded plain bush one were often in conflict.

I thought she was extravagant, she thought I was cheeseparing. Ruby had 38 pairs of shoes, all new; I had six pairs, all old. She bought toothpaste two dozen tubes at a time, I squeezed my single tube out to the bitter end.

There were a score of plain bush one were often

the middle and threaded on a string.

All the neighbors laughed about it and repeated to Ruby how the water content in a tongue is too great for it to be dried. But "Ruby's tongue," as it became known, dangled out the kitchen window for There were a score of things like this, but the greatest complaint of most Australian landladies who the kitchen window for five weeks, by which time let rooms to Asians is their food. The basis of this

five weeks, by which time it was completely dehydrated and ready for her to lop chunks off the end every time she needed meat for months to come. She treated chickens the same way. Our fridge broke down at Christmas and we couldn't get a

lent a hand with cooking, and up to 20 dishes would

be prepared. Sometimes a whole after-

Sometimes a whole afternoon and evening would be
passed in cooking, laughing, talking, playing the
incredibly noisy mah-jong,
and cooking again. (For
tiny people they put away
a prodigious amount.)
Reaction to Ruby by
people not acquainted with
Asians was interesting and
is a commentary on our
historical background, and
I took care to point this out
to her. In time she had
read more about the trouble
at Lambing Flats of last read more about the trouble at Lambing Flats of last century than I had. The gas man one day said, "I see you've got a Chink living with you," and another elderly man insisted on calling this doll-like girl a Chow. She never took offence.

She wrote in a political-economy essay that there was "a fragment of a hangover from the goldmining days when thousands of Chinese flooded the gold-fields and it is difficult for

complaint never seems to complaint never seems to get beyond "It is différent" or "It smells," Ruby couldn't cook when she came to live with me. There had always been THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - November 20, 1968



# FASHIONS AT THE MELBOURNE CUP

Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt

AT FLEMINGTON. Sir Rupert Clarke with Sydney visitors Mrs. Hugh Birch and her husband and Mrs. Derek Glasgow (left to right) on the steps of the Members' Stand just before the start of the last race on Melbourne Cup Day at Flemington Racecourse.

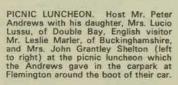


ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Michael Parker pictured just after they had placed their bets for the Melbourne Cup making their way up to the grandstand to watch the race.

AT RIGHT: Gay threesome after a win at Flemington were Miss Annabelle Wood, of Toorak, Mr. John Baker, and Mrs. Beth Churchill (left to right), of Sydney.





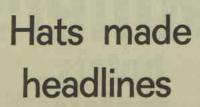


AT RIGHT: Regular visitors to Melbourne for the Cup, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons, jun. (at left), chatted between races with Mrs. Tom Carlyon on the lawn in front of the Members' Stand. Although it was sunny and warm in the morning strong gusts of wind sprang up in the afternoon.





FRENCH ROSES. Romantic-look picture-hat in natural straw worn by Miss Denise Smith, of Toorak, was trimmed with outsize French organdie roses and sprigs of small dark flowers on the flattering wide brim.





PRETTY HAT. Soft flowers in organza encircled the crown of the wide-brimmed hat which Mrs. Maurice Mead wore with her crepe dress.

AT LEFT: Lovely fine straw hat trimmed with handmade French flowers worn by Mrs. Dominic Di Mattina, of Hawthorn, was one of the prettiest of the large hats on Cup Day.

BELOW: Original hairstyle for Mrs. Joan Jackson, of Toorak, whose thick plait of golden hair was threaded with lilac blossoms, roses, and tiny blooms tied with ribbon.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

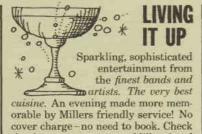
# Millers make it friendlier!



Delicious food, excitingly presented. Superb wines. And the friendliest, most thoughtful attention. Book your table now - ring 27 9625 - covers all Millers hotels.



Stay for a night - or a few weeks! Millers will treat you like royalty. Luxurious rooms, magnificent food, Make Millers your home away from home. Or your business headquarters, with every service for entertaining clients...for conventions...for conferences. Ring 27 9625-book for any hotel.





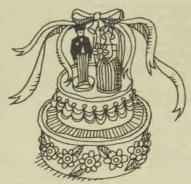
the shows at your nearest Millers hotel.

# MEETING FRIENDS

An informal meeting with friends. A rendezvous with important business guests. Millers blend friendly service with luxurious appointments, special catering? Ring 27 962 Ring 27 9625 now.



Conferences...promotions parties...social club functions. Millers hotel ... or outdoors. Millers can cater for everything – and at the most reasonable rates. Ring 27 9625 to discuss details.



Millers friendliness really shines on a special occasion. Smooth-as-clockwork presentation. Everything organised perfectly. May we quote for you? Ring 27 9625 now and discuss cuisine... wines...decor...entertainment.



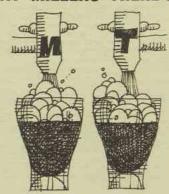
Millers bottle

most every liquor, ale, spirit and wine-including a connoisseur's selection of vintage wines. Shop for home supplies the convenient Millers way. For fast, friendly, efficient service, call in - or 'phone your closest Millers hotel for free home deliveries.

Drop in at any Millers hotel. Discover unobtrusive polished service attention to detail.

a relaxed, sophisticated atmosphere And that quiet drink at your favourite Millers hotel will become something you'll always look forward to!

# Remember AT MILLERS THERE'S



**GREAT BEERS ON TAP!** 

### JAMES RUSE MANLY VALE HOTEL/MOTEL ROUSE HILL HOTEL/MOTEL BLACKTOWN MARAYONG HOTEL/MOTEL MT. DRUITT INN FAMILY HOTEL HOTEL/MOTEL HIGHWAY PACIFIC HOTE RYDALMERE HOTEL EL RANCHO RAILWAY **EPPING** HOTEL KINGSWOOD ALBION HOTEL PARRAMATTA HOTEL/MOTEL WILLIAM HOTEL SEFTON SUNDOWNER FAIRFIELD HOTEL HOTEL/MOTEL BEXLEY NORTH HUME HOTEL OCEANIC HOTEL RIVERWOOD HOTEL BRIGHTON HOTEL NARWEE HOTEL ALLAWAH HOTEL SYLVANIA HOTEL/MOTEL ENGADINE HOTEL

# Make hotels motels

# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT



CUP DAY LUNCHEON. Mrs. John Hudson, Mr. John Webber, and Miss Rosalind Stone (left to right) at the Cup Day Luncheon arranged by the newly formed Flying High Committee in Tattersalls Room at Randwick Rececourse. The committee works for the Air Ambulance Service.



FAMOUS CHEF. President of the Black and White Committee, Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, author, restaurateur, and international chef Mr. Robert Carrier, and Mrs. Ronald Raines (left to right) at the Cup Eve lunchcon arranged at the Caprice restaurant to raise funds for The Royal Blind Society. Mr. Carrier was guest - of - honor.



ABOVE: Sydney visitors in Canberra for the Red and White Ball, which was held at the St. John Priory Headquarters, included Mrs. Jock Pagan, Sir George Stening, Chancellor of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in Australia, and Mrs. Alexis Albert (left to right). The ball was the first function of the newly formed A.C.T. Branch of the Linen Guild, which works for the Priory of St. John in Australia.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. John Stone (at left) with Mrs. Wyndham Rofe at the Cup Day luncheon at the Bellevue Hill home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Coote, arranged each year by members of the Peter Pan Committee, which works for the Peter Pan Kindergarten. Lunch was served in a gay marquee on the lawn and guests watched the Cup on television sets throughout the house.





LONDON WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wright outside the Tower of London Chapel after their marriage. The bride was Miss Sandra Thorogood, daughter of Mrs. Delise Thorogood, of Potts Point, and Mr. Charles Thorogood, of Leicester, England. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. Florence Wright, of London, and of the late Mr. Wright.

# Ways to Enhance A Beautiful Complexion

passing day is largely a matter of giving it regular care and pampering it with occasional bonus beauty treatments. Here are some suggestions to help you capture the softest, most exquisite qualities of your complexion. COAXING the skin to grow lovelier with each

### A Fluid Beautifier

THE most important element to any complexion is the natural moist oil that nourishes and influences cell proliferation. Cherish the beauty of your skin by smoothing a film of tropical moist oil over your face and neck each day. This fluid beautifier assists nature in the maintenance of the essential oil mois-

ture balance of the skin so that dryness, flaky patches and wrinkles are softened away and the complexion is coerced into establishing a coerced into establishing a new peak of - perfection splendour. Used as a beautifying base beneath your make-up, oil of Ulan will set up a delicate yet invincible barrier to pro-tect your skin against temperature extremes, sun and wind, and help to keep your complexion looking youthfully fresh and flaw-less all day long.



# Extra Attention for Necks

A BEAUTIFUL neck always rates more than a cursory glance because it can so easily and yet so stealthily begin to lose its smoothness and youthful appearance. Soak a pad of cottonwool in lemon Delph freshener and briskly pat both neck and throat in an upward and outward direction. This



will whip up the circu-lation so that sluggish surface skin is stimulated, and any tendency to sallowness is corrected. Smooth moist oil of Ulan into the skin after each toning treatment so that the neck is satur-ated, softened and entirely beautified.

# Milky Loveliness

A DELICATE skin will rejoice with a rich reward of radiant beauty by combining two tablespoons of warm fresh milk with a tablespoon of oil of Ulan. Use several pieces of cottonwool and gently

cottonwool and gently smooth the liquid over the skin until you feel it is clear, clean and pure. Gently stroke the balance of the liquid over your skin so the moist oil of Ulan sinks into the skin cells to nourish and give your com-plexion velvet smoothness.



# A Beauty Tonic

TO keep your skin clear and fair and to tone and condition your complexion to a new clarity and fine-grained texture, saturate a cottonwool pad in lemon Delph skin freshener and gently press to the face and neck. The beautifying properties of lemons in the Delph freshener help stimulate the surface cells, clear out stubborn blemish-inducing and porecells, clear out stubborn blemish-inducing and pore-clogging particles, smoothing and refining the com-plexion to a new beauty. To protect and nourish the new milky loveliness, smooth on a film of moist Ulan oil.



known do-it-yourself expert—see his simple ideas for handymen to copy ch month in the

HOME JOURNAL

AUSTRALIAN

# **CREME AWAY** With New 'Easy Off' Softener

Sufferers of laming corns, calluses, warts, now report dramatic results thanks to a new wonder-working creme called DERMA-SOFT. This unique formula softens & disactes hard to remove growths so they creme away paintessly & ariety, leaving, skin silky smooth & soft. SOFT roday at chemistra.

# VEGETARIAN FAMILY OUTPACED THEM ALL

 A family who carried off first places in five sections of a 50-mile walkathon at Maitland, N.S.W., have revealed the secret of their success—a vegetarian health-food diet.

THE McElwaine family, of Greta, N.S.W., astounded locals with their performances in the Maitland 50-mile walking marathon, held last year and again this year to raise money for

This year father Bob McElwaine, 43, was again first past the post (in eight hours and 50 minutes). Mother of five, Shirley, 38, led the women's section by walking 48 miles in just under 12 hours, and sons Gregory, 14, Philip, ten, and Mark, nine, won their sections by walking 50, 47, and 38 miles respectively.

The two youngest children, Joanne, six, and Kim, five, did not compete, but they do go along on the family's four-mile morning walks,

Bob McElwaine told me when I visited the family. "I attribute our fitness directly to the health-food diet we started seven years ago," Bob said.

ago," Bob said.
"It was my idea to try the diet. I had a lot of business problems at the time, I was drinking pretty heavily, and my health was suffering.
"I heard friends talk about health diets, and I thought it

"I heard friends talk about health diets, and I thought it might help me. I started reading everything I could on the subject, and decided to try a vegetarian diet,

# Children's choice

"I remember when I first discussed it with Shirley, she said, 'Don't think you are going to get me to give up eating meat!' But now she is the strictest of us all. "We're not forcing the diet

on the children. If they want any of the foods we don't normally eat, such as meat, dairy products, they can have

them. But they say they prefer the food Shirley pre-pares for them.

Our relatives and friends tend to think us a little crazy, and criticise us for not giving the children meat. My parents have tried to give the children the usual foods, but they just don't want

"We make very sure the children have a balanced diet, with all the protein, vitamins, minerals, carbo-hydrates, and fats they need."

need."

Shirley McElwaine, with a figure and complexion most girls in their twenties would envy, cut in to say, "Their health proves what we are doing is good for them.

"None of the children have been sick since we have been on these foods. There hasn't been one cold in the family since then—not even a headache."

Shirley used to suffer from

Shirley used to suffer from

continuous cold for about four months of every year. Since starting on health foods she hasn't had one cold, and the whole family have dodged the heavy flu epidemics

"Gregory used to have a kidney condition, but that has gone completely. Joanne and Kim, who have been on health foods since they were born (they have never drunk full-cream milk), have never never been sick in their

"And I feel better than I did at 21," said Bob. "I'm down two stone on the weight I was at 37, when I

# By — BARBARA MARTYN

started on these foods, and

I have never felt healthier." Bob feels so fit he says he would like to try walking and jogging his way across Australia, with Shirley going

Australia, with Shirley going along in a caravan.

The family fitness is also shown in their success at sport. All three boys have won numerous first-place trophies for boxing, swimming, and running. The dresser in their bedroom was smothered with their prizes.

Bob takes a special pride in their sports prowess, and would like to see them get as far is Commonwealth or Olympic Games, but Shirley smiled and said, "As they get older, they may put a lot of other interests before sports — they may even lose interest in health foods."

Bob agreed. "But at least

Bob agreed, "But at least we have given them a really

good start in life, with such a good diet and exercise." Apart from their daily walks, Bob has built a small gymnasium in the backyard for the children, and the three boys do boxing train-ing every afternoon. ing every afternoon. Shirley likes to do yoga

exercises to keep trim,
At weekends the whole family go on country walks.
Vegetables are the basic food of the McElwaine diet,

tood of the McElwaine diet, eaten raw whenever possible, or lightly seamed, or as juices. Dried beans, fruits, nu's, and special health foods such as wheat-germ, brew-er's yeast, molasses, honey, and sunflower and sesame seeds are added to balance

the diet,

Bob has taken the diet from no one source. He has avidly read every book and article on the subject he can find, and worked out his own diet from his collective

Excluded are: white sugar



MRS. McELWAINE'S pantry is a little different from most, with sacks of fresh and dried vegetables, fruits, and special vegetarian foods. Her husband says they rarely eat tinned foods, but like to have a few on hand.



and white flour, meat, dairy products (only skim milk and yoghurt, preferably from goats, used), cereals, white bread, sweets, tea, and coffee. Bob and Shirley have also cut out all alcohol except the "natural wines," claret and hock

'No more fortified wines or spirits for me," Bob said, "but claret and hock are harmless—even the children have a bit of claret-and-water

The children don't miss out in cakes and lollies. Shirley bakes with sesame, sunflower, or soya-bean meal, flavoring the cakes with honey and dried fruits. I tasted a piece of her latest cake and it was really delicious.

# Honey toffees

There are also health-food lollies on sale, such as molasses and sesame, nut and honey toffees. Bob and Shirley poured some into my handbag for the trip home. Again they tasted good.

The children even have a special milkshake: 3 dessert-spoons of soya-bean compound; 2 of powdered skimmilk; water (as much as size of milkshake desired); 1 dessertspoon brower's yeast: dessertspoon brewer's yeast; 1 teaspoon lecithin (heart of soya bean); 1 dessertspoon of

For sweeteners, the family use honey and molasses. They estimated they went through a 60lb. tin of honey in five or six weeks.

Shirley told me some hing about her food preparation.

about her food preparation.

"In the summer we eat
mainly salads of raw fruit
and vegetables, with various
dressings (one is sesame or
sunflower meal combined
with oil, lemon juice, and
honey) and in the winter we
eat more steamed meals,
cooking our vegetables the
Chinese way. We never boil

vegetables-it takes all the

vegetables—it takes all the goodness out of them.

"Fried foods are definitely out, but when I cook potatoes or pumpkin I cook them in a little oil first, then add water to steam-cook them. That way they are crisp but also very soft inside — in fact, delicious."

inside — in fact, delicious."

With vegetables as their basic food, the McElwaines don't just stick to "peas, pumpkin, and potatoes."

Shirley likes to make the meals as interesting as possible, and reeled off a long list of vegetables she uses: every type of bean — lima, soya, green, string—potatoes, pumpkin, carrots, cabbage, celery, onions, garlic, chives,

shallots, parsley, chick peas— the list went on and I was convinced their meals were not monotonous.

"When you compare the ordinary mashed potato served to you with what Shirley makes—steamed potatoes mashed and flavored with parsley, chopped onion, and chives, the other has no flavor at all," Bob said.

Shirley never peels the vegetables, not even pump-kin, as too much goodness is lost this way.

"It may sound terrible, but actually now the vege-tables have so much more flavor I wouldn't eat them peeled again."

Glutin steaks are a favorite

FOR THE McELWAINES, a four-mile walk is a daily routine, and at weekends they walk up to 20 miles. From left, Kim, five, Joanne, six, Shirley, 38, Bob, 43, Gregory, 14, Philip, ten, and Mark, nine.

meal. Shirley mixes glutin flour with soya spread and herbs and drops the balls into boiling water flavored with soya spread and

with soya spread and chopped onions.

She cools the balls, then rolls them in egg-yolk and wheat-germ and cooks them in a little oil. "Just like schnitzels, only nicer."

"We don't lack for protein just because we don't eat meat," Shirley emphasised. "A soya-bean compound is four times richer in protein than meat."

Regular, if not daily, parts of their diet are such things as brewer's yeast (rich in the as brewer's yeast (rich in the B vitamins, amino acids, minerals, and protein), powdered skim milk (protein, calcium, vitamin B2), yoghurt (B vitamins, protein, calcium), wheat-germ (vitamin E, iron, all B vitamins, and rich protein content), and molasses (B vitamins, iron, calcium, and mins, iron, calcium, and other minerals).

Bob has become so keen on getting "good food—food which has all the vitamins and minerals," that he raises chickens (for the eggs) and also goats.

# Two main meals

The McElwaines have only two main meals a day, and don't cat between meals. Bob and Shirley fast one day a week (this is "to give stomach and other organs a

stomach and other organs a chance to clear out any poisons which have entered the system"). As the children are still growing, Bob and Shirley feel they need their meals every day.

A typical daily menu for the family is: At breakfast: kelp tablets (for iodine); a spoonful of wheat-germ oil; a spoonful of molasses; a glass of warm lemon juice (skins and all put through juicer) with honey mixed in.

Shirley makes up a milk-

Shirley makes up a milk-shake in a container for each child to have at school

each child to have at school at recess.

For lunch they have a wholemeal bread sandwich of nut butter, candied honey, and sesame meal, and four or five oranges each. Shirley sometimes puts a soya-bean spread on their sandwich.

Before dinner everyone

has two or three glasses of carrot juice.

The main course is a vege-

For a dessert, they usually have a carton of yoghurt and honey, or passionfruit, or fresh fruit.

"But we try not to cat sweets or fruit after a hot meal," Bob said. "And we only cat fruits that are in season, never fruits that have been stored."

Instead of ordinary tea and coffee, Bob and Shirley have coffee made from dandelions or bamboo shoots, and alfalfa (lucerne) tea.

I had some bamboo-shoot coffee with milk, and liked it very much.

The McElwaines see the The McElwaines see the humorous side to their life as well. "When we go out to dinner we always take our own," Shirley said, laughing, "Who else would have such food? But our friends are used to us now. We just can't eat 'normal meals."

"Why, even our dog is a

we just can't eat 'normal meals.'"
Why, even our dog is a vegetarian," Bob said. Bruno, a huge black part-labrador absolutely bounding with energy, lives on mixtures of wheatmeal and soya-bean meal and whatever vegetables the family are having for dinner. He also gets plenty of garlic, which Bob says is a good worm-preventative.

Bob looked round at his five children. They glowed with vitality, energy, and general well-being.
"People may think we are a little crazy being so fussy," he said, "but we are doing it for the kids. We feel we are giving them the best-start in life."



FROM LEFT, Mark, nine, Philip, ten, and Gregory, 14, with some of the many trophies they have won for swimming, running, and boxing. Even the family dog, Bruno, a big, bounding part-labrador, is a vegetarian.



# Would you believe it?

# A few weeks ago I wanted to hide my face!

I was so embarrassed. Ugly pimples and acne were getting me down. I imagined people were talking about me. I felt lonely and miserable. I scrubbed my face—but this only made it worse.

Then our family chemist (bless him!) told me that acne troubles 7 out of 10 young people. He said that acne is not a sign of "dirtiness." It's caused by excess skin oil blocking the pores, forming infected pimples. Then he suggested Stri-Dex, the complete acne treatment that's so easy to use.

First, I washed my face twice a day with Stri-Dex Foam (no soap). Stri-Dex Foam cleans deep down in the pores and leaves an antibacterial film on the surface of the skin to fight the acne infection.

And, twice a day, I rubbed a fresh Stri-Dex Pad over my face. These pads are medicated —clear and stainless. No medicinal odour. They remove pore-clogging oils and make-up —leave your face clean and refreshed. They leave an antibacterial barrier, too.

In five days I could see a big improvement. And now I am back in the "swing" . . . able to face the future with confidence.

# STRI-DEX

Medicated Foam (in handy aerosol) — \$1.47 Medicated Pads (42 in compact jar) — \$1.26





SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

N232.3.88

Page 14

# MORALIST AND MILLIONAIRE

By NAN MUSGROVE

 If singer Pat Boone seems right-thinking, good, entertaining, it's because he is. There is no hint of phoniness about him. And he is a very strict father.

WORLD - FAMOUS beautiful young man, American singer Pat Boone, according to himself, always sounds on paper like a moralist, an evangelist, or a politician.

Face to face, he does sound like a moralist, an evangelist, and a politician, but, above all, like an entertainer. He also sounds like a millionaire, a big realestate developer, a strict father and a fanatical roller. estate developer, a strict father, and a fanatical golfer.

As well, he is very good looking. The only things that save him from being pure hate material are his built-in sense of humor-never far from the surface-and his honesty.

Chocolate manufacturers

Chocolate manufacturers used to put pretty girls on chocolate boxes. If they started using men—and they probably will before long—Boone would be perfect.

He lays about him with a smile that leaves every female, from teeny-boppers up, swooning, as it shows his perfect (uncapped) white teeth.

He has always been sent up a little, because he is so much the image of the handsome, clean-cut American college boy who grew up to be an ideal husband and father.

# Unscripted kiss

Most people know the story of Boone refusing to kiss the girl in "April Love" before he told his wife about it.

"It wasn't in the script," he said, "and when Shirley and I were married she thought I was going to be a teacher, not an actor who spent an afternoon kissing

"When the kissing was suggested, I thought it only right to tell her about it first, ask her how she felt. So I asked the director could I have time to consult my wife about it first.

"Next morning, when I got to work ready to kiss the girl, the story was world headlines. The director girl, the story was world headlines. The director thought it was cute that I should want to speak to my wife. I didn't."

Shirley Boone is used to all this now, used to Pat's

success as an actor and

Boone stands 6ft. tall, his figure is trim. His skin is olive, and he has brownish hair and unusual ambergold eyes fringed with eyelashes that look better than mink ones from a boutique.

Since 1961 he has been in, or close to, the list of America's best-dressed men,

has a craze for white. White shoes have become the Boone trademark since he started to wear them ten years ago. Today he has 20 pairs in his wardrobe.

# Two bracelets

He always wears two bracelets on his right wrist, a twisted gold one and a good-luck fertility bracelet from Africa, a black one made from the hairs of a female elephant's tail. He remare elephant's tail. He wears two rings, a signet ring with a stone and a broad-banded wedding ring with a diagonal "stripe" of diagonals

He was all in white the He was all in white the day I saw him. With his white pigskin moccasins he wore white socks, white cavalry twill trousers, very tight, a white boucle knit sweater shirt edged with gold round collar and sleeves — and he topped it off, when he was going out, with a light amber-colored pigskin windjacket. pigskin windjacket.

The jacket was very with-it, very millionaire. "It will look its best after ten years' wear," he told me.

I first interviewed Pat Boone in 1960, when he came to Australia for Lec Gordon to do a Stadium show that was a near riot.

He was even better looking then. He was only 26 in those days, and he had a shiny, freshly minted look that eight years have dulled a little.

Boone's hair is different now. He no longer parts it, wears it longer in front, brushed forward from the crown over his forehead. It is a slightly Spockish style, like Leonard Nimoy favors in "Star Trek."

He asked me had I noticed his new hairstyle?

READ TV

I had, of course, and feeling like a heretic asked him was it because he was getting a bit thin on top? singer. Boone stands 6ft. tall, his He assured me that his

new hairstyle was not a cover-up but a concession to his daughters, who were very with-it and liked him to be up with the latest styling.

He doesn't wear side-burns or sidelevers, the cur-rent male craze. They are not for him, he said, and he thinks they may be an aging fashion.

When I last saw Boone, in 1960, I was standing in for teenage adviser Louise Hunter, and got him to answer some problem letters from Australian teenagers.

He said then he didn't believe in going steady too young; thought first-date kissing was rushing things a bit; didn't believe in parking in cars on the way home.

# No dates yet

He still believes all this, only more so. Today, at 34, Pat is the father of two teenage daughters—Cherry (14) and Lindy (13)—and two others hurrying toward their teens—Debby (12) and Laury (10).

Cherry is not allowed to have a single date until she is 16. She can have friends at home, go to parties or other outings with groups, but not alone with a boy.

Talking of single dates, he said: "I know from my own experience young people enjoy being together. They like to talk, sometimes just to sit together, but they can do this in full view of other people — it doesn't have to be done in some secluded spot in a car."

I asked Mr. Boone were

I asked Mr. Boone was I asked Mr. Boone was he saying that young people should avoid the occasions of sin? He said yes, but he would put it another way: "Avoid the opportunities to make mistakes that can ruin your whole life."

He said American parents didn't discipline their child-ren enough, indulged them in an effort to buy love.

"I've heard American parents say, 'Look at my daughter of 15, she has a

TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S

date with a boy of 16. They're madly in love. Isn't it cute?"

"Then they are amazed when their daughter comes home pregnant, wring their hands and say what can they do?"

Boone, the strict father, won't allow any of his daughters to watch TV at all through the week ("they say Shirley and I make them live in the Middle Ages"), not even if they finish their homework before bedtime.

"I approve of TV," Boone said. "I think it is great, but I think it has been

but I think it has been allowed to take too prominent a part in our lives.

"If TV is allowed to become the single factor in someone's life, it is way out of proportion. Sometimes its influence is good, sometimes it is bad."

# Easy to take

Boone illustrated how good TV can be when he appeared as a guest on Tommy Leonetti's "Sydney Tonight." His golfing stories were good, his effortless singing a treat.
Leonetti has appeared on Boone's show in America, which Boone would like to sell here. Boone has recorded 120 90-minute shows, and

120 90-minute shows, a he would like Australia see them five nights a week

I shuddered and said Australians would get sick of him in no time, but he assured me, no.

Boone is an entertainer who is very smooth, very casy to take — as people know only too well who are booking out the Silver Spade at Sydney's Chevron Hotel, where he is appearing.

Everything about Boone is fantastically right. Everything is so right, that I kept

But I couldn't find a hint of phoniness about him.

Boone is a good man, a religious one who goes quietly about his religious observances, making them part of his life, not a gim-mick. He gives 30 percent of his entire income to the Church of Christ, in which he was baptised at 13.

"I don't set 30 percent as an arbitrary figure," he said. "I give what is available after various things are done. Sometimes it is more, some-times a bit less, but it aver-ages 30 percent."

Boone will be preaching and singing in as many churches as he can while he is here. He found a number of invitations awaiting him and will fit in all he can.

One of the things on his schedule is a visit to Bruns-wick Heads, an unspoiled area on the far north coast of New South Wales, which, an American company, Wendell-West Co. of Aust., plans to turn into an Aus-tralian Miami.

# Holiday resort

Boone is a director of the company which owns 6000 acres of coastline north of the river at Brunswick Heads.

I was horrified to hear of plans for a marina across the mouth of the river and hastened to put him off with nasty\_information like infes-tations of sandflies.

Boone assures me I should have no worries, that "Ocean Shores," which they plan to call the development and which to date has cost \$U.S.750,000, has been planned by the best architect, is in good taste, and won't spoil any of the area's charm.

Boone says he might move there with his wife, but, pressed, says while it is a

PROGRAMS

PAT BOONE-his four daughters are not allowed to watch TV at all on weekdays.

possibility, it is not a prob-ability.

I left this golden man with his ear glued to the TV, watching and listening to the results of the American elec-tions. I looked back at the handsome head and thought what an acceptable migrant he would be.

# She has the secret of youth

SWAMI SARASVATI, tiny disciple of Yoga and head of the International Yoga Teachers' Association, with TCN9's svelte Roma Blair, seems to have the secret of youth.

When she appeared with Tommy Leonetti last week in a demure but amazing demonstration of her art, she convinced me that Yogis seem to have the secret of youth — Swami Sarasyati, looked 15, but owned to being 39, which I find very hard to-believe.

She'll be talking about Yoga, with a distinguished collection of other Swamisfrom India, at the first Australian Yoga Convention, to be held from November 25 to December 1, at the YMCA Camp, Yarramundi, near Richmond.

The convention lasts a week, costs, with full board and accommodation, \$30. There is a weekend course and accommodation, \$30. There is a weekend course from November 29 to December 1 that costs \$18, and cheaper tickets for daily attendances.

Roma Blair at TCN9, 36-1632, or Patricia Cameron, 98-8666, can provide further details.



# Why did the tomato blush?



# Because it was outflavoured by a Heinz canned salad.

Imagine fresh cut potatoes, in creamy salad dressing, pepped up with onions and parsley — that's Heinz canned Potato salad. Delicious to the last mouthful.

Try these interesting ways to serve Heinz canned salads:

 Serve Heinz Potato Salad with cold chicken or ham, sliced tomatoes, spring onions and your favourite cheese.
 Cold chicken with Heinz Vegetable Salad, sliced tomato, and lettuce.
 Heinz Hawaiian Rice Salad served with cold ham and pineapple chunks or slices.
 Serve Heinz Delicatessen Style Potato Salad with grilled steak or chops. Garnish with parsley.



exciting varieties all so quick and easy!

Vegetable Salad\*; Vegetable Salad with Chicken; Vegetable Salad with Tuna; Potato Salad with Ham; Potato Salad with Chicken; Delicatessen Style Potato Salad\*; Hawaiian Rice Salad; Diced Beetroot in Blackcurrant Jelly; Potato Salad\*. \*Available in 16oz. sizes as well as standard 8oz. cans.

Heinz Salads taste like you worked for hours

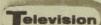
Page 16

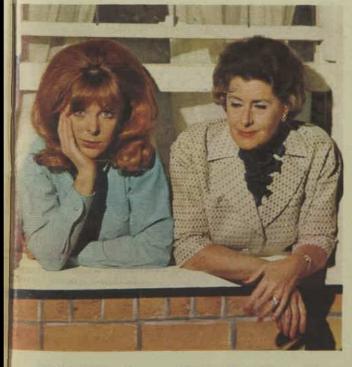
RIGHT: June Thody, as Molly, with her TV husband, Peter Prentiss, played by Peter Whitford. Molly has heavy competition in her marriage from football and her husband's friends.

# "I've Married a Bachelor" is football farce

• A domestic-situation farce-comedy "I've Married a Bachelor" is about footballers and footballers' wives, the ones you see on Saturdays shouting themselves hoarse with "Go! Go! Go!" and agreeing with the coach when he exhorts their man to "Think Win!" The young Prentiss pair, Molly (June Thody) and Peter (Peter Whitford), are married on the day of the Grand Final, with the match coming between the bridegroom and the altar. From then on they live happily ever after, assisted by the attentions of Peter's best friend, Mervyn (Donald Macdonald). Made in Australia by ABC-TV, "I've Married a Bachelor" consists of seven 30-minute episodes.
— NAN MUSGROVE

• "Tve Married a Bachelor" may be seen on ABC-TV in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane on Wednesdays at 8 p.m.; in Adelaide and Hobart, Tuesdays, 8 p.m.; in Perth on Saturdays, 7.15 p.m.





ABOVE: Mothers-in-law are a must in a young (Du married comedy series. par Molly is seen with her mother, Mrs. Malloy left (Aileen Britten).

RIGHT: Best friend Mervyn (Donald Macdonald) is as much part of the young Prentiss' life as the bed they sleep in: From left, Mrs. Malloy, Molly, Peter, and Mervyn, who enjoys golf.







GERMANY is the home of Sigrid Schnell, 18. Sigrid is working in Sydney as a translator just now.



ENGLISH entrant Alison Larby is 20. Alison, who has done stage work in the past, is now busy modelling.



SWISS candidate Nelly Jeanne Baumann, 23, is working as a receptionist-telephonist.



# "MISS INTERNATIONAL"

JAPANESE entrant Makiko Kimura is 23. Makiko, who comes from Kobe, is on an extended holiday in Australia. Picture at left.

> Pictures by staff photographe Ernie Nutt

SCHOOL student Sue Bryant, 17, of Alexandria, N.S.W., is pictured at right. Sue, who is one of the many girls representing Australia, is an Aboriginal.



Page 18



• Here are nine of the entrants in the M is s International Quest, sponsored by the Sunday Telegraph (Sydney) and the International Centre.

The quest is open to any single girl over 17 who lives in Australia and will do so until the end of 1969.

The winner will be announced in the December 8 issue of the Sunday Telegraph.

TITLE CONTENDERS



SECRETARY Margaret Penney, 24, comes from Calcutta, in India. Margaret, who has also spent three years in London, plans to make Sydney her home.

TELEPHONIST Dorrie Nuyten, 20, whose picture is at left, lives in Woollahra, N.S.W. Dorrie is also representing Australia.

FROM NEW GUINEA is Sally Seeto (right), aged 18. Sally is studying at a business college, so she can go home and help her father, a plantation owner and trader.





# For yourself. Or someone else who would like beautiful hair.

**Breck for Christmas.** 



Breck. Quite unlike any other shampoo. With shining, natural beauty in every drop.

Page 20

# **CROCHET DRESS** FOR CHRISTMAS

 Lavish ruffles trim this pretty crocheted dress designed to make you the belle of the Christmas party scene. Directions for making 34 and 36in. bust sizes begin below.



Materials: 16 (18) oz. Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton No. 8; No. 14 Aero crochet hook; 6 button moulds \$\frac{4}{3}\$ in. in diameter. Measurements: 34 (36) in. bust; length from shoulder, 334 in.

Jastin Tension: 13 tr. to 2in., 7
rows to 2in.
Abbreviations: Ch., chain;

d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; d.tr., double treble; sp., space; sl-st., slip-stitch; dec., decrease; lp., loop.

BACK
Ch. 137 (143).

1st Row: 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 3 ch., turn. (134, 140

tr.)

2nd Row: 1 tr. in each tr. to end, 3 ch., turn. Rep. 2nd row until 14 rows have been worked from beg.

1st Dec. Row: \* 1 tr. in each of next 18 (19) tr., dec. 1 tr. in next 2 tr., rep. from \* to last 14 tr., 1 tr. in each of 14 tr., 3 ch., turn. (128, 134 tr.)

Rep. 2nd row 13 times.

Rep. 2nd row 13 times.

2nd Dec. Row; \* 1 tr. in each of next 17 (18) tr., dec.

1 tr. in next 2 tr., rep. from \* to last 14 tr., 1 tr. in each of 14 tr., 3 ch., turn. (122, 128 tr.) 128 tr.)

Rep. 2nd row 13 times.

3rd Dec. Row: \* 1 tr. in each of next 16 (17) tr., dec. 1 tr. in next 2 tr., rep. from \* to last 14 tr., 1 tr. in each of 14 tr., 3 ch., turn. (116, 122 tr.)

Rep. 2nd row 13 times.

4th Dec. Row: \* 1 tr. in each of next 15 (16) tr., dec. 1 tr. in next 2 tr., rep. from \* to last 14 tr., 1 tr. in each

Continued on page 52





THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

REGULAR & SUPER HOLD 6 OZ. AND 14 OZ

# You can be creative

with everything you cook because



# we've been creative

with lots of fabulous features in the new Fabulous 300

# COOK WITH THE ALL-NEW, YEARS-AHEAD, ALL-AUTOMATIC FABULOUS 300

☑ A revolutionary new Warmer Shelf, for instance, for heating plates and keeping dishes warm. ☑ A fully automatic oven that switches on automatically at a pre-set time—cooks to perfection—then holds the food at ready-to-serve temperature until you want it! ☑ New thermostatically controlled hotplate that never lets anything boil over. ☑ Automatic Oven Rotisserie, powered by its own motor, barbecues meat and poultry—roasts to perfection. Automatic timer switches rotisserie on and off. ☑ Automatic Roast Probe has built-in thermometer to give perfectly controlled roasting. When meat is 'done' to the degree you want, the oven switches off and buzzer sounds! ☑ Chromium plated removable oven liners protect oven interior—lift out for easy cleaning. Just six of dozens of aids to better cooking in the Fabulous 300. And Fabulous 300 suits any kitchen size or layout, with the oven and cooking top together or separate, however you wish. See the Simpson Fabulous 300 soon. See for yourself just how fabulous it is.



# GODFREY WINN

answers a question he was often asked on his recent Australian visit





 "The Mill House its sturdy but elegant square front perfect example late - Regency architecture.

# My English garden

 "A gardener's work is never done. All the same, mucking about out of doors has become a kind of therapy."

FATE plays a part in all our lives. Some of us admit it. Some of us don't. I am firmly in the first category. I believe our footsteps are guided, to some extent, wherever they go. Certainly I am convinced that Fate, Destiny, call it what you like, stepped in to direct me to my writing retreat in Sussex 18 years ago.

All day I had been searching in Brighton, on the Sussex coast, famous for its air like champagne, for a furnished apartment where I could finish a book against a deadline.

By the afternoon I had examined a dozen possible lots, and turned them all down flat. The estate agent's patience was visibly running out. Wearily he asked, "Would you consider a house instead of a flat, and a few miles inland? It is the dower house of successive Earls of Chichester."

I said I would consider anything as long as it wasn't too grand. Whereupon through a mist of rain, and the oncoming twilight, my companion drove me a few miles inland to a tiny village nestling under the South Downs. There was a pub, a single shop, some scattered cottages, a church with a Norman tower, and the Mill House.

Turning into a side lane, we came upon it, standing high, challenging the gales off the sea to do their worst, its sturdy but elegant square front a perfect example of late-Regency architecture.

However, at that time the stone was an uncompromising grey, and the feeling I had was of something from "Wuthering Heights." Especially when the front door opened and there on the doorstep was a formidable-looking elderly woman in black, with piercing dark eyes.

# Work on a wilderness

This was Carrie, the housekeeper, who I discovered went with the "let." More of her later. What I want went win the let. More of her later. What I want to explain are my feelings at that moment. Maybe you have had the same overwhelmingly strong sensation yourself, sometime, somewhere, that you were face to face with a turning-point in your destiny, that this is it.

I knew at once in my bones that this was to be my working habitat for the rest of my life.

Even though the house was at that time filled with Victorian remnants from the owner's far larger mansion behind the frontier of the majestic beech grove, even though it was only to let till the end of the winter, even though there was no sign of any central heating, and what is now my garden room, where all my guests gather before meals, and where, when I am alone, I love to sit reading peacefully and gaze out on to so many delicate



"My garden room, where I love to sit reading peacefully and gaze out on to so many delicate variations of green foliage.

variations of green foliage, was simply a barren, leaking "lean-to." While as for the garden . . .

It was a complete wilderness. Not even a picturesque wilderness. A mess.

That first winter I closed my eyes and did nothing about it. After all, I was supposed only to be a transitory passenger. It was only when the spring arrived, and my lease was miraculously extended, first for a year, then for five years, now for ever, that I began to realise the possibilities that wilderness of over an acre possessed.

To begin with, there was a mulberry tree, and I had always longed to live in a house with a mulberry tree. And this one, I learnt later when the tree doctor came to inject new life into its bark, was 300 years old. Mulberries, if you bind them with apple, make a delicious dessert. That's one of the many things I learnt from Carrie during the 14 years she took charge of the Mill House, and me, and all my guests,

I have two writing-rooms at the Mill House. One

where I write my letters and work with my secretary, a second one tucked away in the wing that was added to the back of the house about a hundred years ago. Here I wrote my recently published autobiography, "The Infirm Glory," and from one window I look down at the closed garden where the flint walls make a perfect setting for ramblers, and the sheltered cosseting from the wind helps the delphiniums to grow six feet tall, matching the lilies and the heavenly blue anchousas.

While from the other window I look down a Carried.

While from the other window I look down on Carrie's courtyard, as we have renamed it. Really it's just the backyard, handy for a clothesline for the washing, and sheds for the wood and coal. When I first came to the Mill House this yard was immersed in the general outdoor decay. However, I soon discovered that Carrie loved anything growing.

Flowers were the children she had never had. I'd give her a cutting of something, or hand over had. I'd give her a cutting of something, or hand over to her care a plant that was doing poorly in another part of the garden, and it was extraordinary how quickly it would grow. Everything she touched flourished.

# Small, secret memorial

So afterward, when, at the age of 80, her lifetime of faithful service with me ended, I decided to turn the backyard into a small, secret garden in her memory.

We repainted the walls the same Italian shade of terracotta-pink that we have done for the rest of the house. We planted scented white jasmine and white hydrangeas and white Japanese anemones, all the things that do particularly well in semi-shade, and in the centre of the grass patch we made a rosebed. Instead of the failures that should be a support of the state of of the failures that she used to rescue from the formal rose garden, this autumn we are planting a dozen of my own rose that this year was on display at the Chelsea

It was created in my honor by Harry Wheatcroft, that outsize character in the rose world, and I am deeply grateful to him because I have always longed to have a rose named after me. After all, it is a kind of immortality. The "Godfrey Winn" rose is a most unusual color, pale lilac with pink outer petals, and it has a strong foliage and a sweet scent. and a sweet scent.

What's more, I am thankful to say it doesn't hang its head! I remember Vivien Leigh lamenting to me once that the rose named after her hung its head. So mortifying. Instead, I am confident that my rose will do well in Carrie's garden, for the simple reason that she has never had a failure.

Continued overleaf

# Over 27? Your beauty is in the balance

# Tip the scales your way with the unique moisture-balance of palm oil and lanolin in POND'S DRY SKIN CREAM.

An extract from crushed palm kernels blended with lanolin creates a remarkable moisture-balance, closely resembling the natural 'replenishment cycle'

Cream away the years while you sleep. Each night, nourish and replenish with Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Soon, tiny lines caused by lack of moisture will soften and fade. New ones will be discouraged. Your skin will feel fresh and soft like it used to. You'll have tipped the scales your way. Such a lovely, lovely feeling. And only a woman could understand it.



# My English garden



"I began to realise what infinite possibilities that acre possessed."

# From page 23

When the photographer came to take these pictures he was curious about a flat white receptacle, standing on its own, full of white petunias. So I had to explain that once upon a time it had been Carrie's old kitchen sink. She would never let me modernise her kitchen for her or add laborsaving gadgets, assuring me stoutly that she was quite content with it as she had known it for the past 30 years. And in that old-fashioned sink she used to wash my shirts.

I get up from my desk, stretching my tired back, and look out of the window down at Carrie's courtyard whenever I am stuck at Carrie's courtyard whenever I am stuck with something I am writing (and don't believe any writer who swears he is never stuck), and immediately I am comforted by that unusual repository for plants. It epitomises and symbolises how hard she had to work all her life. How hard we all have to work, for that matter, slogging away at whatever job we choose to achieve any measure of lasting success. measure of lasting success.

Then I go back to my desk and try

again.

It is true to say that equally a gardener's work is never done. All the same, for me, mucking about out of doors has become a kind of therapy. You forget — or try to ignore — the failures, you take an absurd pride in the successes. Such as the white Montana clematis that, planted ten years ago against the trunk of an old pear tree, has somehow managed to leap from branch to branch of three other trees in turn, creating in the spring a fantastic series of garlands of small scented stars.

When I was a boy, I considered it an

When I was a boy, I considered it an awful bind if my mother made me take a mat and join her in weeding the herbaceous border. Now, after a long session in the metropolis, I return from London and find a tremendous sense of release in using my hands, tidying all the borders, including the one dedicated to white flowers and silver plants, and as I do so I remember something I once heard my mother, who, like Carrie, really had green fingers, telling a young reporter when he arrived to interview her, not in my garden but in her own.

He was asking her what she was proudest of in her long life, and I expected that she would speak of the brilliant legal career of my elder brother, now a judge, and of how, when he had severe polio as a child, she had willed him to walk again and

never allowed him for a moment to become despondent about his future.

But instead, she said simply, "I am proudest of the fact that I have made three gardens in my life from virgin soil."

What a splendid answer, I thought, at the same time having to admit to myself that I had never achieved anything as satisfying as that. Still, with her help, her good taste, and genuine professional knowledge — for she was still very active when I first came to the Mill House — I have resurrected a garden that is today, I think, worthy of that superb mulberry tree.

on her advice I kept part of the garden wild — a tamed wilderness — filling it with daffodils and other bulbs for the spring, and old-fashioned musk and bush roses for the summer, together with every kind of flowering shrub. Again and again she warned me that I must not be impatient or expect everything to happen at once. As in life, you planted . . . and plodded on, waiting patiently for results.

# Mimicking my mother

I do my best, obtaining enormous pleasure even from cutting off the dead heads of the roses, taking care to remember that flowers and trees, like children, need breathing space in which to grow. Sometimes I find myself laughing out loud when, showing a visitor round, I hear myself mimicking exactly the words my mother used to use once upon a time. "Oh, you should have seen the garden a month ago. It really was looking its best then."

Have you ever met a gardener, professional or an amateur like myself, who ever admitted that this was the week?

admitted that this was the week?

You know, I have such vivid and unclouded memories of my visit to Australia. The brilliant clarity of the light, the friendliness of everyone I met, the wonderful sense of wide horizons once you got out of the cities, but most of all the way that everyone, wherever I stayed, in the Snowy Mountains, on sheep stations of vast magnitude, in a motel outside Perth, everywhere, everyone had made a shot at making a garden. Often under most daunting conditions.

It gave me a sense of belonging Expecially.

It gave me a sense of belonging. Especially when, as so often happened, even a stranger would say, "Tell us about your garden at home." Well, I have now, and I hope you're not disappointed. But what a pity you couldn't have seen it when all the roses were cut.



- DUBDECOUNTE CONTRACTOR DE CON

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

ve of Australia.

SUCH IS LIFE. Tom Collins' powerful tale about
a bullock team drivers, the small farmers struggling
or existence, and life in the outback in the 19th

P RALPH RASHLEIGH. James Tucker's move effant story of a man fighting for life's greatest pr —Treedom. Written by a man who was himself anvict, this is one of our most stirring works.

http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5794912

STATE

AND REMEMBER, WE SEND ALL THE BOOKS AT ONCE

# FAMOUS PEOPLE CHOSE THESE TABLE SETTINGS

Pictured here are six of Wedgwood's ten table settings displayed during the recent British Festival at Macy's department store, New York. British goods worth more than \$500,000 featured in the festival.

At Wedgwood's request, ten international "names" chose their china and specified their table settings. They are Joan Sutherland, Zoe Caldwell, R i t a Tushingham, Lulu, Vidal Sassoon, Sybil Christopher, Lady Dean, Hardy Amies,

Shirley Bassey, and Commander Whitehead.

Their tables were set up on Macy's eighth floor, where these pictures were taken.

Visitors regularly "souvenired" small items, especially the books of matches from Sybil Christopher's nightclub, Arthur, which were on her table. Someone even took the jar of honey from Vidal Sassoon's chosen breakfast setting. —Kay Melaun





The Australian diva specified a table for four (picture above) on the terrace of the new house she and her husband, Richard Bonynge, have at Montreux, Switzerland. She chose the new Springfield design because its pattern matches "the alpine flowers growing on the slopes below the terrace." She likes the combination of deep blues with white linen.

# SYBIL CHRISTOPHER'S SUPPER TABLE:

Sybil Christopher chose a modern design (above) for a quiet Sunday night supper after she and her husband, Jordan Christopher, return from their usual visit to their New York nightclub, Arthur. "I like the look of pattern on pattern in sharp, bright colors," she said. "The daisies are my signature. I always have daisies on the table:

# LULU'S DINNER TABLE:

The young British pop star who made a big splash with her first hit movie, "To Sir, With Love," chose Patrician china with a Wedgwood orange bowl as a centrepiece for her formal table, Her effect is achieved simply with white china and deep green placemats against dark wood (right).







# VIDAL SASSOON'S BREAKFAST SETTING:

The British hairdresser and his wife, former American actress Beverly Adams, were awaiting the birth of their first child when they chose this table setting (above). The baby, a girl, has been named Catya. Their London flat is decorated in black, white, and brown, so they had this breakfast table in Black Basalt and Wedgwood White, with cushions for chairs. Sassoon, a keep-fit fan, requested likely items on his table. Their breakfast is wheat germ, raw egg, honey, sprinkled with Tiger's Milk, followed with carrot juice.

### RITA TUSHINGHAM'S BREAKFAST TABLE:

The British film star and her husband live in a 17th-century cottage in Hertfordshire, where they like to have friends stay at weekends. Rita Tushingham prefers casual living and informal entertaining. The simplicity of the setting (at right), the flowers, and Mimosa pattern reflect her tastes. The actress is left-handed; note placing of silver.



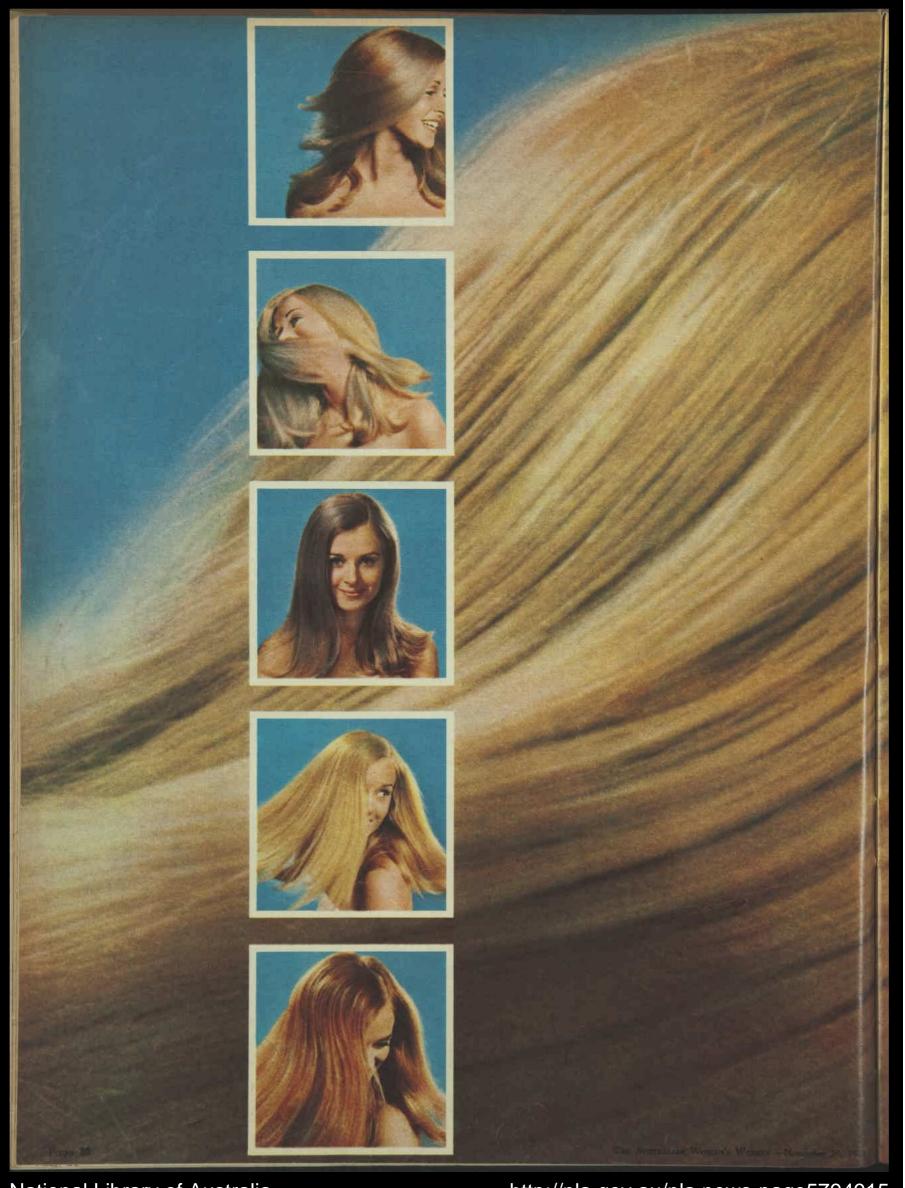
# ZOE CALDWELL'S BUFFET SUPPER:

BUFFET SUPPER:

Table (left) is set with Lowestoft Calyx ware by Adams to blend with the antiques and sophisticated simplicity of the 18th-century stone house the actress and her husband, producer Robert Whitehead, have in Pennsylvania. The Australian star, who is still playing in New York in "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie," for which she won the Best Actress Tony 1967-68, never has time to cook, so prefers a buffet.

Pictures by Bill Wilson, in New York

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968



National Library of Australia

http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5794915



# Why Singapore?

Instant Asia Many Asian worlds blend here.
Malay, Chinese, Indian, Ceylonese, and Eurasian live on
this miniature, perennially sunny Island, in peaceful
co-existence and in dynamic progress.

Shopper's Paradise A wealth of duty-free bargain shopping awaits you — in airconditioned departmental stores, in crowded small shops and noisy night markets. Fabulous textiles, jewellery, watches, cameras, electrical goods, curios and antiques, the choice is bewildering, the prices are right and the bargaining is fun.

Festivals Strange, gay, noisy, colourful—each festival by any one of the many races in Singapore has its own flavour.

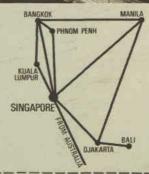
Ten nationally recognised festivals each year, include Chinese New Year, the Indian Deepavali, and the Malay Hari Raya Puasa, and there are scores of local festivals of Gods and Goddesses, of penance and of thanks-giving.

Food Singapore has been called the world's biggest eating-shop. The Singaporean Cuisine contains many examples of European and Asian dishes — delicate succulent Chinese specialities, fiery Indian curries, rich Indonesian food, delicious Malay braised meats and coconut sweets — to cater for the gourmet.

Hub of South East Asia — Singapore is a hub for travel in South East Asia — the magic of Bali, the temples of Bangkok, the charm of Manila, the beauty of Kuala Lumpur, the fabled ruins of Angkor — are all within easy reach. Over 21 airlines and 150 shipping lines call in at Singapore.







	Singapore please mail this co	and the state of t
The Singapore Governme	nt Tourist Information Offices	
15 Grosvenor Street, Sydney	50 Franklin Street, Melbourne	6th Floor, City Mutual Building Hobart Place, Canberra City, ACT 2601
Name	(PLEASE PRIN	П)
Address		
Address		

# "All together

A ship of dreams sailed into Broome when children and grown-ups of many races helped to put on a play

By TOM HUNGERFORD

BROOME, the old pearling town on the north coast of Western Australia, was agog — there hadn't been so much excitement since the fabulous Southern Cross Pearl was discovered there before the turn of the century.

At the heart of the kefuffle was Western Australian author Mary Durack Miller, whose musical play, "The Ship of Dreams," was produced there this month by Patch Theatre of Perth.

One would like to be able to report that Miss Durack, like the eye of the hurricane, was in a state of complete calm — but she was not.

Photographer Dick Woldendorp and I must have walked and driven a hundred miles when we visited Broome during rehearsals. We trailed Miss Durack from home to school, school to beach, beach to hall, hall back to school, school back home — and then, when we succeeded in nailing her down on one spot, sharing her attention with producer David Crann, of Patch, musical director Jeff Carrol, a couple of book reviews she was writing against a deadline, visiting members of committees for various aspects of the play, and young members of the cast popping in and out anxiously — one suspects, just to make sure that she hadn't simply vanished in a blinding flash of energy.

Currently installed in her rambling, airy tropical-style Broome home — she has homes also in Perth and at Busselton, in the south of the State — Miss Durack emphasised that it was fitting to have the first performance of the play in the old pearling port for whose children she had specially written it.

# Things CAN happen

"Broome is a most beautiful and interesting place, with a remarkable history and a very attractive future, but right now not a great deal happens here," she explained.

"I had just finished a long and demanding job of research for my new book, "The Rock and the Sand," which is about the effect of white penetration on the native tribes of the Broome area.

"I had trudged and driven just about all over the Dampier Land peninsula, and I had got to know and respect, and in many cases to love, the people. Just before I was due to leave for a holiday at Busselton, I watched a group of schoolchildren do the trial scene from 'The Merchant of Venice'; those lively, lovely kids of Aboriginal, Malay, Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, and European ancestry spouting about something completely alien to their world and their emotions, and loving it — but, as I found out when talking to them later, convinced that drama is something that happens somewhere else, never in Broome."

Miss Durack decided then and there to show them that drama could happen right among them — and "The Ship of Dreams" was the result. She got the idea between the school and her Broome home, and wrote the play during a couple of weeks' "resting" at Busselton.

"June Fitzgerald, of Perth, a wonderful musician, wrote the music — often singing it to me over the phone for an opinion — and here we are," she says. "Patch has been marvellous, the whole town worked like a well-oiled machine, and 'The Ship of Dreams' was afloat."

# Treasure in wreck

The play concerns the activities of a gang of treasure-seekers, consisting of two old ex-divers — a Japanese and a Jamaican — eight youngsters of mixed racial background, and a cockatoo, who locate on a reef near the town beach an old Dutch wreck similar to those which have been discovered over many years in the Abrolhos area, several hundreds of miles south of Broome.

"The story is fanciful, of course, but it was written for kids," Miss Durack says. "It is not completely outside the bounds of probability—there could be ships, Dutch or otherwise, anywhere along this coast, waiting to be discovered."

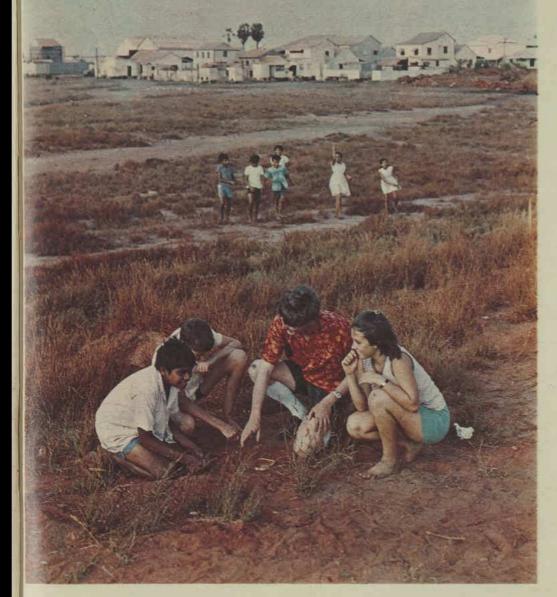
It's not the treasure of gold she is interested in, however, but the treasures of the spirit. She has used the play to show the children how people of many races can live together in harmony — as 'they do in Broome; how their ambitions are likely to be attained through their own work rather than by some random stroke of good luck, and how, sometimes, their dreams can come true in quite unexpected ways.

"All the children are surprisingly aware of what I'm driving at," she said proudly, "and they were all keen as mustard,"

The whole town was keen as mustard. With principals, small parts, chorus, and dancers, there are about 50 parts in the play, but for every part there were at least half a dozen understudies, word-perfect and

Continued overleaf

# in a little white town"



MEMBERS OF THE CAST of "The Ship of Dreams," with Broome's Chinatown in background. John Puertolano, Ross Darcy, Jeff Carrol (the musical director), and Elizabeth Lockyer.



AT THE CEMETERY of Japanese divers: three young actors (from left), Jacinta Teh, Anthony Lee, and Norma Binbuyong.



AT GANTHEUME HEAD, a favorite tourist spot near Broome, during a visit by members of the cast of "The Ship of Dreams."



PLAYWRIGHT Mary Durack Miller, with Sister Mary Catherine and Jeff Carrol, watches little actors romping on an old pearl lugger.



AT THE HOME of a helper, Mrs. Jean Haines, the playwright and musical director chat with producer David Crann, of Patch Theatre.



JAPANESE DIVER Kaino Kunihaiko, with fish-kites which were used to decorate the town during the play's four-day run,

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - November 20, 1968

# It's time women had a little more comfort.

# This is it:

Now Kimberly-Clark have come up with a completely new kind of feminine napkin. A new surface. Dimpled. Still with the absolute protection of the polythene panel but with the soft comfort of a texture that takes moisture down below the surface. Would you think such a small thing could make such a big difference to a woman's comfort?

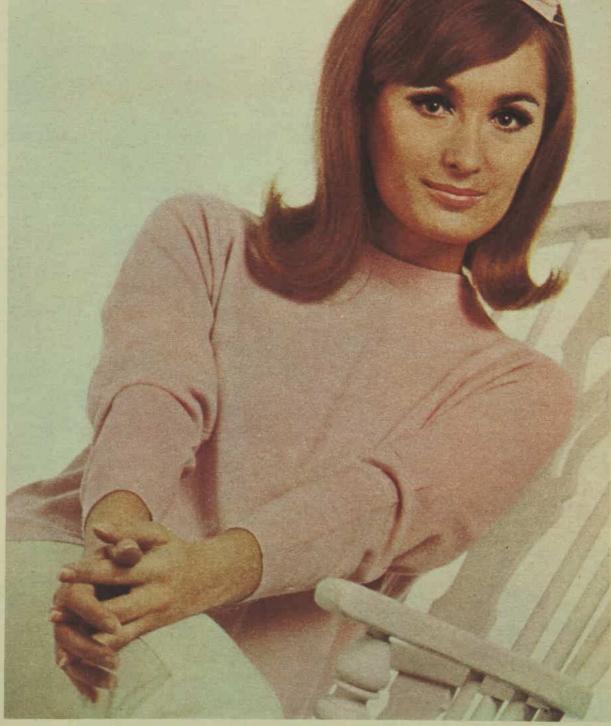
Well-this is what women said to us: "So much better. More absorbent and softer."

"More comfortable because they stay in shape."

"Why didn't someone think of this before?"

"This is the first time I've found complete protection and complete comfort. Congratulations!"

So, at last, you can have complete protection and soft comfort as well!







Registered Trade Mark Kimberly-Clark Corp.

CONTINUING -

# "ALL **TOGETHER** IN A LITTLE WHITE TOWN"

From Page 31



EIGHTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Paddy Djargwin, who trained ten Aboriginal boys to perform a corroboree. He's talking with producer Crann.

hoping like mad that some-thing pleasantly unfortunate would happen to rocket them to top spot in the queue.

Walking down any street Walking down any street in Broome, passing by any school, through any shop, by any private home — even out to magnificent Gantheume Point with its glowing jumble of blood-red rocks and its 160,000,000-year-old dinosaur tracks — we heard almost everywhere some group either singing some group either singing one of the play's 18 catchy tunes or bandying whole sequences of the dialogue in preparation for the big night in the Shire Hall.

Mrs. Phyllis Male, tall blonde wife of the current head of the 80-year-old pearling firm of Streeter and Male, created a sort of clear-Male, created a sort of clear-ing house for play activities at her lovely old home in its vast tropical garden. She was responsible also for decorating the interior of the hall—crepe-paper cherry blossom and oriental art works from her collection.

## Cocko's fate

Mrs. Jean Haines, daughter of another old Broome pearling family, the Kennedys, was on half-a-dozen committees and co-operated with Mr. Nugent from the public school and Sister Josepha from the convent to decorate the foyer of the hall in a montage of Broome subjects. Moreover, she made available free of charge the services of one of the stars of the show — Cocko, her big white cockatoo.

The day before the open-

The day before the open-The day before the open-ing performance, he caught his foot in the mesh of his aviary and was attacked, helpless, by the other birds. He died the next day and the play had to go on with-out him.

A pink-and-grey galah took his place, but it wasn't the same. Poor Cocko, he knew his one line so well— "One in, all in!"

Participation in the play ran right through the town like an electric, unifying thread. Eighty-seven-year-old Paddy Djargwin, one of the last two or three members of the Yarao tribe of

Broome, trained ten Aborigi-nal boys — some of his own 28 great - grandchildren among them — for the corroboree sequence in the play. Japanese divers of the Streeter and Male lugger fleet provided colorful kites and banners to decorate the town in caboots with the town, in cahoots with the Junior Chamber of Com-

# **Expert trainers**

Father Michael McMahon, the young, redheaded, energetic Catholic parish priest, trained a four-boy choir; the children who performed the Japanese "Bon Matsuri," the Feast of Lanterns, were coached by the ex-diver Maida, a trained singer and dancer now employed as a carpenter by the Public Works Department; and the Malayan dancers were put through their paces by Rodiah, the Malay-born wife of Overseas Telecommunications Commission official Mr. T. Robins.

A great deal of freight Father Michael McMahon,

A great deal of freight and numerous bodies and numerous bodies were carried free by MacRobert-son-Miller Airlines — tradi-tional "lifeline of the north," of which Miss Durack's husband, Horrie Miller, is one of the founders. Police Constable Phil Ingram assisted Perth art teacher Jeff Carrol with the musical direction; the stage manager was Swiss university graduate Jean-Pierre Cardinaux, now Native Welfare officer in Broome; and the part of Saito the diver, one of the principal roles in the play, was played by Joe Faets, a German migrant with extensive acting and producing sive acting and producing experience in Europe.

Now a barber in Broome, Joe was also chief make-up consultant for the entire cast, when he was not painting, cutting hair, or supplying the town with frozen bait for fishing.

"You just can't encom-pass the list of everyone working in, or on, the play — it took in almost the whole town," Miss Durack

said.
"Sister Mary Catherine from the convent and Miss Ainslie Howard from the school understudied David Crann on production, and Brian Dep, a Broome-born Chinese, trained the Chinese children. Malay and Chinese



CHILDREN of the convent school make silver-foil "ships of dreams" for a street appeal to help defray the cost of putting on the play.

and Japanese families lent some beautiful costumes, and Miss Joan Wickham, a teacher at the school, made

"Patch is footing the bill, but the townspeople dubbed in with collections and raffles — Phyl Male raffled two ducks—and the children made several hundred little silver-foil 'Ship of Dreams' boats for sale during a street someal.

appeal.

"I just happened to write the play — Broome put it

# Races can unite

As Father McMahon says, it was the most excit-ing thing to hit Broome since he arrived in the town.

As David Crann says, it could be the start of a continuing interest in the theatre in Broome — a Christmas carnival and another play next year are already planned — and a wonderful outlet for the wonderful outer for the energies and talents of children with names like Jacinta Teh, John Puerto-lano, Ross Darcy, Norma Binbuyong, and Elizabeth Binbayong, and Elizabeth Lockyer, all of them among the dozens who took part in "The Ship of Dreams."

As Miss Durack says, in one of her lovely lyrics:

Men from Timor, Thursday Island, Burmee, Ceylonee, all come

Men from Chile and Madagascar, Selonee, Koepanger, Lascar,

White man, yellow man, black man, brown — All together in a little white

That is what she was aiming at: to demonstrate that men of all races can live and work together in the underlying quest for fulfilment that is the concern of every human heart. And everybody in the little white town, including Cocko Haines and old Paddy Djargwin, worked to bring her Ship of Dreams





RECOMMENDED BY JEWELLERS
EVERYWHERE.
Prices include presentation box and watchband



(It's on wheels)

Wheel the most beautiful complete 'no-frost' out of the 70's and into your kitchen. It has everything. Pure and simple elegance and every feature of the new generation. For openers, it has archer-bow door handles and the tap-of-toe foot partlet to hoot. pedal to boot.

It is the only true 15 cu. ft. Total capacity is actually 15.3 cu. ft. with the freezer alone holding a massive 126 lbs. Loads of shelf space and the added convenience of adjustable shelving you can shift about to suit yourself.

The GE 15 Deluxe is chilled with cold efficiency

and runs with greater economy than any other 'no-frost'. And it has the only 'no-frost' system that can't blocked by food parcels

Your butter is delivered as you like it—hard, medium or soft. Your meat is sealed in a giant porcelain dish with flavour-sealing lid, Ice? The GE ice service is twice as fast as any other. Another exclusive is the Handy-Bin that slides between porcelain crispers.

Every accessory, every feature, is yours in General Electric 'no-frost' refrigerators — in 15 and 12 cu. ft. sizes.



ectacular offers you special prices, trade-in values on refrigerators, all famous GE appliances. Check

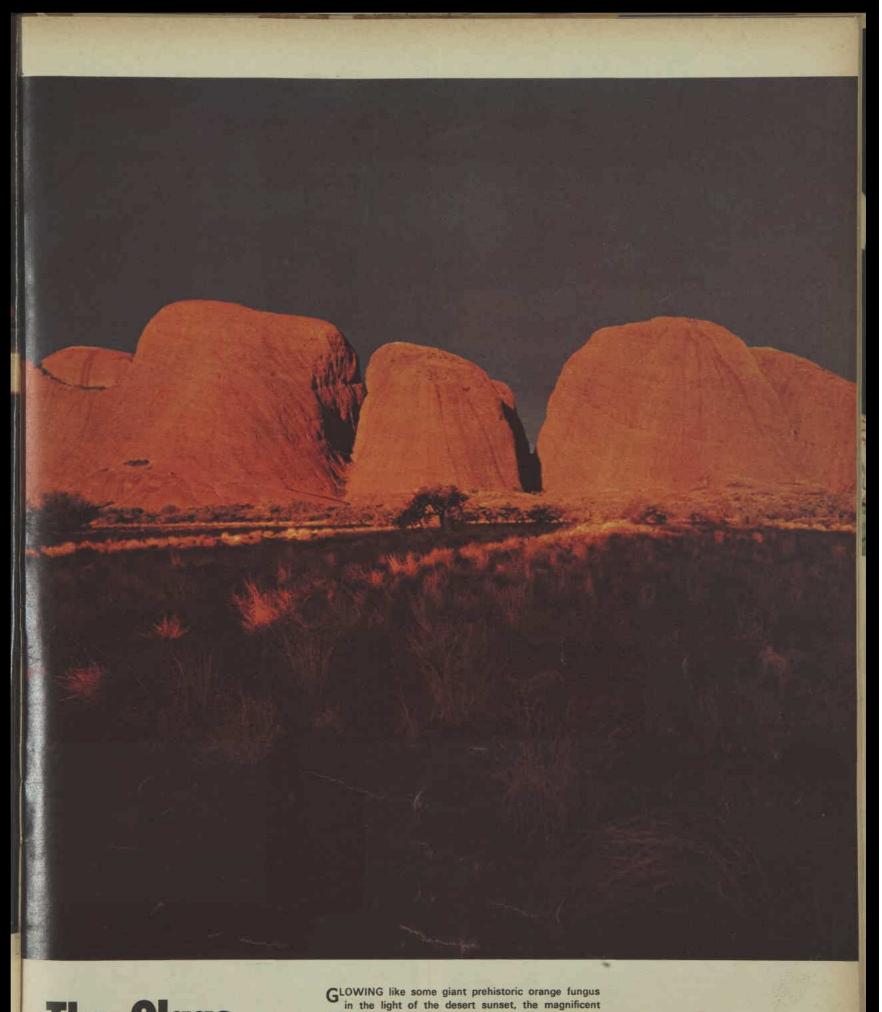
GENERAL 678



ELECTRIC

TRADE MARK OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY U.S.A. - WORLD'S LARGEST ELECTRICAL ENTERPRISE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November



# The Olgas at sunset

Olgas put on one of the most exotic of their changing faces. Like their sister monolith, Ayers Rock, which lies about 30 miles away, their geological mystery has given legends to the Aborigines and a source of wonderment to later generations, the tourists to whom this part of the Northern Territory has become a "must" on the itinerary of any excursions into The Centre.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

The Upside Down Polish that Professionally Paints Your Nails



Because the brush is inside the bottle. Up-end the bottle and out comes the brush, all ready to paint your nails! Unique?

Here's how:



A cunning dispenser feeds the brush with polish. Strokes on easily; the polish flows evenly. Gives your nails a most professional finish. Unique?

Here's when:

Whenever you want to. Anytime. Anywhere. Any place you like.

Here's what:

You can paint your nails perfectly every professional polish.



Regular: 95c Frosted: \$1.05

Compact



Mrs. Muddle with the student motifs that are so popular with schools.

# PLOT WITH A MOTIF

Little Bo Peep has always had trouble finding her sheep, but she can now watch over them all day long without the slightest possibility of their running off.

For Mrs. T. Muddle, of Wentworthville, Sydney, has gone into the nursery-motif business.

The appealing motifs, which come in sets, can be spread over a wall to illusspread over a wall to illustrate various nursery rhymes. What's more, the adhesive strips on the back of the pictures don't leave any marks, so the motifs can easily be removed.

Mrs. Muddle began creating the sets for the room of her own two children, three-year-old Phillip, and ninemonth-old Jillian. But when

her work was admired by friends and neighbors, she began to realise the motifs' potential commercial value.

She has designed four nursery sets including Little Bo Peep, with two birds and two lambs.

Another set has two boy and girl students, complete with robes, mortarboards, and a scroll saying "Awarded For . . ." or "Awarded To

These have proved popular with several schools. They present the sets to classes for such merits as tidiness or cleanliness.

Although the characters look like the work of a talented artist, Mrs. Muddle has never studied art, and only did a little in High

School. But she intends doing an art course next year

A friend cuts out the figures for her — about six at a time in heavy-duty cardboard. They are then silk-screened to a fine finish.

The only one done by hand is Little Bo Peep, who is too big for the screen.

Mrs. Muddle hopes to get her own silk-screen and do the work herself. With the extra costs cut out, she could then employ someone to help her.

could then employ someone to help her.

At the moment she is working on designs with an Australian theme.

She is also developing ideas to make teaching in kindergartens and Sunday schools easier and more interesting for the children.



At a Sydney obedience school, dogs learn social manners.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 196



## WHEN GIRLS MAN THE BOATS

Manhandling a boat hook as the boat approaches a larger vessel is just one of the duties of pretty blonde bowman Petty Officer Carmel Jorden. Wran Colleen Northwood prepares the mooring rope.

FOR the first time in the Sydney naval base HMAS Penguin's history, the Wrans have gone to sea. "Sailing and racing yachts were the nearest

"Sailing and racing yachts were the nearest we came to the ocean — and now we spend all our spare time on the water," said Petty Officer Carmel Jorden, one of the nine Wrans to volunteer when the special seaman's course for women was introduced at the base in July.

As well as general naval exercises, the girls crew for routine Harbor trips, man safety-boats for sailing races, drive small work-boats and motor-cutters, and stand by for special orders.

"It's the first time I've heard of girls carrying out these duties," said Commanding Officer Captain J. A. Gledhill. "We're very pleased with the results."

In their training the girls, who are employed in various naval departments, have learnt the complete manoeworing and handing of small power craft, navigation, chartreading, anchor and boathook drill, mechanical overhauling (the girls must be able

anical overhauling (the girls must be able

to repair any engine trouble), and the general rule of the road — or sea, as it is!

They work three to a crew — bowman and stern sheetsman, who handle the boathooks when the craft comes alongside a larger vessel or jetty, and coxswain, or helmsman, who is in charge of the boat.

"It can really be tough, swinging the wheel," admitted one coxswain, Leading Wran Gail McKay.

But according to the men at HMAS Penguin the girls are all "good hands."

"We're always taking the rinse out of them — you know, teasing them," said Able Seaman Wayne ("Skull") Boden, who, with Leading Seaman David Bible, can take most of the credit for training the sailor girls.

"But they're just as good as the guys."

In fact, "Skull" finds them more patient and careful than the men.

But there have been a few dicy moments.

"A couple have fallen in the 'oggen' — sailor's jargon for falling in the ocean —" said "Skull." "But there are always enough sailors standing around to fish them out."

## Dogs go to charm school

M A Sydney school specialises in teaching the social graces — to dogs!

social graces — to dogs!

"They learn to socialise with other canine characters and to behave politely so they can take their proper place in society," said Mrs. Jean Baume, chief instructress at The Metropolitan Midweek Dog Training Club. "Just like a child, a dog must be trained to do what it's told," she went on. "Gradually they learn what is expected of them.

"We've had some real problem pupils,' but they just need a little patience; dogs are willing to please their owners."

Every Tuesday more than

50 members of the Midweek Dog Training Club meet at Fidden's Wharf Reserve, Lindfield. Some bring their dogs from as far afield as Parramatta and the Blue Mountains.

Mountains.

The club, which was formed by a handful of women last October, now has more than 120 members, who pay \$3 annual membership and 25c ground fee for each training class.

"Any profit as the sea of the

"Any profits go toward the training of guide dogs for the blind," Mrs. Baume said. Dogs which attend the school include a great dane, spaniels, poodles, basset hounds, corgies, Irish setters, and Australian silkies.

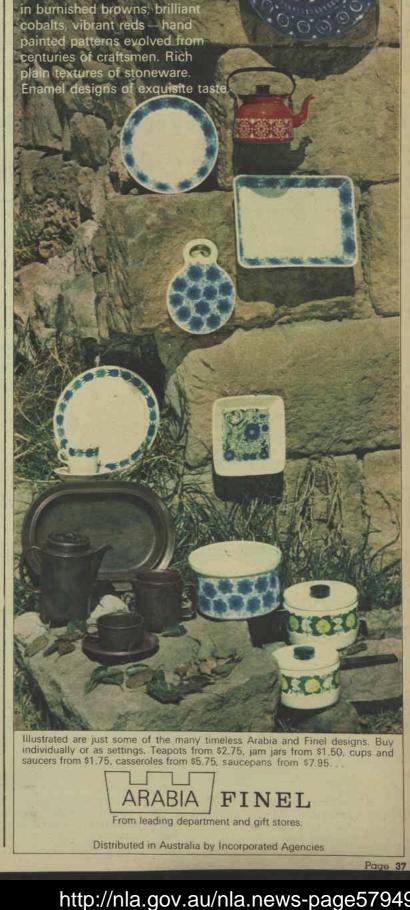
Starting in kindergarten or beginners' class, the dogs move through first, second, third, and fourth classes — depending on their results in monthly tests.

In the school course they learn to stand, sit, and lie down on command with or without a lead; to retrieve objects; and, finally, to work on signals without voice.

At their "pass-out" they receive a certificate, and, if they're registered with the RAS, are ready to enter novice trials for obedience at recognised dog shows.

"The women in our

"The women in our classes are more interested in training their dogs as good pets," said Mrs. Baume.



For modern living

(Arabia ceramics and Finel enamelware from FINLAND)

Finnish ceramics and enamelware...

the complement of

time-honoured craft...

# AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

If this is the time of year when you buy books to be given away at Christmastime ever-so-slightly-second-hand because you've read them first yourself, do have a look at Evelyn Ames' book "A Glimpse of Eden."

BOOKS about wild animals in East Africa are written, often enough, by people who know an awful lot about animals and very little about writing; or they are written by people who know an awful lot about writing and go on safari with so many preconceived ideas about how it will all be that their

account of their African experiences doesn't seem to differ very much from anyone else's.

Evelyn Ames does not fall into either of these groups of safari-goers. An American novelist and poet, she went on safari with her husband (president of the New York Philharmonic) and a New York architect and his wife.

Most people have wondered at some time how it would

feel to be surrounded, unarmed, by a pride of lions; to come unexpectedly on a large herd of elephants, to lie at night behind the flimsy canvas walls of a tent listening to the movements of wild animals which had wandered

inght behind the filmsy canvas wais of a term instering to the movements of wild animals which had wandered in to investigate the camp.

Very few writers about Africa are at once humble and articulate enough to put these personal reactions convincingly on paper. Evelyn Ames can.

The result is a beautifully tender yet quite unsentimental picture, both of the Africa she saw on a brief safari and the effects it had on her own ways of thinking and feeling about the world.

South Africans do not often praise the books written by outsiders about Africa, and yet the South African movelist Stuart Cloete has said: "'A Glimpse of Eden' is a beautiful book. Evelyn Ames has done something I have never seen done before. She has felt Africa first bang off. She has heard the silence."

The party of four, with their Scottish-born Kenyan guide and three native servants, set off in two Land-Rovers with special hatches that could be opened for viewing game and with, along their dark green sides, "the same long stratches from thorns and bushes which scar the sides of rhinos and hippos."

sides of rhinos and hippos."

They left from Nairobi, and, once they had set up one of the camps in which they usually stayed for several days, they would go out each day without plan, roving about in search of what they could find.

Her poet's eye makes everything they found fresh and exciting, whether she is describing small, brightly colored birds, the strange Masai people who live on milk and cows' blood, or timid zebras, with their decorative faces, who take fright so easily and rush away, "striping the wind."

In one place they came to a clear pool where herds of impala and Thomson's gazelles were drinking, while others licked the bare ground for the salt and minerals.

"The drinking ones drove ripples across their images in the floating skies; behind them others stood waiting their turn, the late light accentuating the clear black web of lines on the white lining of their ears, singling out long legs and lyrate horns with all the delicacy of

web of lines on the white lining of their ears, singling out long legs and lyrate horns with all the delicacy of Persian or Indian miniatures.

"For a long time we sat watching them. Animals at water are a moving sight for, no matter how great their number, they line up without crowding behind the drinking one who, as soon as he has finished, gets away as quickly as possible to make room for the next: it is as orderly as communicants at the altar rail; it gives you the odd sense that water, to them, comes close to being a deity."

I liked her description, too, of a frieze of elephants moving slowly along, feeding as they went, and giving her the feeling that "Elephants move to a rhythm belonging to other ages, other worlds so old they almost go back to the sea: the trunks — feeling, testing, exploring — are like refinements of sea anenomes' feelers; the huge, veined ears move as sea fans do in the underwater swell."

"A Glimpse of Eden" is published by Collins, and

"A Glimpse of Eden" is published by Collins, and costs \$3.25. It is illustrated with black-and-white drawings by Victor Ambrus, of animals and places and people, and would appeal to a wide age-span of animal-lovers — say, anyone from ten to 100.

## One animal species a year

#### is becoming extinct

TO help the World Wildlife Fund Appeal, the Midland Bank in England has produced a book called "Vanishing Wild Animals of the World," in which the author, Richard Fitter, says that about

which the author, Richard Fitter, says that about one species a year is now becoming extinct, and that it is altogether possible that by the year 2001 there may be no wild animals left in the world.

Progress and change of all sorts endanger wild animals. For instance, in the Malagasy Republic, the superstitious villagers used to try to propitiate witches.

Now, perhaps because they are a little less afraid of them, they kill them instead, and the result is that the little aye-aye, one of the rarest of all wild species, is in grave danger of disappearing from the face of the earth. The aye-aye was once protected by the Malagasy people, because they believed it warded off the evil eye and protected them from witches. Now they feel they can cope with witchcraft themselves without the little aye-aye's help, and there are said to be only 20 left, collected in a special island refuge. island refuge.

According to Richard Fitter's book, Australia has a higher proportion of threatened fauna than any other continent. Between 15 and 20 percent of our native animals are dangerously close to extinction.

The only thing to be said in our favor is that most our threatened species are now fully protected by low-but enforcing those laws is sometimes a different matter.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968



Say "Merry Christmas" with a gift of precious "Miking cultured pearls. They are the original cultured pearls, Their world famous quality has been carefully and rigidly controlled for 75 years. Don't risk disappointment with unknown brands. Insist on genuine "Mikimoto", the royal family of cultured pearls. From \$5.50 to \$5,000.

## What to give your wife?

She'd love a superb "Mikimoto" single strand uniform necklet with 9-carat gold, pearl and opal clasp. From \$55. Also available with 9-carat gold, amethyst and pearl clasp or turquoise and pearl clasp.

### What to give your best girl?



She'll treasure a pretty rhodium-plated sterling silver "Mikimoto" pendant (No. 7) \$31. Or a pair of "Mikimoto" earrings (No. 3) \$31.



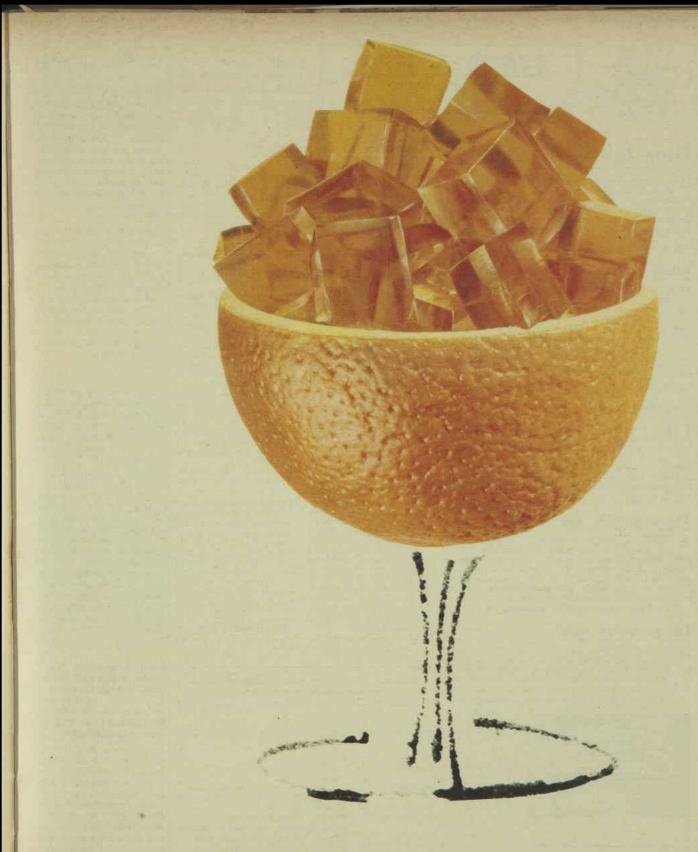
What to give your Mother?



She deserves something special. Perhaps a "Mikimoto" single strand graduated necklet from \$25. Or a rhodium-plated sterling silver "Mikimoto" brooch (No. 550) \$27.75.

Mikimoto" and "" " are registered trade marks and app

Price 38



# New! Cottee's Jellies with fresh fruit taste

Your favourite jellies now have a delicious new fresh fruit taste. You'll notice the difference right away.

Make up a Cottee's Orange Jelly and enjoy the fresh new tangy taste. Then try Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon or any of Cottee's nine delicious new jellies—all with fresh fruit taste.

For a family treat, try ice cream as a cool topper for new Cottee's Jellies. And what could be a better match for Cottee's fresh fruit taste than fruit itself, fresh or canned?

You can even make a jelly fruit salad—combine two or three new Cottee's fresh fruit flavours in a bowl. (Imagine the fun if you use all nine!

For other new and exciting recipe ideas for jelly desserts look for the Cottee's Jelly display at your food store.



# rapid mouth ulcers



mouth ulcers 'SM-33' pro mouth ulcers 'SM-33' pro-vides rapid relief from pain of mouth ulcers, under-denture ulcers and in-flamed gums. It inhibits germs in the mouth safely, soothingly and swiftly. 'SM-33' promotes quick healing of the sore areas or tender gums after extrac-tions.

baby teething 'SM-33' is indispensable during the teething period. It soothes pain and heals gums pain and heals gums quickly. Safe and simple to

use 'SM-33' the family preparation for treatment of mouth ulcers, sore gums and teething trouble



## Nourish

## Your Complexion

Youthful, line-free love-liness is restored to the complexion when it is generously nourished at generously nourished at night. After removing your make-up, massage gently with Ulan vitalizing night cream, paying par-ticular attention to the crow's-feet area where ageing lines and wrinkles first appear. The vital blend of vitalizing elements and moist oils contained in the Ulan cream protects against wrinkle-dryness and renders the skin wonder-fully soft and velvety. This skin nourishment should be maintained during the day by smoothing in a film of oil of Ulan before making-up.



We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

## How tall is a man?

MY young grandson was always complaining about being short in stature until a family friend asked him, "Would you like to be as tall as Shakespeare?" He replied that he did not think he had ever heard how tall Shakespeare was. Our friend said, "No, that's the point. If you do something worth while, no one ever takes any notice of your beight." your height."
\$2 to R.A. (name supplied), East Brisbane.

## Aren't flowers becoming too big?

WHY must horticulturists strive for ever bigger blooms? WHY must horticulturists strive for ever bigger blooms? For the first time for years I have grown pansies. The enormous blooms are undoubtedly magnificent. But I did love the "little faces" of the old song: "Pretty little pansy faces, growing in the garden there, Look at you with eyes of longing, for you are their lady fair; And when you go to greet them, leaning, like a queen above, All the little pansy faces look at you with eyes of love." Now they flaunt their glowing colors and seem to expect their lady fair to look at them with admiration.

32 to Mrs. P. Precese Part Lincoln. S.A.

\$2 to Mrs. P. Preece, Port Lincoln, S.A.

## Two-bowl sink?

I AM in the enviable position of planning a whole new kitchen as part of an addition to our far-from-new home. My husband has asked if I would like a two-bowl sink and, as I have always been a one-bowl girl, I am undecided. I don't belong to the anti-teatowel brigade and can't really see much advantage in a double sink. Perhaps readers could tell me if they are worth while.

\$2 to "Libra" (name supplied), Ormond, Vic.

## The reasonable way

A FRIEND of mine often uses the word "analyse." She A FRIEND of mine often uses the word "analyse." She will analyse recipes, craftwork, children's school-work; but best of all is a situation where there may be friction, and she will say, "Let us analyse the pros and cons," and come up with a fair and just answer. So different from the people who hastily criticise and find fault without any reasonable judgment at all.

\$2 to "Gran" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

## The pampered male?

MORE men than women seem to crack up following the death of their partner. I think the reason is that a man has been cared for and pampered all his life and, if he is deprived of this care, life becomes intolerable and

he succumbs, while the women fight on. \$2 to "Happy Wife" (name supplied), Beenleigh, Qld.

## Computer in the classroom

WOULD it be better if children were taught completely by computer? Teachers could be relegated to the duties of keeping order and seeing that all children had their notes and homework ready to be fed into another computer, which would correct and grade them. All pupils would be taught at the same level of their grade and be taught by professors of world renown.

\$2 to Mrs. H. Nicholls, Plumpton, N.S.W.

## CHILDREN'S CHOICE

not be given too much sice about what they wear eat, "Muddling Mum." wever, one can be diplochoice about or eat, "Muddling Mum." However, one can be diplo-matic and ask, "Which dress matic and ask, "Which dress would you rather wear, the pink or the blue?" And regarding food: "We are having so-and-so tonight, but what would you like tomor-row night?" This way they do feel that they have some say in what goes on and say in what goes on and will accept the occasions when they do not.

\$2 to Mrs. C. Henry, Chester Hill, N.S.W.

TF, in the selection of their IF, in the selection of their clothes, mothers guide children early with a watchful eye, they'll soon be wearing the right things. And if they do get picky and choosy, it will be for the best. It is much nicer to see youngsters this way than slapdash. In food they should have some choice within reason and not be stoodover to get some. choice within reason and not be stoodover to eat some-thing they hate when some-thing they like will do them just as much good.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Wilkinson, Ipswich, Qld.

AS a child I always had to wear brown tonings — Mother's favorite. Is it any wonder brown gives me the horrors now? I've let my own children have a definite say Anything too pricy we avoid agreeably. Children can be guided as to what suits, but leave the final choice to them. I'm not so easygoing with food. As a result, my children have learnt to eat (and like) what's put in front of them. This has been achieved without tears or tantrums, but with tactful persuasion.

\$2 to Mrs. W. Wearne, Moe, Vic.

TO let young children have preferences in food and clothes can make your life a clothes can make your life a misery. They'll have you a nervous wreck trying to please them, and as they grow older they could become worse. I have seen the mother of a spoilt daughter nearly in tears trying to convince the child that the shoes she wanted were not practical.

\$2 to "Mother of Seven" (name supplied), Ainslie, A.C.T.

easy. I want to go blonde...I'm a

help me?

medium brown now. But the problem is that I'm scared of harsh bleaches. I don't want to ruin my hair by using the first product I find. Can you give me some advice?

My hair's a pretty light brown. I like it that way, but in summer I'm outdoors so

much that the sun makes it streaky. I don't want to change my hair colour, so

could you recommend something to keep the same soft

natural brown - and over-

come this streaky effect. I've enclosed a cutting from my

That's quite a problem in summer isn't it? But Polycolor has

just the shade you need. A soft, light brown that's so natural,

and it will cover those faded streaks! It's Polycolor No. 23

Light Brown, Just shamoon it in,

and the colour will last through

6 to 8 shampoos. Polycolor has

a cream conditioner in it too.To keep your hair looking just as

can't afford to go to the

hairdresser very often, but I

can't seem to get a firm set

when I do my hair myself. It's very soft hair ... and fly-away.

Can you give me any hints to

Firstly you need a setting lotion, a good one which makes hair

setting easy and controls those

fly-away ends. Polyset Hair

Setting Lotion makes hair sleek

and shining and is so effective

there is no need for lacquer or

spray to hold the set in place. It weatherproofs the hair style against wind and damp-

ness, and unlike other types of

setting lotions does not flake,

giving the hair that dull powdery look. Polyset makes hair setting

soft and shining as ever.

hair to help you.

You're very wise. Harsh bleaches can ruin your hair. They tend to make it dry and brittle. On the other hand, a good hair lightener can leave your hair a very pretty blonde. I recommend Polycolor Blonde Cream No. 97 Silver Blonde. Poly Blonde will lighten your hair up to 4 shades with each application, and due to the inbuilt conditioners in Poly Blonde the hair remains soft and natural looking at all times.

If you have a hair problem, write Pauline "Polly" Reynolds, Polycolor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W., 2163 or call her in person at Sydney



At pharmacies and selected Department Stores

 Dorothy Drain is on holidays. She will resume writing her verses on her return.

## Ross ampbell writes...

## HIS AND HERS

JACK SPRAT and his wife set a famous example of domestic co-operation.

Mrs. Sprat's all-fat diet might be frowned on by modern experts. But it fitted in well with her husband's

different approach to eating.

I have never met a couple with quite the same tastes in food as that remarkable pair. Yet many mar-ried people go in for a kind of Spratism, or division of effort, in

Spratism, or division of energy, in other matters.

Take the handling of garbage. The wife assembles it, wraps it up, and puts it in a tin. But the husband carries the tin to the gate.

Or, again, the making of purchases. She buys the softgoods; he

assumes the more manly task of procuring hardware.

This sort of specialisation goes on in my own house.

For example, there is a custom that I oil things and my wife dusts

She does not like dusting and I am not keen on oiling. But the rule is strictly observed.

However much the sewing machine needs oil, she will not oil



it. However much the television set

needs dusting, I do not dust it.

Likewise, she puts out the order for the baker; I put out the order for the milkman.

She cleans the cupboards; I get on the roof to retrieve tennis balls. She keeps the electric fry-pan under her bed; I keep the hair-dryer among my shirts. (We are somewhat short of storage space.) She buys writing paper; I buy

stamps.

The Sprat system works all right Trouble can arise, however, when there is a break in routine.

This probably happened in the original Sprat household if Jack went on a business trip. Mrs. Sprat, sticking to her dietary habits, would

let the lean meat go to waste. Something of the kind occurred during my recent holiday in the Blue

When I returned, my wife said, "Thank goodness you're back. The clock kept stopping while you were

One of my duties is to wind the kitchen clock at night. Because I was not there, it was not wound. know women who will never

take the garbage tin out during their husband's absence.

The moral is: Don't allow the demarcation of jobs to become too

The most masculine man should do a little dusting occasionally. The most feminine woman should buy

some nails or paint.
It provides that touch of variety that keeps the magic in a marriage.



## UNWANTED **GONE IN** MINUTES

Here's the smoothest, daintiest, easiest way to remove surplus hair. Just spread fragrant Neelo cream on with your fingertips. A few minutes later, wipe it off, and the hair goes too.

Nothing could be easier. Neelo simply creams hair away, leaving your skin soft and smooth. No tell-tale shaving stubble. And gentle thorough Neelo penetrates the hair follicle, slown hair growth and brings you long-lasting stims amoothness. At your chemist.

cream hair remover

CHADSTONE CENTRE
LODGE MOTEL, VIC.
ining the Shopping Centre.
is \$7. Double, \$8. Child, \$1.
YOUR CHARLES FLAT
THOM, \$10 A DAY 10 FLAT
THOM, \$10 A DAY 10 FLAT
HOLD, \$10 A DAY

# IS THERE LIFE AFTER DEATH?

 English journalist Anthony Lejeune spent nine months collecting evidence for life after death. He found some fascinating and convincing stories, but says he still feels uncertain of man's immortality.

SINCE it must be in-comparably the most important question in the world, the small amount of attention most of us pay to it is surely surprising. Do we, each of us, exist only for a few decades, or ought we to be planning for eternity?

Everything — I it e r a lly everything — depends on the answer, but we rarely so much as pause to consider the evidence.

Even the Church, nowadays appears more interested.

days, appears more interested in sociology than in prepar-ing her flock for an infinite future.

The Rev. John Pearce-Higgins agrees that this is an odd, indeed, an absurd,

odd, indeed, an absurd, position.

"The clergy," he says, "are the most worldly body of men in Britain."

It seems, at least superficially, a paradox that Mr. Pearce-Higgins should be a Canon of Southwark Cathedral, London, But, like his radical e quivalent in America, Bishop Pike, he believes ardently not only in a future life but also in communication with the dead.

Last year Bishop Pike de-clared publicly that his son, who committed suicide, had sent messages to him through

sent messages to him through mediums.

Canon Pearce - Higgins claims that three doctors in the spirit world are treating him for an old leg injury.

He talks readily and matter-of-factly about his encounters with the dead, and tells how, through a medium, he identified a long-dead but still malignant hunchback who was causing fires in a house.

#### Absolute belief

After losing his faith, the Canon says, he came back to the Church through spirit-

Canon says, he came back to the Church through spiritualism.

"When I lecture to young audiences," he says, "they ask, "Why haven't we heard about this before?" They've been brought up to think nothing exists except matter, whereas I think nothing exists except various states of consciousness."

Such absolute belief in the reality of another world, to which we shall all (in his phrase) "soon be exported," is impressive; the more so since Canon Pearce-Higgins is an intelligent, highly educated, not noticeably cranky man.

cranky man.

This certainty, this zeal, makes him unpopular with the Society for Psychical Research, which, though it

was founded 86 years ago largely to examine the ques-tion of survival, has recently paid less and less attention to the subject.

The question proved more difficult than the Society's founders expected.

Phenomena were, at best, elusive, and most of the eviensive, and most of the evidence suggesting survival, the researchers soon realised, could be explained just as well by telepathy or clair-voyance — because any purported communication from the dead must necessarily the dead must necessarily consist of facts known, or at least knowable, by some

least knowable, by some living person.

Individual members of the SPR have, of course, retained their interest, but few of them would claim to have reached any sure conclusion.

The first — if only obliquely relevant — kind of evidence of life after death concerns extra-sensory perception.

That phenomena do occur, which, to date, can only be

### - By -ANTHONY LEJEUNE

explained in terms of ESPwhatever it may be - seems

Mrs. Rene Tickell, with other members of the SPR, attended a seance with a medium notorious for fishing

for information from his sitters. They agreed in ad-vance to tell him nothing. "I see a man in uniform, the medium said. "Does that mean anything to anyone?"

"I get the name John. Does that mean anything?"

"I get the name Mary. Does that mean anything?"

The frustrated medium suddenly lost his temper and said: "Well, I'll zell you something. That woman over there" — pointing at Mrs.

Tickell on the far side of
the room — "has something
to do with elephants." And
she was actually doodling
elephants in her notebook,
which he couldn't possibly
have seen.

which he couldn't possibly have seen.

ESP is presumably implied also in the large group of cases where people have inexplicable "feelings" that something is wrong.

Mrs. Wilson went out to the theatre, leaving her son, who was perfectly well, asleep in bed.

As they entered the theatre,

asleep in bed.

As they entered the theatre,
Mrs. Wilson felt that she
must go home. She persuaded her husband to give
their tickets away, and they
drove quickly home to be
met by the maid, so terri-

fied she couldn't speak, with blood on her arms.

Mrs. Wilson found her son unconscious and covered in blood. He had had a tooth out that morning, and his mouth had started to bleed. When the doctor arrived, he said that in a few more minutes the boy would have died.

would have died.

More perplexingly, a "message," a cry for help, seems sometimes to come from the future.

Mrs. Mosley had two sons in the Navy, John and Jim. One night she was awakened by a call of "Mum."

### Heard moan

She sat up in bed and listened, thinking she must have dreamed it. Then she heard a second call, "Ooh, Mum," like a moan.

She waited, but heard nothing more, so slid down in bed again — and immediately felt she was entering water.

mediately felt she was entering water.

This happened on a Tuesday morning. The following Saturday Mrs. Mosley heard that Jim's ship, the Royal Oak, had been sunk. A neighbor confirms that Mrs. Mosley recounted her experience before the ship sank.

These stories suggest that there are means of communication between human

nication between human beings other than the known physical senses, and therefore

that our personalities may not be wholly dependent on our physical bodies.

Apparitions of the dead constitute the second, and more directly pertinent, kind of evidence. Again, there are well-authenticated stories. The largest number involve people appearing at the time of (or very soon after) their deaths to friends or relations not yet aware that they had died.

At about 3.30 p.m. on December 7, 1918, Lieutenant Larkin was sitting in his room reading, when the door opened and he saw his friend, Lieutenant M'Connel, in full flying kit.

They exchanged greetings, and M'Connel went out, closing the door noisily.

Larkin mentioned to another officer that he had just seen M'Connel. Later that same day, they learned that M'Connel had died in a crash at 3:25 p.m.

In 1966 a bus conductor, Charles Hill, of Nottingham, England, saw a man walking toward the window with a white cloth over his neck like a French Legionnaire's kepi. The figure disappeared.

A few years previously a young window-cleaner had shot himself near the spot where Mr. Hill saw the

To page 43

# Maybe you should try just the Driftwood Talc first?

Driftwood is a complete range of toiletries for women. All in the same discreet fragrance.

But, unless you try Driftwood, you may never believe that this subtle fragrance is

So we have an idea.

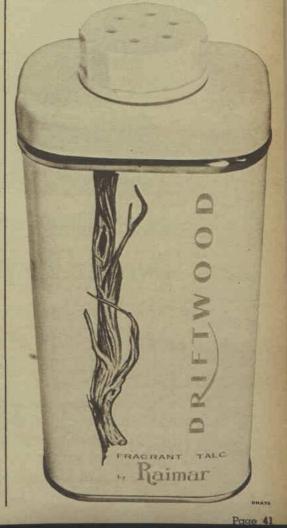
Start out buying our Tale first. Try it on your own skin after your morning shower or bath.

It's a fine silken mist, with a delicate bouquet that will leave you feeling clean and fresh through the day.

If we can get you to do that, we know you'll want to try our Skin Perfumes, Hand Lotion, Deodorant, Soap and Hair Spray.

All in the same delicate Driftwood fragrance.

Available from selected Chemists and Department Stores. Talc 99c TalcDeLuxe \$1.25





Page 42

elegant wafer-thin couturier case. Tuck it in your pocket, or in your very mini-est bagand take off. You're covered!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

driest skin. Extra moisture makes it look dewier, feel

much fresher on your face -

## IS THERE LIFE AFTER DEATH?

apparition vanish. He often used to wear a white hand-kerchief over his neck.

Most stories about appari-Most stories about appara-tions, even if we accept the testimony, do nothing to prove that the ghost is capable of independent action. But there are a few exceptions. The most famous is the Chaffin Will case.

James Chaffin died of a fall, leaving a widow and four sons. His will gave everything to the third son.

secrything to the third son. Four years later, the second son, James, began to have vivid dreams of his father wearing an old overcoat and saying, "You will find my will in the pocket."

James went to his elder brother's house, and sewn into a pocket of the dead man's overcoat was a slip of paper referring to a verse in the family Bible.

In the presence of wit-nesses, the Bible was pro-duced and a new will, divid-ing the money equally between the four sons, was found at the place indicated. The more modern cases in

this group are less clear-cut, but some of them are quite

impressive.
In 1949 an apparition of Owen Howison, who had been killed in 1944, appeared to his aunt, Mrs. Georgina

che put his hand inside his shirt, pulled out a sweetly scented blue flower which Mrs. Feakes did not recog-nise, and said, "Please tell Mum."

The mother subsequently entified the blue flower as one which her son had picked illegally, on Table Mountain, and brought home for her on his last leave. The inci-dent was known only to the two of them.

## Blissful feeling

The third kind of evidence may be called "out-of-the-body experiences."

Professor C. G. Jung, the psychologist, told, for instance, of a patient in a deep state of collapse after the birth of her child who had a festive, blissful feeling, saw a bright landscape, and knew it was the gateway to another world, which she was tempted to enter.

Then she observed herself—"as though her eyes were

Then she observed herself—
"as though her eyes were
in the ceiling" — lying in
bed, and she was surprised
by the fuss the doctors and
her family were making.
Many doctors have recorded similar stories; more
importantly, in some of them,
the nations having segmed to

the patient, having seemed to float down the corridor or into an adjoining room, after-wards reported correctly what doctors or nurses had

been saying there.

The people concerned often said they were reluctant to come back.

But in this category there is no lack of stories, new as well as old. They suggest well as old. They suggest unanimously that man has a psychical body which can slip away from his physical body, while remaining con-nected to it by a "silver cord"

What happens, the believers say, is that a dying man leaves his physical body during the pre-death coma, and floats above it, looking

identical but younger and brighter.

The cord snaps at the moment of death. If death was quiet and natural, a period of recuperative sleep follows, and then an awakening in the first plane of the next world, which is semi-physical and looks familiar. After sudden and violent deaths, the dead man is liable to be awake at once and not to realise what has

liable to be awake at once, and not to realise what has happened — which is why he sometimes "comes back" and "haunts" his living friends.

The fourth kind of evidence — quite different and hard to fit into the same picture — is the evidence for reincarnation.

The claims of people who "remember" past lives as Pharaohs, or as Joan of Arc, needn't, perhaps, be taken too seriously.

But the stories collected by a most seriously.

a most scrupulous American investigator, Dr. Ian Steven-son, and published in a book called "Twenty Cases Sug-gestive of Reincarnation" gestive of Reincarnation" (he says they are only samples from his file of nearly 600) must be con-

The pattern is fairly consistent. A small child starts talking about a previous life ("when I was big"), and often feels a strong pull toward it and asks to be taken bonne.

Finally, and reluctantly, the parents make inquiries. They discover that the details fit someone who died a few years before. Somea few years before. Some-times characteristics and skills, as well as memories, seem to have been trans-

In most of Dr. Stevenson's cases, there would be no social or financial advantage in belonging to one family rather than to the other; the majority involve peasant families in India and Geylon parts of the world where people would be more likely to take hints of reincarnation

to take hints of reincarnation seriously.

A girl named Sukla was born in a village in West Bengal. She was often seen cradling some object and calling it "Minu."

When asked who Minu was, she replied, "My daughter." She went on to name her husband — Khetu — and the district and village where she had lived in a previous life.

Her father was discussing this with some friends when one of them said that he knew a Khetu whose wife, Mana, had died a few years ago, leaving a baby girl called Minu.

Intrigued, he took Sukla to the specified village, where she recognised many people

to the specified village, where she recognised many people and was deeply moved to meet Khetu and Minu.

Again we are left with more q u e s t i o n s than answers. Why are rebirths so curiously local? Is everyone reincarnated or is reincarnation a freak?

What happens during the

what happens during the intervening years? Why, just occasionally, should a chink of memory survive the dark?
And if there are no linking memories does it make sense to say "we" survive?

The fifth most direct evidence comes through mediums. Most of the mes-sages from the dead which

more convincing to the recipients than to an observer.

That these messages do, quite often, carry conviction and bring lasting comfort to the bereaved, that they some-times convey information and advice which is of pracand advice which is of prac-tical help, and that occasion-ally they include verifiable facts apparently unknown to any living person — all this is undoubtedly true.

Mr. N.'s wife died recently. Mr. N.'s wife died recently.
He was particularly upset, he says, by the phrase "Till death us do part" in the marriage service, because he hoped death was not a permanent parting.

He went to a medium, Mrs. Twigg, who made con-tact with his wife.

Mrs. Twigg told him, cor-rectly, that the wife's father was in the spirit world but her mother was still living, said something about a pic-ture of his father-in-law in uniform, taken in Devon, and asked if he understood about asked if he understood about bed-jacket. When he told this to his

mother-in-law, she said that his wife had borrowed a bed-jacket from a neighbor; the neighbor hadn't liked to ask for it back.

## Vaque messages

His daughter remembered that there was a photograph of her grandfather in uniform between the pages of a book, next to a picture of Devon. They looked it up, and on that page found the words "We are betrothed for ever"

for ever."

What often provokes sorticism is that the bulk these messages are so vague and so full of platitudes and "uplift" that they are quite unworthy of the minds from which they are supposed to come.

posed to come.

Communication — if this is communication — is obviously a very difficult process. But if these are not messages from the dead, what are they?

What is one to make, for example, of "xenoglossology," when the medium speaks in a language — often a very obscure language — with which it seems impossible which it seems impossible that either the medium or the sitter could be familiar?

If the sitter does know the language, telepathy be-comes a possible explanation, but the effect is still start-

but the effect is still start-ling.

Mrs. Randall, an alert sceptical woman, and to all appearances completely Eng-lish, agreed to a sitting with Mrs. Twigg.

She was careful to give nothing away. Mrs. Twigg immediately started talking to Mrs. Randall in Dutch, calling her by a nickname only her father, who had been Dutch, ever used.

She told her, correctly, the

She told her, correctly, the place and date of her father's death and some details.

death and some details.

The father, allegedly speaking in Dutch through Mrs. Twigg, said that when he died, his father, mother, and brother were waiting for him. These were the members of his family who had, in fact, pre-deceased him.

Good mediums are rare, and can easily be smolled by

and can easily be spoiled by doing too much, by trying too hard to please, by putting on a performance.

Mrs. Ena Twigg, who has the reputation of being probably the best in Britain today, receives clients from all over the world. Bishop Pike was one.

She rarely goes into a trance, simply sits, leaning forward, as though talking to forward, as though talking to an invisible visitor or visitors on her left and a little behind her; all quite prosaic in the brightly lit sitting-room of her small house in the west London suburb of Acton.

She says that her own thoughts, telepathy, and communication with the spirit world "feel quite different from each other."

"When you're on the right wavelength, it's like a charge of electricity," she said. She discovered her gift when she was a little girl, seeing and talking to what she called her "misty people."

One day they told her that

people."

One day they told her that her father would not be with them in a week's time. Frightened, she ran to tell her mother what she'd heard. Just a week later her father died of a fall. And he is now, she says, her chief "control."

An American Gladus Ton-

An American, Gladys Top-ing, went to see Mrs. Twigg, aving left her mother in per-

fect health at home.

Mrs. Twigg's first words were: "Your mother is

Calling on Mrs. Twigg a week later, Mrs Topping confirmed that her mother

Mrs. Twigg told her some details of the funeral which Mrs. Topping did not then know, but later checked with her sister in America. When I went to see Mrs.

Twigg, much of what she told me was interesting— but nothing was conclusive. Some of it was astonish-ingly right, some absolutely

She mentioned a string of names which meant nothing to me. "That often happens," she explained. "When the door is open, people shout names through it."

I went away intrigued, but

uncertain.

If I had been asked my opinion a year ago, I should have said that I didn't know whether we survive after death, but that I was inclined to believe there was more to human beings than meets the eye, so perhaps we do.

I should have said I didn't know what ghosts were or how telepathy worked, but was inclined to believe that at least some phenomena were real.

were real.

Now, after nine months of research—intriguing but frus-trating—I should have to say

the same.

I have no doubt at all that I have no doubt at all that Mrs. Twigg, for example, is honest, and that mediums— and other people, too, for that matter—do sometimes "know things they shouldn't." But what it all means, I'm

surer than ever I was. The last cool word had tter be with Professor

C. D. Broad, who is both a philosopher and a scientist.

philosopher and a scientist.

"I think I may say," he
concluded, "that for my part
I should be slightly more
annoyed than surprised if I
should find myself in some
sense persisting immediately
after the death of my present
body. One can only wait and
see or alternatively (which see, or alternatively (which is no less likely) wait and not



## FACTS ABOUT PREGNANCY **AND YOUR** FIGURE

Q I know my figure will change quite a bit during my pregnancy...but will I really need a special bra?

A Without the help of well-designed maternity garments you could risk losing your figure. Badly fitting garments can cause pain...and problems, later, in breast feeding. You will definitely need a good maternity bra throughout your pregnancy and while nursing.

Q Why do most people seem to buy Berlei? Aren't all maternity bras and girdles much of a muchness?

A No they're not. The Beries Maternity of a is use requests from Australia's leading Maternity Hospitals. And No they're not. The Berlei Maternity bra is the result of Berlei have been improving designs and further perfecting for years...so that today they offer one of the most modern ranges of maternity garments in the world.

What about girdles. Do I need one?

A Only through correct support can you feel comfortable. Less tired. Without the special control of a well-designed maternity garment, you risk stretch marks...sagging muscles...backache ...and you probably aren't giving your back the support it needs.

Berlei Maternity garments are designed with one real purpose...to give you comfort during pregnancy, to help restore your figure afterwards. So, best you get fitted with a Berlei Maternity Wardrobe soon.

For a Free colour leaflet showing Berlei Maternity garments and a helpful list of suggestions for baby's name, write Berlei Limited, 39 Regent Street, Sydney 2000



A Berlei maternity outfit can cost so little Bras from \$3.95, Girdles or pantie girdles from \$6.95. Pretty lace bra shown, Style 888, A-CC, 32-44, \$5.00.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968 National Library of Australia



# Camping holidays in Europe

TRAVELLER'S TALE

CLIFFTOP VIEW, left, which the Hartleys had from their campsite at Sorrento — a rocky private beach far below.

• Jacqueline Hartley, who wrote this story, spent several summers camping with her husband in Europe. They found superb scenery, friendly neighbors, and very low costs more than compensated for the occasional discomforts of heavy rain or a bumpy camping site.



# Mytton has the edge on countertop sinks...



it's a patented watertight sealed edge that's simpler to install, more effective in use

Not only this, but the countertop sink allows for flexibility of kitchen design. Today's kitchen features the symmetrical look, with benches that fit flush with appliances. And the countertop sink is perfect for this streamlined approach... inset in a wide bench to give extra work space and allow for dishwasher instalation now or later. See the wide Mytton range on display at leading stores and building centres.

For free illustrated literature on all states post this coupon to Mytton alka post this coupon to Mytton Grosvenor Ltd. Box No. 1, P.O. South Melbourne, Vic. 3205.

NAME
ADDRESS

Beauty Line by MYTTON CAMPING! I have known grown men blanch and shudder at the memory of the torments they endured camping when they were young all in the name of the Healthy Outdoor Life,

Then there are people whose eyes glaze with joy at the thought of "getting away from it all" and "communing with nature," the types who pitch their ex-army tent by a tiny stream in some deserted spot for weeks on end.

But a new breed of campers is appearing, and for the past few summers in Europe I have observed the other side of the coin — the large luxury tents with insect-proof sleeping compartments, bamboo-matting floors, separate rooms for cooking, and all mod cons.

Deep blue and orange are the most popular colors for these tents, though I have seen some green ones.

My husband and I fit into the in-between category with a small, easily erected frame teni (20 minutes from getting it out of the car to hammering in the last tent-peg) and some folding canvas chair-beds. When rolled up, our tent fits into a narrow sack about 3ft, long.

## Inexpensive bases

Of course it is not equipment alone which makes a successful camping holiday. In our case we wanted holidays abroad which we could afford, inexpensive bases from which we could explore towns and archaeological sites, sample local food and wine, and lap up some sunshine.

Before leaving London, we always armed ourselves with lists of campsites in each country, graded, like hotels, according to their facilities.

Some sites were very simplea field by a river, a few toilets, some taps, and perhaps a shower.

Others were quite elaborate, with camp shops and soffices, large ablution blocks, open-air dance-floors, and restaurants where you could sit over a glass of the local wine, writing your postcards, aided or hindered by the background noise of a juke-box,

Last summer near Sorrento we pitched our little tent on a cliff-top, shaded by leafy olive trees. It was an excellent campsite, complete with small store and restaurant, hot and cold showers and taps, and tubs for washing clothes.

Admittedly the private beach was just a cluster of rocks at the foot of a steep cliff; but it was well worth the scramble down to float in the clear warm sea and gaze at Vesuvius across the bay, or explore the underwater life with a snorkel tube and goggles.

There's nothing more discon-

There's nothing more disconcerting than to be placidly paddling around, gazing into the

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968



TYPICAL SCENE, left, on the road in Italy — a peaceful landscape with plodding donkeys drawing a produce cart along a tree-fringed road, under an almost cloudless blue sky.

PICTURESQUE TRULLI — quaint, conical houses and farmbuildings found in some parts of southern Italy - clustered in a small village, right, enclosed by an irregular wall.



depths round rocks, and suddenly find yourself almost eye-to-eye with a small octopus!

with a small octopus!

When we grew tired of swimming and sunbathing, Naples was only a short drive away. Likewise Pompeii, Herculanium, and Vesuvius. And from Sorrento we could take a boat trip to Capri and Ischia. Sometimes at night we would drive round the breathtakingly beautiful Sorrentine peninsula.

In the evenings, after a day of sightseeing, we would leave our

sightseeing, we would leave our little tent and stroll round Sorittle tent and stroll round Sor-rento, eating delicious water-ices and admiring the patient beribboned horses and the incon-gruous cafe signs for "Tea Like Mum Makes It" put up for the visiting Anglo-Saxons.

But such delightful surround-ings and weather have not always been our camping luck.

The previous summer we went to Austria. One afternoon, near Innsbruck, we noted clouds gathering over the mountains. Thunderstorms had been dogging us throughout the trip. We hurried to the next camping records. ground.

we beat the rain, but the other campers had beaten us to the best sites, and we had to be content with one which had an ominous depression in the middle. Rain poured down for six hours. The camp was without shelter and soon became a quagmire.

There was nowhere to go out of the rain — you can't really spend the night in the washroom — and we spent the whole night watching the tent anxiously for signs of leaks.

## Awash with rain

The depression under the tent soon became a miniature lake, and our groundsheet was actually floating. To add to our troubles we had forgotten to bring a little spade.

bring a little spade.

When it seemed likely that we would soon be swimming, hushand Bob nobly sallied forth to dig a trench with the only sturdy, pointed implement we could find — the potato-peeler!

After Sorrento we drove on down to Paestum, in the far south of Italy. Camp facilities here were not particularly good; but hot sunshine, warm sea, and splendid surroundings take a lot of beating when one is camping, and we had all these.

The camp was practically on

The camp was practically on the white sandy beach, under a grove of pines. And the sound of the pine needles falling on the canvas was disconcertingly like

We spent hours on the beach watching the more energetic Italians playing beach bowls and flying kites.

flying kites.

I was amazed at the full-scale meals the Italian women cooked. No roughing it for them with tinned food. They did the thing

Continued overleaf



## Your Complexion can be Younger

It is said that every time you wash your face you start a wrinkle, but now you an smooth and beautify the skin as you cleanse. No more taut dry skin when you use this cleansing milk that removes every trace of make-up with a dissolving action that leaves the complexion smoother, clearer, and free from wrinkle dry-ness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk that gives the com-plexion a look of youthful



THE EASY LIFE, camping-style -Bob Hartley above, relaxing in a canvas folding lounge at the olive-shaded cliftop campsite at Sorrento.

# Camping holidays in Europe

From page 45

properly with pasta, fresh meat or fish, fried potatoes, salad, and fruit.

salad, and fruit.

Sometimes two or three would combine operations, one preparing the pasta sauce, the others cooking the meat and vegetables; and there would be much scurrying between tents with stea

dinnertime approached.

Our fare was much more simple. We preferred to take some bread, sausage, cheese, and fruit and spend our time exploring or relaxing on the beach. I had a holiday, which was hardly what the Italian women were having.

And Paestum is an excel-And Paestum is an excei-lent place for exploring. It was an ancient Greek colony and the temples there (sixth and fifth century B.C.) are among the finest still standing anywhere.

The stone has mellowed to The stone has mellowed to a rich peach color, and the sight of the columns against the deep blue sky, surrounded by pink and red oleanders, is quite unforgettable.

This area has a large population of black waterbuffalo, from whose milk is made the mozzarella cheese used in pizza-making.

Campsites differ greatly

Campsites differ greatly not only in their facilities and surroundings but also in

and surroundings but also in their atmosphere.

In northern Europe many of the sites are like transit camps, People just spend a night or two there, en route to somewhere else, and you meet a great mixture of nationalities.

Other camps, at a beach, lake, or near a major city, have a more stable population and in the easy camaraderie of camp life, neigh-bors soon become acquainted and share meals, baby-sit-ting, advice, and entertain-ment. We found this parment. We found this par-ticularly in southern Italy, where foreigners were few. Our Italian neighbors were invariably friendly and help-ful, and we often felt like the poor relations with our little tent and simple equipment beside their elaborate homes-from-home.

Our neighbors at Meta-ponto on the Ionian coast were good examples of this sophisticated style of camping. Like many Italian fami-lies they had established themselves at the beach for the summer, the husband commuting daily to work when his holidays had finished.

## Tent with 'rooms'

Their deep blue tent was large and well furnished even to the baby's high-chair. The tent was divided into separate compartments, really individual rooms.

really individual rooms.

These large frame tents can also be assembled quite quickly — depending upon how many people are assisting or getting in the way. It's just a case of straightening all the poles, fitting them into the roof frame, and throwing the canvas over, then pegging it down round the edges — about 45 minutes' work in all.

The big multi-room tents were basically the same as ours with a square or rect-angular "room," the sides of which could be raised in-dependently to form the of which could be raised in-dependently to form the roof of another room; round the sides of this would be zipped the walls of the extra room. This pro-cess can go on almost in-definitely definitely.

also separately the inner sleeping

compartments with zip-up doors and net windows. The young, attractive

The young, attractive signora next door cooked on signora next door cooked on the three rings of her efficient gas camp-stove which was conveniently placed on a waist-high bench in the outer room. Her pots and pans were neatly stacked on shelves

underneath.

After supper when their two children were asleep in one of the inner sleeping compartments, the parents would relax in deckchairs outside, reading by the bright-as-day lamp fed from the car battery, or per-haps watching a favorite haps watching a favorite program on their portable television set.

In the mornings, shaving was no problem for the husband — he simply plugged his electric razor into one of the points provided on poles round the camp.

## No luxuries

Our tent would have fitted inside theirs easily, and if we had tried to inand if we had tried to install a sleeping compartment there wouldn't have been room for us or our beds. Our net windows were insect-proof, but a determined mosquito had no trouble in nipping inside the tent whenever we unzipped the door-flap.

The contrast was coally

zipped the door-flap.

The contrast was really noticeable when I prepared our meals. Crouching uncomfortably on a notoriously unstable folding stool I would set out to wash our salad in a bucket. Frequently stool, salad, bucket, and I ended up in a sodden heap in the sand and the whole process had to be repeated.

And as for relaxing out-side our tent, that was im-possible. Our little lamp was

possible. Our little lamp was just bright enough to attract passing insects: no chance of reading or writing by it. We usually ended up strolling along the beach until bedtime or lingering over vermouths in a bar.

Fatther east from where

Farther east from where we camped, between the large port and naval base of Taranto and the Adriatic coast, is "trulli" country.

The trulli are little houses and farm buildings in the form of conical stone igloos which are dotted about an almost treeless

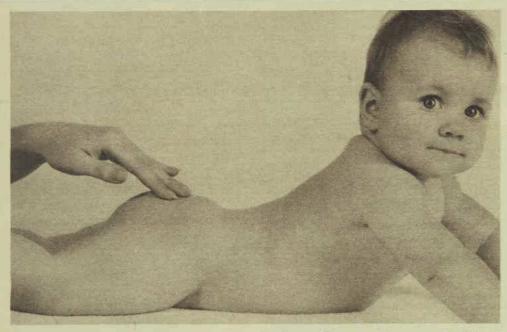
almost treeless plateau among tiny grapevines only 18in. high.

They look like mush-room villages from a child's storybook, and it is quite an anticlimax to see normal-sized people emerge from

We arrived in Australia at the beginning of July, and after several weeks of house-hunting in Canberra the we were regretting not hav-ing our tent with us. However, a few nights under canvas in Canberra's frosts would have cured us of camping for life.

But as the weather gets warmer, we'll be ready to try our luck camping in

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968



No nappy rash with Vaseline Petroleum Jelly!

## Try this test and see how it waterproofs skin. And how powder doesn't!



Rub Vaseline Petroleum Jelly gener-ously over the paim of your hand.



Wipe off with a napkin.

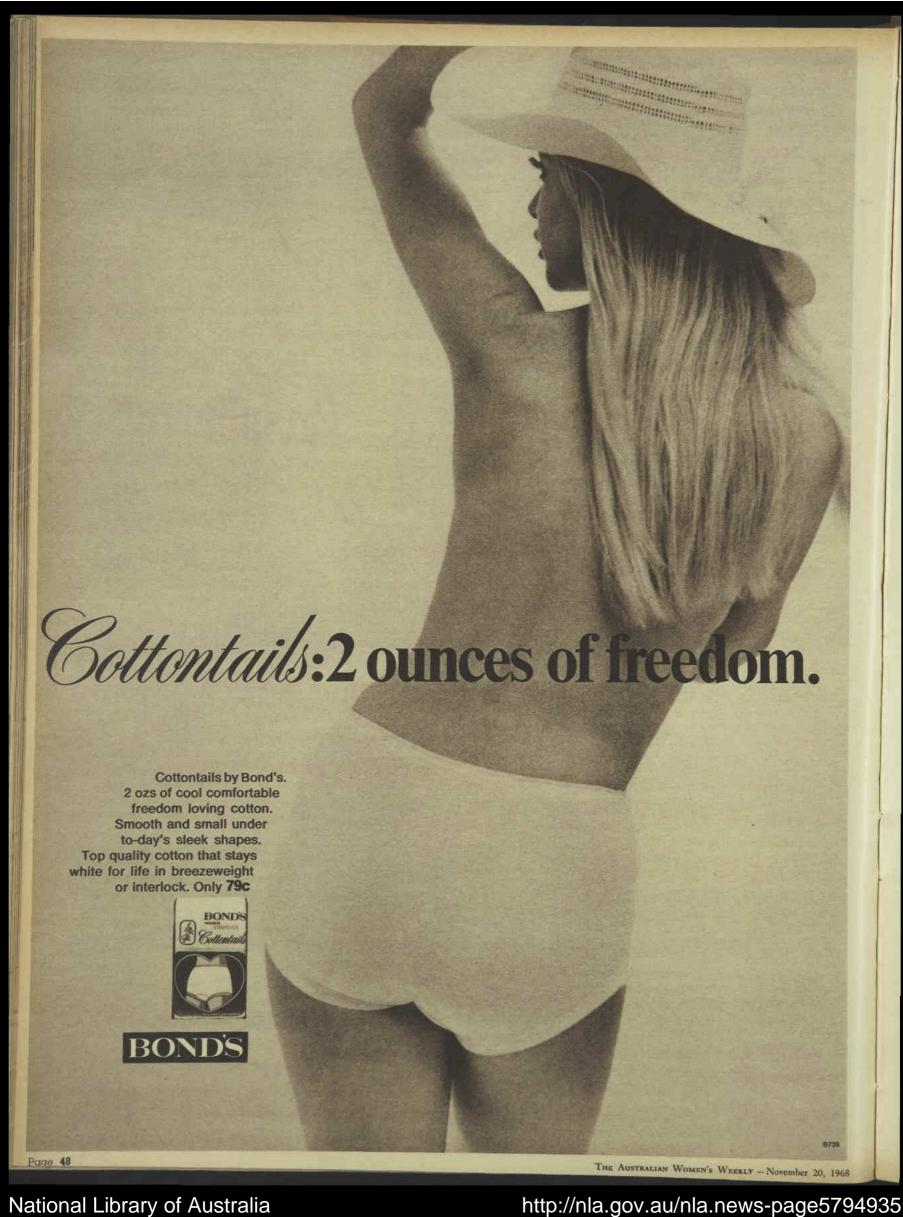


Pour on water. See how it runs off, leaving your skin perfectly dry.

Now, with baby powder, do the same test on your other hand. Feel the moisture going right through to your palm. You've just proved that Vaseline Petroleum Jelly keeps irritating wetness out better than powder, because it waterproofs skin. Use Vaseline Petroleum Jelly at every nappy change. You'll have a happier baby.







# Learn to live with yourself . . . and your broken heart

 Sometimes love is smooth and serene, but to judge from what you read, hear, and observe these days, not very often.

THERE seems to be a period in every girl's life when Love is directly bound up with Trouble. A girl who never shed a tear or sighed a sigh over a man is seen as often as a platypus on a leash.

If she and her first sweet-heart are in love, get mar-ried young, and spend the next 30 or 40 years together happily, she may escape emotional hurricanes.

She probably is fortunate, although romantics maintain that you've never been "really alive" unless you've suffered for love.

That may be, but after one painfully unhappy experience a girl usually feels that if she had to be "really alive" very often she would be dead very soon.

Men suffer from love, too. However, a girl may have to have two or three experi-ences with the male breaking her heart before a great truth dawns upon her; the world is full of graveyards, and these graveyards are full of men — men who did not die for love.

If a disappointed boy-friend threatens to commit suicide, it's ten to one he'll go home and sleep very

A man recovering from a sad love affair has more resources than a woman. He can seek other female com-pany, can wander in mixed social groups without social groups without any girl. Also, he has a greater capacity for losing himself in work.

### Trampled dignity

The ideal way to avoid emotional grief is to prevent it. If you're cautious, practical, and an old hand at "playing it safe," you'll never be seriously hurt.

You don't let yourself care too much for one man—not, at least, until after the wedding invitations have gone to

ng invitations have gone to the printer.

Disciplining your emotions need not mean you are cal-lous and insensitive, but not everyone can do it, and if you can't you're liable to be badly hurt.

It should comfort you to

realise that a whole army of women, old and young, plain and beautiful, brilliant and dim-witted, has had the same

A broken heart is a hideous A broken heart is a hideous experience, and often, along with it, go, almost equally, shattering pulverised pride and trampled dignity.

You can help yourself, but the first step in therapy is to want to do so.

Any girl is entitled to misery for a while, but it can be lessened if she is willing to devote a little time, effort, and intelligence to the pro-

If she really wishes, she could come alive again. She may find these ideas helpful, even though at first she is sure nothing can help.

Learning to live again can be as hard as learning to walk again, but it's worth it.

All right, let's say you won't forget it, and you'll never love like it again. Why should you want to, when you see what a state it got you into?

There are as many kinds.

There are as many kinds of love — even Real love — as there are jewels.

A little cool analysis may

help to prevent you from making the same mistake twice over.

You remember Angela?
Possibly you were — or are
— Angela.

Every time Bob rang her

to invite her out she mentally

added another item to those in her hope chest. On the evenings when she didn't see him, she told herself he was working or entertaining

Bob never offered explana-tions for these evenings, but Angela thought up a whole bookful for him.

She interpreted his most casual remarks as being fraught with deeper meaning, decided he didn't try to make violent love to her because he had her on a pedestal as his future wife. She was sure that some time in the future there would come a day.

that some time in the three would come a day.

Well, there came a day, but it wasn't the day Angela but. Bob

had dreamed about. Bob stopped ringing her. He had met another girl.

Angela's heart was crushed for a long time. She really had been entranced with Bob, so it was natural to

Bob, so it was natural to hope ardently that he was "serious." But she would have spared herself con-siderable woe if she had been more strict with herself and her interpretation of Bob's intentions. When a man loves a girl, he tells her so!

broken heart, the strictly legitimate kind. Someone you had reason to love and

trust has let you down with a thundering crash.

Our grandparents had a phrase for it which has never been improved: "He

trifled with your affections."

By PAUL BROCK

The other hurts are easily healed with a little time, a little laughter, a touch of philosophy, and a shrug. But not this one

If he has had the integrity and the respect for yo dignity and intelligence give you an honest explanation, you have been spared the most rugged part of the experience. It is not easy to take, but if you have achieved any maturity at all, you understand that people's feelings do change, and that it is as human to fall out of love as to fall in love.

love as to fall in love.

Either the agony of never knowing or the indignity of being lied to can complicate and sharpen this painful experience. You spend day after bitter day trying to make sense out of the situation. You torture yourself wondering if it was something you said or did.

With blind faith, you try to reason yourself into thinking he has his own

reasons, which he would have

told you if he could, and that you'll always trust him.

Forget it. This is no time to pull the wool over your own eyes. You know in your heart whether there was a solid understanding between you. If there was, he deserves your contempt. The sooner you face this sensible conclusion, the better.

Nor does it help to explain

Nor does it help to explain it away by "understanding" what caused it. Stop being

noble and forgiving. Stop telling yourself that you'll always love him.

Treat yourself instead

Treat yourself instead to the luxury of anger. Who does he think he is, anyway, to do such a thing to you?

You may find it exhilarating to tell him with dignity, firmness, and clarity what you think of him. You must know yourself thoroughly, and possess a touch of drama to be able to carry this off well, minus tears. Of course, if you belong to the "Dignified Silence" or "I-Would-

well, minus tears. Of course, if you belong to the "Dignificd Silence" or "I-Would-Not-Stoop-to-Let-Him-Know-I-Care" brigade, these tactics are not for you.

If you feel the urge to express yourself by mail, ponder this carefully.

If you must write, tell yourself you'll write next month. By doing this you can put it off indefinitely without actually discarding the idea. And, eventually, forget the whole cpisode.

Deep, honest indignation, however, brings a clean,

purging fire to your emotions. It burns out the hatred and

purging fire to your emotions.
It burns out the hatred and
the bitterness.

You may have a hard time
selling yourself the idea that
a man who would behave
like this before marriage
would have been no great
catch as a husband. It's true,
though. The careless-butcharming, wicked-but-fascinating types usually go on
being careless and wicked
after marriage, but stop being
charming and fascinating.

It helps, too, to stop
brooding about happiness.
Certainly you aren't happy,
but lifelong happiness is not
guaranteed any woman.

### Be practical

Be practical

Try to break the pattern associated with your love. If he always telephoned at 6 p.m., be somewhere else at that time. If you played your favorite discs for him, put them away for a while. Spend as much time outdoors as possible.

This is no time to let yourself go. Send that housecoat to the cleaner's the day the coffee stains it. Have your hair done at the first opportunity. Don't take refuge in

tunity. Don't take refuge in overeating. This is morale stuff, but extremely practical.

A handsome, superbly attractive man may be climbattractive man may be climbing into sight in your crystal
ball. You never know. But,
if you have let yourself become slovenly through disappointment, he won't take
up much of your time.

And now is the time to
see a little more of any
former masculine admirer,
who might have retired

who might have retired when "the" boy came along.

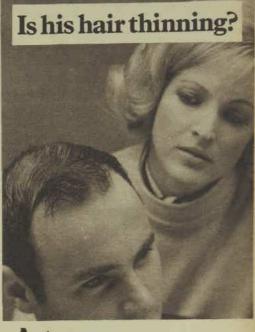
If he tries to date you, accept! You never know, this once-rejected suitor may turn out to be far more attractive than you thought,

Don't talk about your grief too much. Discuss it with a trusted friend if you feel like it, but keep your personal life personal.

These healing measures may help you learn to come alive again. It you go through the mechanical motions of any activity, the mechanics come to life after a while. Rehabilitation seldom is fun. When a dom is fun. When a paralysed person struggles to move a toe or finger, he isn't enjoying himself, but he is training his muscles to act once more as he bids them. You are doing the same for your emotions.

You'll succeed, too. The day will come when you are not only no longer in love with him but you don't even dislike or despise him. He has ceased to exist.

You're cured, and the scar will never even show.



## Act now before it's too late.

But before you can give his hair the proper care it needs, you should know something about it first. To live and grow, hair roots must be supplied with nourishment in the form of natural protein (amino acids). Disorders such as thinning hair, excessive dandruff, loose hair on his comb or simply lank, lifeless hair often occur because the roots are not getting these amino acids in the right proportion from within the body. This essential food can be supplied from the outside, however, by a twice daily massage with Pure Silvikrin - the hair treatment that contains the 18 essential amino acids that make up the vital protein content of the hair.

Pure Silvikrin penetrates the scalp and reaches blood vessels around the base of the hair, builds into hair structure and feeds back protein deep down in hair roots where the trouble begins. Massage in Pure Silvikrin - twice daily! You'll soon see the difference in healthy hair growth!



NEW FORMULA **Pure Silvikrin** for hair health

Silvikrin Tonic Hair Dressing, Silvikrin Tonic Hair Cream and Silvikrin Shampoos, all contain a measured proportion of Pure Silvikrin.

## **New Discovery Now Makes It** Possible to Shrink and Heal Haemorrhoids Without Surgery

Stops Itch-Relieves Pain in Minutes

New York, N.Y. (Special): A world-famous institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink haemorr-hoids without surgery. The notes without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief, in min-ntes, from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of the injured tissues all while it quickly reduces painful swell-ing.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—now offered in both ointment

or suppository form called Preparation H.

In addition to actually shrink-ing piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes bowel movements less painful. It helps to prevent infection (a principal cause of haemorr-hoids).

Only Preparation H contains this magic new substance which quickly helps heal injured cells back to normal and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Supposi-tories (easier to use away from home). Available at all chemists.



Summer is hot, dry, burning. Cyclax Creme Dew will protect and quench your thirsty Summer face

How can you tell your skin is thirsty? When it feels dry. Or flakes. When it looks discoloured and tired.

Most skins feel a little thirsty every day. In summer, the sun and dry heat make all skins thirstier.

To quench your thirsty summer skin, Cyclax invented Creme Dew. It's a moisture balm you simply smooth over your face before make-up. (Or wear it without make-up — it disappears

into the skin

Creme Dew films invisibly over the skin, giving it the natural, moist bloom of a child's skin: a new radiance that you can see — and feel. And Cyclax thoughtfully added sun screens to this new moisturiser — so Creme Dew protects your precious skin from the harsh sun, too. Pamper your skin each day with its favourite thirst-quencher: Creme Dew, the under make-up moisture balm.

Cyclax

creme dew

Cyclax Creme Dew \$1.95 At selected stores and pharmacies throughout Australia

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

## **DRESS SENSE**

BETTY KEEP

THIS high-belted onepiece is my design choice for an after-five dress. The dress is made in silk crepe and it answers a reader's query.

"I have a dress length of beige crepe to make an after-five frock. The high waistline suits me, so perhaps I could have a style with this line. I just want something soft and flattering."

The dress, illustrated right, would be an excellent choice for crepe. The design is sleeveless, belted at a high waistline, and finished with a bias cowl neckline. The effect is soft and becoming. Underneath the illustration are how-to-order details.

"I am seeking your advice about a pattern for a bridal and bridesmaid dress. I want both styles to have Empireline bodices finished with scooped necklines and short sleeves. The bridal dress is to be floor-length and the bridesmaid's street-length.

Our pattern department includes a pattern featuring the two designs you inquired about. The bride and bridesabout. The bride and brides-maid dresses have scooped Empire-line bodices and are finished with short sleeves; the skirtline spreads grace-fully. The pattern also in-cludes a tiny pillbox head-dress and bow headpiece. To order, quote Vogue pat-tern 6768, the price \$1 in-cludes postage. Lines under the illustration tell how to order the pattern. order the pattern.

"Could you tell me what type of skirt is a dirndl? I have noticed it has been mentioned in your fashion notes, but it has not been described."

A dirndl is a skirt gathered or pleated all round on to a waistband. The skirt was very popular 20-odd years ago and is again

Would a turban be a suitable hat to wear to a public reception at 4.30 p.m.? The frock I am wearing is a flora

Yes, and it would be an even better fashion if you have the turban made in the same sheer as your dress.

"I am having a floor-length evening dress made and want the fabric to be suitable for summer and winter. What would you advise?"



7208.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 7208, the price \$1 includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.

Crepe and lace are two with all white accessories, currently fashionable fabrics including stockings. of the year.

"I am being married in a street-length dress made in white crepe, and I am wearing a bridal veil. Should I carry a bridal bouquet?"

Yes, but with a short dress you should have a bouquet that's fairly small.

"Please tell me what sort of outfit should be worn to a morning wedding in December. I am 18 and have streaks of blonde in my hair and blue eyes."

My choice for a morning wedding in December would be a pastel linen dress or suit. Either blue or pink would be a good choice be-cause it would flatter your bair coloring and eyes. Wear whatever color you choose

"I have a white gabardine jacket and would like your advice about a skirt to team it with. The style is tailored and finished with gold buttons."

My choice would be an all-round pleated skirt made in navy gabardine or any fabric in a similar weight.

"Would it be correct "Would it be correct
to leave my wedding
reception in the dress
and coat I am being
married in. The
outfit is made in skyblue silk. The wedding
is only for families,
my own and my in-laws,
and a few
intimate friends."

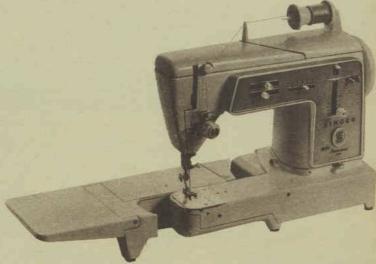
In the circumstance, it would be correct fashion to wear your wedding ensemble when you leave for your

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

# Only Singer Golden **Panoramic** does 5 kinds of sewing

'pull-out' tacking automatic embroidery automatic zig-zag 63 different buttonholes automatically

all with exclusive slant needle sewing



- Only Singer lets you see better, sew better with exclusive slant needle...tames the most wilful fabrics...even synthetics
- Runs around cuffs, sleeves, trouser legs with free-arm ease.
- Imagine tacking that pulls out invisibly after fittings . . . after letting out tucks for growing children.
- Endless automatic fancy stitches and zig-zag and straight stitch. Think of 63 different buttonholes you can make, automatically. Even threads itself with automatic threader.
- Golden Panoramic does more than any other free-arm automatic . . . then gives you a lifetime guarantee!

TRADE-IN NOW - UP TO \$120 ON ANY BRAND, ANY MODEL

Singer Australia Limited,	Hurry, write for further information
SYDNEY • MELBOURNE • BRISBANE ADELAIDE • PERTH • HOBART (Addresses in phone book)	Please supply me with full colour brochure and terms available on the amazing Singer Golden Panoramic.
NAME	***************************************
ADDRESS	
	STATE POST CODE

Call in, or phone for a demonstration now — we're in the phone book

## Crochet dress for Christmas parties

of 14 tr., 3 ch., turn. (110, 116 tr.) Rep. 2nd row 9 times.

tr.) Rep. 2nd row 9 times.

5th Dec. Row: \* 1 tr. in each
of next 14 (15) tr., dec. 1 tr. in
next 2 tr., rep. from \* to last
14 tr., 1 tr. in each of 14 tr.,
3 ch., turn. (104, 110 tr.)

Work 21 rows in tr. or length
desired to underarm, allowing 6
rows for hem, omitting turning

on last row

To Shape Armhole: Miss 1 tr., sl-st. over 5 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. in each tr. to last 6 tr., 3 ch., turn. Dec. 1 tr. each end of each row until 54 (60) tr. rem.

To Shape Neckline. — Next Row: 1 tr. in each of next 10 (12) tr., dec. 1 tr. in next 2 tr., dec. 1 tr. in next 2 tr., 3 ch.,

Next Row: 1 tr. in each tr. to last 2 tr., dec. 1 tr. in next 2 tr. Cut cotton.

Cut cotton.

Miss 27 (29) tr. across neckline, join cotton in next tr., 3
ch. Work to correspond with other

#### FRONT

Ch. 143 (149). Work as back to first dec. (140, 146 tr.).

1st Dec. Row: \* 1 tr. in each of next 19 (20) tr., dec. 1 tr. in

Continued from page 21

next 2 tr., rep. from \* to last 14 tr., 1 tr. in each of 14 tr., 3 ch., turn. (134, 140 tr.)

Work as back, working 1 tr. less on each dec. row between dec. sts. until 116 (122) tr. rem. Next Row: 1 tr. in each tr. to

end, 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 tr. in each of next (58) tr., 3 ch., turn (front

5th Dec, Row: \* 1 tr. in each of next 15 (16) tr., dec. 1 tr. in next 2 tr., rep. from \* twice, 1 tr. in each of next 4 tr., 3 ch.,

Work 21 rows or same amount

as worked on back, no turning ch.

on last row.
To Shape Armhole: As for back on one side only until 27 (30) tr. rem., ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Neckline:

Next Row: Dec. 1 tr. in next 2 tr., 1 tr. in each of next 20 (23) tr., dec. 1 tr. in next 2 tr., 3 ch., turn.

3 ch., turn.

Next Row: Miss 1 tr., dec. 1
tr. in next 2 tr., 1 tr. in each tr.
to end, 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 tr. in each tr. to
last 4 tr., dec. 1 tr. in next 2 tr.,
miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in last tr., 3 ch.,
turn. Rep. last two rows once.

Next Row: Miss 1 tr., dec. 1 tr. in next 2 tr., 1 tr. in each tr. to end, 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 tr. in each tr. to

ETRON ERYLENE

HELENCA CAPROLAN AND OTHERS MADE

last 2 tr., dec. 1 tr. in next 2 tr. Cut cotton. Miss 6 tr. at centre front, join cotton in next tr., a
work other side to correspond.
FRONT BANDS
LEFT FRONT

Ch. 12, 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 1 ch., turn. (10 d.c.) Work 112 rows in d.c., work 1 row d.c. round band. Cut cotton.

RIGHT FRONT

Work 10 rows in d.c. 2s left.

Work 10 rows in d.c. as left-

Next Row: \* 1 d.c. in each of next 3 d.c., 4 ch., miss 4 d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 3 d.c., 1 ch.,

Next Row: 1 d.c. in each of next 3 d.c., 1 d.c. in each of 4 ch., 1 d.c. in each of next 3 d.c., 1 ch., turn. (Buttonhole made.)

Work 18 rows, d.c. Rep. from \* until 6 buttonhole have been

completed. Work 1 row d.c.

Work 1 row d.c. round band,
113 along side, 10 across end,
113 along other side, 1 ch., turn.
Work frill as follows:

Ist Row: 1 d.c. in each of next 4 d.c., \* (1 d.c. 2 ch., 1 d.c.) in next d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 7 d.c., rep. from \* to 4 sts. from corner, 1 d.c. in each of next 3 7 d.c., rep. from \* to 4 sts. from corner, 1 d.c. in each of next 3 d.c., 3 d.c. in next d.c. (corner), 1 d.c. in each of next 5 d.c., 2 ch., 1 d.c. in each of next 5 d.c., 3 d.c. in next d.c. (corner), 1 d.c. in each of next 3 d.c., (1 d.c., 2 ch., 1 d.c.) in next d.c., work to correspond with other side, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., work to correspond with other side, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., to 5 sts. from corner st., 2 d.c. in centre d.c. of 7 d.c., rep. from \* to 5 sts. from corner st., 2 d.c. in corner st., 10 d.tr. in next 2 ch. sp., 2 d.c. in next 2 ch. sp., work to correspond with other side, 1

d.tr. in next 2 ch. sp., work to correspond with other side, 1

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., \* 2 tr. in each of next 10 d.tr., 2 d.c. in each of next 2 d.c., rep. from \* to last d.c., 1 d.c. in last d.c., 1 ch., turn.
4th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c.,

4th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., \*
(1 ch., 1 tr.) in each tr. of shell,
1 ch., 2 d.c. in each d.c., rep.
from \* to last d.c., 1 d.c. in last
d.c., 1 ch., turn.

5th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., \*
(1 ch., 1 tr.) in each tr. of shell,
1 ch., 1 d.c. in each d.c., rep.
from \* to end, 1 ch., turn.
6th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., \*\*
1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp., \* (1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c.) in next tr. (picot), 1
d.c. in 1 ch. sp., rep. from \* over
shl., 1 d.c. in each of next 2 d.c.
(1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c.) in next d.c.,
1 d.c. in each of next 2 d.c.
1 d.c. in each of

Press pieces on wrong side with hot iron and damp cloth, join shoulder and side seams with flat seam, stitch front bands in place.

COLLAR
With right side facing, join cotton at join at right-front band, work 148 d.c. round neckline to join of left-front band (both izes), 1 ch., turn. Work 1 row

Work frill as for front, working
5 d.e. in place of 7 d.e. on 1st
row and 2 d.e. in centre d.e. of
5 d.e. on 2nd row.
BUTTONS

Ch. 2 1st Round: 6 d.c. in 1st

Ch. 2 1st Round: 6 d.c. in 1st ch.; do not join, place marker.
2nd Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. 3rd Round: \*1 d.c. in next d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from \* to end of round.
4th Round: 1 d.c. in each d.c. 5th Round: \* Dec. 1 d.c. in next 2 d.c., rep. from \* to end Cut cotton. Make 6. Cover moulds and stitch on front band moulds and stitch on front band to correspond with buttonholes.

ARMHOLE EDGING

With right side facing, join cotton at side seam, work 5 rows d.c., dec. to keep flat. Press all

Turn up 6 rows tr. and stitch in place at lower edge for hem-

WOOL LINEN SILK RAYON DACRON

Meet the safe, all-fabric Spray and steam iron. Cares for everything you iron, easier, better, longer, and Sunbeam makes it.

The very accurate temperature gauge lists the correct and safe setting for every type of natural and synthetic material. The fabric settings are scientifically selected, so you'll never scorch with a Sunbeam Spray and Steam iron, its water spray dampens down as you iron, the steam rolls out the creases. Large button hole



There's a complete range of Sunbeam quality irons from which to choose. From the Sunbeam De Luxe Steam iron with wide range of fabric settings, the Sunbeam Steam iron with 36 steam holes and the Sunbeam lightweight ironmaster with accurate double automatic control. Each is the finest quality in its class. See the complete ange of Sunbeam irons at your retail

THE FINEST APPLIANCES MADE

Sunbeam

## HOME HINTS

 These useful hints from readers win a prize of \$2 each. They will save you time, money, and energy.

DON'T discard used rubber rings from the jars of home-preserving outfits. They make excellent ticdowns for steam puddings. A ring will stretch over a 7in. pudding basin and keep the cloth quite firm. — Miss E. Dutton, 129 Stanley St., Launceston, Tas. 7250.

Use towelling facewashers instead of table napkins for younger children. The washers are absorbent, easily laundered, need no ironing, and can be bought in colors to match any kitchen color scheme. — M. Curnow, 108 Burrows St., Mildura, Vic. 3500.

An easy way to keep tidy the many ribbons young girls collect for hair-ties, etc., is to peg them on to a coathanger and store in the wardrobe. They will remain uncreased and are easy to see.—
Jenny Selby, Box 292, P.O., Cootamundra, N.S.W. 2590.

To fill lots of cracks quickly before painting, mix up filler and put in a large icing-bag and squeeze filler into the cracks as icing. — Mrs. J. Landman, 27 Ceha St., East Bentleigh, Vic. 3165.

To release a zipper that has caught in a frock placket, insert a knitting needle between fabric and zipper, from the top of placket, and carefully ease fabric out of zipper. The finest material can be released in this way. — Miss N. G. Maiden, 6 Emerald St., Kedron, Qld. 4031.

When washing black tights or leotards, put strong blue in the last rinse to help them retain their bright black color. Hang garments in the shade, also. — Mrs. G. Coswell, 25 Bulimba St., Bulimba, Brisbane 4171.

To repair and strengthen the top of a torn shower curtain, cut torn strip off and face edge with a strip of terylene curtaining 4in, wide. Make terylene loops and stitch to top of curtain — length of loops will depend on amount of curtain cut away. — Mrs. M. Toynton, 4 Turnbull Rd., Enfield, S.A. 5085.

Cut up pieces of plastic (plastic bags can be used) into squares or triangles to fit baby's nappies. When nappies have been folded, slip a piece of plastic between the layers; this helps to keep baby dry, especially at night when the nappies may be on longer. — Mrs. C. A. Lehman, 160 Nicholls St., Devonport, Tas. 7310.

To wash spinach, use warm water for the first washing; this loosens much of the grit and dirt. Then wash in cool water until the spinach is free from grit.

— Mrs. H. Smith, 37 de Meyrick Ave., Casula, N.S.W. 2170.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

## THE FIRST LIPSTICK THAT IS AS KIND AS IT IS BEAUTIFUL — Innoxa Super Jewelfast

Lips that make lifelong promises, that unfold beautiful words.

Lips that whisper, kiss, sing and shout and pout. They are almost the most feminine thing about any woman and demand the very exceptional.

For such lips, your lips, Innoxa have created Super Jewelfast.

The first lipstick ever to combine fashion in colour and a texture in sympathy with the sensitivity of every woman's lips.

Lips are too sensitive to withstand the sensation of harsh lipstick contact (not always apparent in the beginning), and much too important to expose to experimentation.

Super Jewelfast is a new experience. Soft and gentle and kindness itself. It moves onto your lips all the beauty of pure colour suffused with light. Innoxa knows how you feel about texture. The smoothness and shine is conceived to give your lips a gleaming, firm, dewy look, that is never wet or greasy.

The colour-true shades. All the protective care that you would expect from the Innoxa approach to formulation are apparent the moment Super Jewelfast touches your lips. And it's in a very dominant white and gold case.

The very natural way you apply a lipstick is a feminine, personal and intimate thing.

After all, lipstick is a very part, the very heart of being a woman. Make Innoxa a part of you this day. Remember the name,

Super Jewelfast. Once you've tried it, you'll never forget the name. From your appointed Innoxa retailer.



-

SUPER JEWELFAST LIPSTICK INNOXA

Home dressmakers all know what a nuisance threads of cotton on the carpet can be. Try using a damp scrubbing brush to pick them up. Whisked over the carpet, it will very speedily and easily gather up the loose pieces of sewing thread. — Mrs. L. Lowndes, c/o 11 Wisbech St., Bayswater, W.A. 6053.

INN:P265

Sprinkle the children's breakfast cereal or porridge with jelly crystals. It looks pretty, the children love it, and no more sugar is required. One packet of crystals will do six or more serves. Add milk to taste. — Mrs. B. Blake, 130 Lattle St., Forster, N.S.W. 2428 When giving your next children's party, try this novelty: Arrange all the refreshments (cakes, sweets, and cold drinks) in a little shop with a counter. Give each little guest ten le pieces and let them buy what they want from their hostess. The children love this and you'll find they'll need very little other entertainment. — Mrs. F. Begley, c/o Dr. D. Brink, Repatriation Hospital, Bundoora, Vic. 3083.

If you are boiling potatoes in their jackets to serve with a grill, have them cooked before you start the grill. Put these cooked potatoes under the griller with the steak, and brown both sides. The result will be the same as if they had been wrapped in foil and baked in the oven for an hour. When ready you can slit the potatoes and top with sour cream and chives or a knob of butter. — Mrs. A. Fox, 53 Conrad St., North Ryde, N.S.W. 2113

If you run out of brassware polish, a pad of moist newspaper is a good substitute — the results are excellent. — Mrs. M. Moreton, 17 Base St., Victoria Pt., Qld. 4163.

When elastic on men's or boys' underpants loses its strength, sew bias binding on inside of elastic and thread \$\frac{1}{4}\text{in.-wide} elastic through this. You will get twice

the wear out of these garments by doing this. — Mrs. C. vanden Ham, 1 Jennifer St., Morwell, Vic. 3840.

A pipe cleaner colored green with crayon or paint makes an ideal tie for indoor potplant foliage, and is not noticeable.—Mrs. R. Johnson, 78 Torquay Rd., Pialba, Hervey Bay, Qld. 4655.

To clean marble: Mix to a paste with hot water 1 part powdered pumice, 1 part whitening, and 2 parts powdered washing soda. Cover marble with this paste and let dry, then wash off.—Mrs. N. Hambley, 32 Teralba Rd., Broadmeadow, N.S.W. 2292.



# you'll feel fabulous Dath Heaven for tired and aching limbs. 'RADOX' is as important to the enjoyment of your bath as the water itself. softens the water . . . relaxes tired and aching limbs. refreshes the . (leaves no bath-tub ring either). try 'RADOX' yourself and feel the difference.

DEODORANT - ANTI-PERSPIRANT

# The girl who wants to play Hamlet's mother

by KAY MELAUN-

JULIE NEWMAR would like to correct the exaggerated measurements which would make her appear some type of gargantuan Amazon," said the Press handout. "Actually she is 5ft. 103in. tall, with a symmetrical 37-22-37."

If darn near 5ft, 11in, isn't big, what is? It sounded as if someone was having us

But when Julie Newmar walked into the Foreign walked into the Foreign Press conference at Columbia Pictures' boardroom in New York, there was some point to her sensitivity about adjectives like "Wagnerian," "stupendous," "stupefying." She's had these monotonously since the mid-1950s, when she was one of the "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers."

Though she's tall, she is perfectly proportioned, as

perfectly proportioned, as befits the offspring of a marriage between a 6ft. 4in. Swedish-born physical edu-cation teacher and a former Ziegfeld beauty.

She told us her state of mind when she appeared at her agent's bidding to try for the role of the Indian girl in "Mackenna's Gold." This is her most recent film, with a big line-up of stars — Gregory Peck, Omar Sharif, Eli Wallach, Telly Savalas, Camilla Sparv, Lee J. Cobb, Anthony Quayle, etc.

Julie said she'd been "surly." "I was feeling inferior asking for the job," she soul-searched.

she soul-searched.

"Therefore I expressed these feelings in hostility."
She climbed into Indian dress, put on dark make-up. Then, "feeling like someone else altogether, released from myself," she glided up to the film's writer-producer, Carl Foreman and director

the film's writer-producer, Carl Foreman, and director J. Lee Thompson and menaced them with a knife. "You're it!" they cried. Anyone would, with nearly 6ft of knife-armed hostility standing over them.

favorite stage role? The girl who's been a harem dancer, painted gold head to toe, in "Scrpent of the Nile," Stupefyin' Jones in "Li'l Abner," Catwoman of TV's

The Pal Dog

**Picture Contest** 

\$2000 Pal Dog Picture Contest:

**FUNNIEST PICTURE:** 

from the second week's entries in the

Mrs. R. C. Henry, 13 Munford Street, Launceston, Mr. E. K. Williams, 12 Narrabeen Street, Narrabeen, N.S.W.
Mrs. H. Ganon, 42 Camden Street, Albion, Qld.
Mrs. D. Watson, 5 Dean Place, Coolbellup, W.A.

Miss Gen Traynor, 160a Esplanade, Brighton, S.A. Miss Margot Wiburd, Nicol Street, Yarram, Vic.

Mrs. G. W. Box, 2 Benson Court, Riverside, Tas. Mr. Neil McLean, 10 Headland Avenue, Austinmer,

Mrs. J. Rowan, 49 Redondo Avenue, Miami, Qld. B. E. Grasso, 149 Edward Street, Osborne Park,

Mrs. T. M. Alexander, 990 South Road, Edwards-

Mrs. J. Wyllie, 16 Hiller Street, Devonport, Tas. Miss Elva Barraclough, 257 Woniora Road, Blake-

Mrs. V. Roberts, 203 Buchan Street, Cairns, Qld.
Mrs. V. Roberts, 203 Buchan Street, Cairns, Qld.
Mrs. C. Hille, 78 Waterloo Street, Tuart Hill, W.A.
Mr. A. V. Potts, Langhorne Creek, S.A.
Mrs. G. B. Harrison, Lot 8, Beckett Road, Donvale,

Progress-prize winners are eligible for major prizes. The contest closes on November 15, and results will be announced in a December issue of The Australian

Women's Weekly.

town, S.A. Mrs. C. A. Macgugan, Box 36, Branxholme, Vic.

BEST PICTURE WITH CAPTION:

MOST APPEALING PICTURE:

"Batman," and the doll of "My Livin' Doll" would like to play Hamlet's mother. \* \*

## Mrs. Onassis' hairpiece

JACKIE ONASSIS' muchadmired mane of chest-ut-colored hair is a phony.

Her hair is thin.

Mr. Napoleon, the 29-yearold Athens hairdresser who
did Jackie's hair in a cabin
aboard the Christina for her wedding, revealed this to a New York "Times" reporter. "She wanted a simple and

she wanted a simple and uncomplicated style, and showed me the hairpiece she wanted me to use," he said. "She said her hair was very thin.

"It is thin, and thin hair is very difficult to work with. Even though she doesn't like hair spray, I had to use a

He is still mourning the rain that spoilt the hairdo.

## \* Diamonds that disappeared

DIAMOND earrings worn by Mrs. Charles Engle-hard, wife of the platinum and diamond king, to a recent White House State Dinner had other guests blinking. The earrings are worth an estimated \$2 mil-

worth an establishment of the lion.

Halfway through dinner, however, the blinding flash had ceased. She no longer

had them on. No, they weren't lost or

Englehard screws Mrs. Englehard screws, them tightly to her ear lobes, and their weight makes them painfully uncomfortable. After a while she can't stand it any longer, and takes them

## A wedding is announced

THE other day investment THE other day investment banker Armand Erpf, 70, said that he and New York artist Susan Mortimer, aged "about 40," had been married for 3½ years.

It was time they said so. The pledges of their affection

are a boy aged 2½ and a girl, two months.

In New York City they live on Park Avenue. But not together. His apartment is 30 blocks south of hers.

## The LINING is all mink

WHAT was described as "the warmest coat of the year" appeared at a furrier's parade at the Hotel

Regis. (t's black broadtail with It's sable collar and mink

costs \$8500. However, made to order,



Julie Newmar, 5ft. lin., with a New 10}in., with a N York journalist.

minus the mink lining, it's only \$6500,

Some other cosy ideas at the parade: Painted furs — bathrobes of rabbit painted in bright designs; knee-length coats in black broadtail all-over-patterned with painted flowers or abstract designs to simulate brocade.

## In the big city life goes on . .

NEW YORK doesn't give a hoot how you dress, how you behave. A girl I saw walking along Broadway in high heels and bathing-suit got attention only be-cause she had a superb

This, too, went un-remarked:

A clean-shaven, good-looking Negro, aged about 40, conservatively dressed in business suit, walked into a restaurant sniffing a large yellow daisy which he restaurant sniffing a la yellow daisy which carried by its 3in. stem.

When he sat at the counter he requested a glass of water.

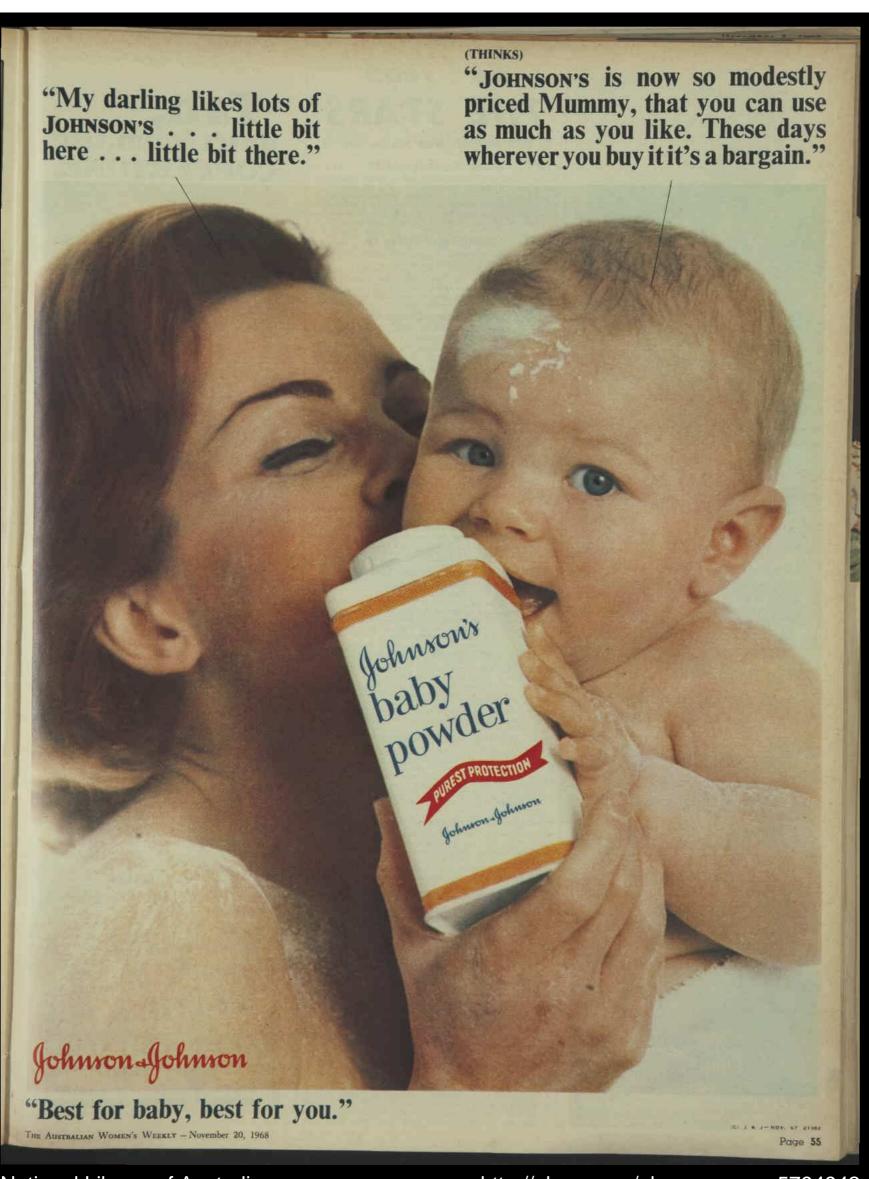
With a last appreciative sniff, he put the stem into the glass and encircled it with his arms.

In this position he stayed dreamily contemplating the flower as he ate his hamburger.

It was a joke, of course, a real put-on — and a neat Broadway performance, as his smiling eyes indicated when he looked round once to see if he had an audience.

No go. No one registered flicker. Only the young waitress gave an answering

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968





Want to say "I love you."

Let Black Cat say it for you.



Black Cat. Irresistible chocolates by Cadbury's



## As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Nov. 13

ARIES: March 21-April 20

\* Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.

\* Let's face it — it's an upsetting and muddling week, but all the trouble comes at once, so that's a compensation. Best days are 14th, 16th, and 19th. However, a lot of Aries folk get an assist in career and status.

TAURUS: April 21-May 20

\* Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

\* The 14th and 15th are pick of week, because the rest are adverse; 19th is fair, but could suffer a hangover of muddle and deception from the day before; 13th is allergic romancewise (beware of the sudden spat).

GEMINI: May 21-June 21

Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.

\* The stars are on the rampage — a lot of tension and upset, escalating into confusion and mix-up on the 18th. But the picture has its bright side. The 14th is favoring; 16th is fair, except around 5 p.m.-6 p.m., and 19th-20th are helpful. There could be lover or husband trouble.

CANCER: June 22-July 22

\* Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

\* You won't have much difficulty in smelling out trouble
— you have a sort of mental geiger counter that rarely lets you down. Trouble spots are the 13th (extra care on the road), 15th (possible marital problem), 17th (more marriage tension), 18th (false glamor, deception in love).

LEO: July 23-August 22

Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.

\* It's a mixed week — with upset and muddle tipping the scales. However, it's so arranged that there are good breathing spaces between the adverse days. The 13th, 15th, 17th, and 18th are adverse — upset with a climax of confusion — but 14th, 16th, 19th, and 20th are favorable. Care on the road and with money needed on 13th.

VIRGO: August 23-September 23

\* Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

\* Finances improve for a lot of Virgoans — but the week is not particularly co-operative. The 13th, 15th, 17th, and a muddling 18th pose problems which can be solved on the 14th, 16th, and 19th. You'll have to be extra careful on the road and cautious with money.

-I- LIBRA: September 24-October 23

\* Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, black, white Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.

\* A big helpful planet moves into your sign and helps to ease the tension of living. This does not mean, as though by a wave of a magic wand, all Librans will immediately benefit. Those born at the beginning will get help first. 13th, 15th, 17th, 18th adverse. Otherwise, propitious.

## SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

\* Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

\* This is the last quarter of your know-how and can-do cycle, but you've run into some obstacles — mostly mental problems. There could be erratic decisions and woolly thinking on 13th, 14th, 17th, and 18th. Try to act on the other days — the 16th is the best.

## SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

\* Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, rose, lifac. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday. \* It's an exciting week — plenty of change of pace, but there's also a lot of tension and at the end a mess of muddle. Make the most of the 14th, 16th, and 19th. The 13th is edgy — a time to try to relax and to walk quietly.

## CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

\* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.

\* The love planet moves into your sign, so romance should get a facial — although most Capricornians take a sensible and utilitarian view of romance. The week is mixed, mainly adverse. Bad days are 13th, 15th, and 17th (routine only), and the 18th (muddling).

## AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

\* Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

\* If you have any ventures or projects to send into orbit, try to blast off before the 18th — it is a muddling day full of smaze and smog. Other bad days are 13th, 15th, and 17th. You'll have to be more than usually careful in decision-making. The 14th is the best day.

## PISCES: February 20-March 20

\* Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, rose, gold.
Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

\* Perhaps a long-cherished aspiration is rudely dashed,
or you form a beneficial friendship. It's that sort of week
— up and down. Anyway, friendship plays a leading role
in your life, for good or bad. Best days: 14th, 16th, 19th.



Coppertone gives the fastest tan with maximum sunburn protection for Coppertone is enriched with special moisturizers and conditioners which makes your skin more responsive to the sun's tanning rays.

Use one or more of the Coppertone family range of sun tanning aids. There's a Coppertone preparation for every type of skin—especially yours.



'Join the tanables'.

They get the best out of the sun.





IFE has a funny way of Life has a joint of our joining us out of our complacency. Here was I thinking I was the perfect mother - well, almost!

My three eldest children were

My three eldest children were passing exams or going on to good jobs, but our youngest son just wasn't interested in school. He had to be dragged to do his homework. All he wanted to do was to fish, swim, build things (tree houses, boats, anything with hammer and nails), or live out in the open.

hammer and haus), or live out in the open.

He just saw no point in "wast-ing his time" reading when the news and stories came over the radio and TV, and in spite of all the time I had set for his home-work he just couldn't read.

I could hardly believe it that morning I asked him to read me a small news item and he stam-mered even over simple words he'd use in conversation.

Then he wailed, "Oh, Mum, I've got a reading log to do by the end of the month, and if I haven't done six books I'm in strife. I've only done three."

"But you've been at school eight years," I said "Surely a few little books should present no

problem?"
But reading WAS a problem, and English his worst subject. His marks were above the class average, so I wondered just how poor the others were.

I found that they were a sorry lot indeed, pupils over whom the teachers just shook their heads.

In these days of easy entertains.

In these days of easy entertainment, reading has become a bothersome chore, instead of a great, soul-satisfying pleasure. Suddenly, I was remembering

## Ask your children to read to you: you may be surprised!

Radio, TV, films — are incentives to read being destroyed by these easier mediums, robbing children of the pleasure of books? asks a Queensland mother.

a day long ago, when I really started to learn to read. My mother had brought a paper home from the hotel where she worked, and turned over the

"Look, nice winter coats for sale," she said. "Read what it says, please."

says, please."

I managed the advertisement reasonably well, but when she pointed to a huge page of print, my heart failed me.

"You've been to school for five years and you can't read a newspaper." My mother shook her head sailly

years and you can't read a news-paper." My mother shook her head sadly.

I blushed, and bent my unworthy head down over the newsprint. I struggled over unfamiliar words, trying to prove that going to school was not was ing time, that I really had learned something, for I loved everything about school, especially the books

about school, especially the books in the library.

They seemed part of a life and world much richer than ours. My mother worked hard to support her five children. I was the cidest.

she was cook-general at a small country hotel. Her hours were long, and time was precious. "Too precious to waste at school if you can't learn anything," she said.

Much was expected of her, so she expected much of me in

return. I cared for the children and did most of the housework,

and school was a haven, with the library its heart. "Well, go on. Read the rest of the page," Mum demanded, now.

I stumbled on and on, until I came to the end. I looked up,

expecting some praise. "You'll have to it "You'll have to improve, or leave school and start work at the hotel. They need a girl to wash dishes and scrub floors."

She hit a sore point, for of all the jobs in our household, I hated these most of all. I shuddered as I imagined spending the rest of my life up to the elbows in greasy washing-up water.

Mother was not one for idle words. Life for her was a struggle for survival, so for me reading became a matter of great urgency

In the library the stories seemed to tell themselves and unfold with a vividness I can remember to this day. These were children's books, and that made all the difference.

At home, I still stumbled and groped with the words in Mum's newspapers, then little by little the gap vanished. Wonder of wonders, I found to my delight I could read practically anything, explaining words to my mother.

My marks improved so much

that the teacher asked who was helping me at home. I proudly said, "My mother," I didn't add that she herself could neither read nor write, for in her child-hood schools were a luxury. Children like her worked for a

These memories made me all the more aware that we had failed our son, so I tried harder. Perhaps we were expecting too little of him, depriving him of the incentive to learn — television, radio, even me. We were all to blame

all to blame.

I handed him the book and rubbed my eyes. "I wish you'd read this to me. My eyes aren't so good these days," I said.

From that day on, he read to me. He became quite proud that he could read the small print better than I could.

Before you say, "What a stupid mother!" ask your child of ten, or even your young teenagers, to read something to you. You'll be surprised — pleasantly, I hope!

I hope! Some children will read all the

Some children will read all the set books and more, and enjoy them, while others (like my son) need a real reason for reading. They find life itself more absorbing than books, and they must be given a challenge to boost them on their way.

## Happy holiday?

## Or will tummy the fun?

Strange places and a changed routine may upset your young-ster's regularity. Your children may become irritable and grouchy—just when they should be having fun.
Don't let childhood constipation spoil your holidays. Give your youngster safe, gentle Laxettes. One pleasant-tasting milk chocolate square at bedtime usually restores regularity overnight. Next day your child will be bright and happy again.
When Mother Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. Good for grown-ups, too. 40 cents.



## Clean your silver today Still shining three months away



\*Goddard's Brass and Copper Polish gives long term protection to Brass and Copper ware.

Goddards Shines silver superbly! Rub on Goddard's Long Term Silver Foam-rinse off! Easy as that. Shine lasts 12 weeks or more. Pack contains special applicator.



barrier that keeps your silver shining

bossed or filigreed silver, then rinse Goddard's new three-way plan for silver care.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

and wipe. Saves hours.



# You save money when you buy



health & beauty products at your self service store

Already over <u>one million</u> shoppers have proved it!

Throughout Australia budget-conscious shoppers have made big savings buying quality S & B Health and Beauty products at self-service stores and chemists. S & B products are top quality for they are made by Scott & Bowne, the international pharmaceutical company with over 100 years of experience and research in the manufacture of Health and Beauty products. Buy S & B quality products at sensible prices—and save money.

S & B SOLUBLE ASPIRIN Fast relief for headaches, pains! Palatable, dissolves rapidly!	30e
S & B CLEAR SKIN Medicated cream for treatment of acne and pimples!	55c
S & B FAMILY VITAMINS Contains 20 vitamins and minerals!	\$1.00
S & B DENTURE CREAM Modern way to clean false teeth! Keeps mouth fresh!	45c
S & B BABY'S BOTTLE	150
STERILISING POWDER Scientific "no-boil" way to sterilise Baby's bottle!	55c
S & B REVIVA TABS. Combat fatigue, restore mental alertness!	55c
S & B SWEETENERS For drinks, cooking; caloric free!	25c

OVER 100 YEARS OF RESEARCH AND EXPERIENCE BACK S & B PRODUCTS!

Page 58

## Thinking of buying an OLD HOUSE?

## Well, YOU adapt to IT!

 Old houses are unbeatable for charm, for comfortable family living, and although it takes a lot of patience and devotion to restore them to life, the rewards are well worth it, says Western Australian ELIZABETH HOLMES, who is an old-house devotee herself. Here she gives some pointers on renovating these old treasures with as little expense as possible.

ATELY, buying old houses and doing them Latelly, buying out the thing to do, the new owners often going to extraordinary lengths to restore them.

They either spend the earth getting them back to their original form, ferreting out old fireplaces, having cornices and pressed metal ceilings remoulded and replaced, and so on, or completely gut the house — pull down walls and throw rooms together, virtually rebuilding the place until it is wrenched into a contemporary look.

This is fair enough if one has plenty of money, and jolly good luck to these owners if that is what they want to do, but it seems to me to be missing the point.

Most of us would have little money to spare after buying an old house, because it is hard to raise finance for them, and so a comparatively large sum of cash must go into buying the house.

Leaving the "fashionable thing to do" out of it, most people who buy an old house do so because they want the sort of space that was built into houses years agohigh ceilings, deep roof, wide verandas—all impossibly expensive to reproduce today.

expensive to reproduce today.

Perhaps the buyer wants a house with an interesting character, set in an old garden. Such houses have given generations of comfortable family living, and as our patterns of living haven't changed much over the years, I think the point is that the new owner should adapt himself and his family to the house, and not the other way round, thus avoiding enormous expense.

A house has a character of its own, and my advice is: Let it be. Tidy it up, paint it clean, make such repairs as are necessary to bring it up to full working order, and then stop.

A low of old houses givenly need chesishing. To do.

A lot of old houses simply need cherishing. To do this with understanding, you'll need to be really in love with the house from the start, and, though this sounds a bit whimsical, you are going to find this devotion necessary to give you the energy and patience to bring the house back to life.

#### Do have an expert survey

## done for basic soundness

You can fall for a house for the most impractical of reasons — a walk-in pantry that you have always coveted, lovely view, the proportions of the main room, or just because you like its atmosphere.

Having fallen, you force yourself to be sensible enough to have an expert survey done to see if the house is actually sound enough to go on with. You then can begin to bring your dreams to reality.

Now, if you've fallen for the house you'll want to buy it whatever, but you must take the advice of an expert survey so you won't be landed with horrible expenses over white-ant invasions, faulty wiring, corroded pipes—the list can go on and on—without first knowing what you're in for.

## French barbecue concrete

WE have received a query from a reader regarding the strength of the concrete and ratios for mixing it in the article on making a brick barbecue in our October 9 issue,

An engineer at the Cement & Concrete Association An engineer at the Cement & Concrete Association tells us that the barbecue should not be used for at least a month after completion, to allow the concrete time to strengthen and set firmly. Moulding round the tabletop should not be removed for three days after the top is completed. Then the top should be hosed down daily for a week.

hosed down daily for a week.

Mix the concrete in the following ratio: 1 part cement to 2 parts sand to 3 parts gravel or blue metal. The amount of water used should weigh approximately half the weight of the cement, giving a dry but workable mixture. After spreading the concrete, tamp down well with a steel rod to exclude air pockets and help strengthen the top. There will then be no need to reinforce the top edges of the barbecue hearth with mortar.

The mortar for laying the bricks should be mixed in the following ratio: I part cement to I part lime to 6 parts sand.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

You also want to be sure that the local council hasn't an order on the house, insisting on repairs far beyond your pocket.

Well, let's say you have bought your old house. You may have to make some repairs straight away, perhaps to a leaking roof or a broken veranda, but these done, give yourself a few months to live in the house as it is before you do anything more, and see how the family adapts itself.

This may show up things that need changing that you hadn't noticed before, but I think you'll find more often that a lot of the things you thought would have to be changed are proving their worth, after all.

The next step, bringing the house up to full working order and redecorating it, will be tackled by each family according to their talents and money available.

You may be clever enough and have time enough to do it yourself, or you may need professional help, but however you manage the renovating, and whatever you suffer, I am sure this stage is the most important.

## Paint can have a disguising

#### and unifying effect

It is now that you can save so much. Firstly, by cleaning up and keeping all that can possibly be usefully kept, and then by what is really a process of visual cheating.

For example, if a window looks too small, don't go to the expense of having a bigger window put in. Put up a long pelmet, and hang curtains beyond the window edges so that it looks very much bigger than

If there are odd slopes and gaps in the door frames and windowsills, put in shaped pieces of wood to stop any draughts or light coming through, but forget the odd levels. Let paint cheat the eye of the beholder.

In fact, paint — preferably a simple near-white throughout — has the most important function of all:

To tie all the dear eccentricities of the old house into one simple whole,

Throughout all these renovations, one's guide must be the original lines of the house. If it was built with picture rails, leave them there, to keep the room in proportion. If any cupboards are put in, have them built up to the ceiling, if possible, again to maintain proportions. If you have to put on new flywire doors, see that they match the lines of the wooden door behind them.

Perhaps you can see now where you need to love and identify yourself with the old house as you plan to bring it back to life, and how you can avoid great costs by adapting in this way.

Yet this frugal and somewhat conservative way of going about things, far from giving a skimped and make-do effect, does produce an artistic whole, and a house that is truly a home.

You'll have space and to spare, doers to close, halls to run along, verandas to protect you in the heat and when it is raining — and you will never want to constrict yourself to the grim economy of a small, modern house again.

## And another word in praise of old houses . . .

. . . from New South Wales country reader ANN MAPPERSON

I SHOULD also like to say something in favor of old houses. A new, modern home is always a dream, but a large, rambling old house such as ours has a grace and dignity and atmosphere that neat bricks and tiles

For a young family growing up there is plenty of space that they love for romping, atoring toys, and so on, and there is always a quiet, unused room where homework can be done in peace.

Our old house had been hadly neglected when we bought it about 18 months ago, but already we are able to envisage what it will look like when our renovating efforts are complete

So if you are thinking of buying a house, do think of the old faithfuls in need of loving care. You will be well repaid for your work.

Why insist on ROYAL





## because you know the design will endure

(and it costs you no more)

You will find many fine examples of Royal Doulton vitreous china bathroomware in a special, beautifully illustrated full-colour booklet, covering everything you want to know about bathroom decorating . . . colour blending basins and suites . . . how to get the best from wall tiles, wallpapers, floor finishes, etc. Get your copy now-and make your bathroom plans come true. Just send the coupon below. But hurry! Limited number printed . . .

To Colour Consultant, Doulton Potteries Pty. Ltd., 176 Victoria Avenue, Chatswood 2067.

I would like a FREE COPY of "First step to bathroom beauty"

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE POSTCODE

**RD63** 



ROYAL



MADE IN AUSTRALIA FOR NICHOLAS MARIGNY PTY. LTD.



## MARY CONTRARY

BY ROBERTA YATES





Even if your cooking space is small, you menu can still be extensive. Because the Parkinson-Rinnai Gas Mini Cooker is really a smaller edition of a normal cooker—ideal for caravans, boats, flatettes and week-enders.

This cookerette is the most modern on the Australian scene. It's got two burners, an efficient griller and an oven—all beautifully finished, with rounded corners, in white enamel, stainless steel and melamine.

Both burners and the griller light automatically—there's no need to fumble for matches, and no worry about pilot lights, flints or batteries.

There's also a large clearview oven window—so you can see what's cooking without letting cold air into the oven. There's a temperature gauge, which you'll come to depend upon whenever oven settings are critical. And the control knobs would do credit to a space capsule—there's no mistaking whether they're on or off and (even with greasy or floury fingers) they are easy to operate. But then what else would you expect from Australia's most modern cooker? After all, Parkinson-Rinnai was designed to keep busy people cheerful instead of chorefull. For town, natural or bottled gas.

See Parkinson-Rinnal Gas Mini Cooker at your local gas showrooms.



Heat-resistant oven window lets you see how things are cooking.



Big oven thermometer, essential for accurate heat control.



Positive control knobs. Easily grasped, even with wet or greasy fingers.

the address below.		
Name		11-4
Address		
	Postcode	
Parkinson Cow	an (Australia) Pty. Ltd.,	
	Pacific Highway, North	

AMES DANA wondered whether any other father of a pretty daughter had ever had his problem. Fathers of homely girls, yes. But when had the father of an attractive girl like Mary Dana had difficulty in getting her married? The trouble, of course, was not lack of men. Dozens of them had buzzed in and out of the house ever since Mary was 16. And now here was Jack Edwards, the best of the lot and a perfect husband for her. What's more, he felt sure Mary was in love with Jack, but she refused to marry him, because she insisted her father needed her.

James Dana was a youthful, energetic 45. However, to Mary, he was in his senility. She persisted in having his slippers, instead of a bourbon, ready for him when he returned from the office.

He was more than a little attracted to a 38-year-old widow who had recently come to work in his office. He had dated Wilma several times — secretly, rather than shock Mary. There was no chance of anything further with a dutiful daughter on guard.

He tried to review the past, seeking a clue to something that would influence Mary to be sensible and marry Jack Edwards and leave her aging father free to marry again himself if he wanted to.

Mary's mother had died 15 years ago, so James Dana had been through all the stages of girlhood from cereal days to the tomboy phase when he wasn't sure wnetner she was a baseball-playing boy in pants, or a girl, He had sympathised in shy, first-date days and he had weathered the rock-'n-roll period. He had suffered through college days when she took psychology and used him for a guinea pig.

What he had not expected was the dutiful-daughter stage, when she took only a part-time job in order to keep house for him.

"Dad, you shall have peace and comfort in your old age," she said, with tears in her lovely brown eyes.

"What old age?" he asked indignantly, but she paid no attention. "What's wrong with marrying Jack Edwards?" he asked. "He loves you. He's good-looking. He has a line job and he certainly has my full approval."

"Dad, you're so unselfish," Mary said.

Looking back now, he saw his mistake, because, as he reviewed the years, he saw that the one word that described his daughter was "contrary." In the cereal days, he had only to say: "All right, don't eat your breakfast. I don't care," to see her bolt it

down. During rock-'n-roll, he had counter-attacked by turning up the record-player until it blasted even Mary out of her love for it.

He saw now where he had erred in the matter of Jack Edwards. He had approved of the young man. He had even said good words on his behalf. The way was clear. He began by inviting Jack to a man-to-man lunch at his club.

"Am I right in assuming that you want to marry Mary?" he asked.

"So right that I've asked her twice," Jack said.

"And she refused because of me."

"She said she wasn't free to marry."

"She's free, silly, and 22," her father said with some bitterness.
"Jack, are you ready to marry the most contrary girl alive? If so, I'll sketch the plot."

When he finished, Jack Edwards said: "If you drive her into eloping, I'll even bring a ladder."

"It won't be necessary in a ranch house," her father re-minded him. "Unless she tries jumping off the roof."

THE plot began that evening. After dinner, Mary came into the living-room, dressed to go out.

"Where are you going?" her father asked.

"Dad, I told you at dinner. To the movies with Jack."

"I wish you'd stay at home sometimes. It gets lonesome around here," her father said plaintively.

Mary was on the defensive. "I stayed home last night." She hesitated and added: "Come with us. Jack won't mind."

"But I mind Jack."

"I thought you liked him."

"I'm beginning to see through him," her father said darkly. "Acts too honest. I've taken a dislike to him."

"That's not fair without a good reason," Mary said with heat. A horn sounded outside; she gave her father a idefiant goodbye and ran out.

James Dana telephoned Wilma and suggested that they go danc-ing. He was beginning to feel hopeful.

Mary made it obvious that she would not let her father's attitude influence her. She dated Jack Edwards more frequently than before and she protested when her father was rude to him. It reached the point where James Dana decided the time had come to really play the had come to really play the heavy father, a role to which he was unaccustomed.

"Mary, I must have a serious talk with you," he said.

Mary's eyes were rebellious. "Are you in vlove with Jack Edwards?"

"Suppose I am."

"Are you thinking of marry-ing him?"

"Suppose I am."

"I forbid it, Mary, this is the first time I've ever said no to you and I'm right."

"You can't forbid me," Mary id. "I'm over 21."

"I can beg you to be reasonable. You scarcely know him."

"I've dated him for a year.
I've met his family. I know he
has a good job with a big firm.
And," said Mary, "I guess I
know I love him."

A horn tooted. "Goodbye,

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

Soon, you will have to trust these feet to someone else. It had better be Paddle Paddle care more about fit. They un-derstand just how vulnerable these tiny feet are to damage from ill-fitting shoes And they know how quickly they grow. That's why they advise a 4-8 week check-up with your Paddle retailer. And why they have designed a scientifically-made Australian last, use the softest leathers. And have a wider range of fittings. It's a big responsibility. But they're used to it. Mrs. Georgina Meadows, Paddle Fitting Consultant. "Your children are growing out of their shoes much faster than they're wearing them out. That's why I advise a regular foot-check with your Paddle retailer — who can give you that expert advice so vital in choosing correctly fitting shoes." PADDLE KELBY HEBE JULES REX

There was a finality about the "Goodbye" that worried James Dana. He wondered if he had really driven her into an elopement. He thought of the fund he had set aside to give her the big, fancy wedding most girls wanted. And suppose he was driving her into imagining she loved the man simply because she was so contrary?

He needed a woman's advice, so he called Wilma.

"There are two steaks in the refrigerator that say I can bar-becue them if you'll come to din-ner," he said.

Wilma came. She was a neat, gay little woman who mixed a perfect salad while he fixed the steaks. They had dinner in the patio and later sat on the settee, which was just big enough for two. James Dana's arm was around her shoulders as he confessed his story.

"Do you blame me?" he asked.
"I want a little freedom before I'm too old."

"Don't be silly," said Wilma. "You're not old."

She kissed him lightly. It was pleasant to be with someone who did not regard him as a senior citizen. When he returned from taking Wilma home, he saw a light under Mary's door. As he tiptoed past, it opened.

"Dad, please try to see it my way," she pleaded. "I love Jack

and I'm going to marry him. Please be nice about it, Dad. It will break my heart if you keep phierting."

objecting."

James Dana sighed happily. "If it's your choice," he conceded.

So Mary had a very fancy wedding and her father was quite friendly with the groom. A few months later, he married Wilma. Now a year has passed and James Dana is still not a grandfather but he knows that this will soon be remedied. Jack is working on it. He has told Mary that he doesn't care for children and that James doesn't want to be made a grandfather, so Mary has made grandfather, so Mary has made up her mind.

(Copyright)



Always a Success!

## Tender, succulent CHICKEN

cooks to perfection in a **FOWLERS VACOLA** 

## COOK-A-CHOOK'

Never have you tosted such delectable chicken! So quick, so easy, so clean in a Fowlers 'Cook-A-Chook'. Steams, boils and bakes chickens, meats and vegetables. And Cook-A-Chook' has many other uses, too! ... Great for making Jams, Pickles, Chutneys, Sauces, Puddings, Soups! Spun seamless aluminium—suitable all stoves.



ONLY \$8.75

Available at all leading stores throughout Australia

## FOWLERS vacola

BOX 18, HAWTHORN, VICTORIA

Send coupon and self-addressed stamped envelope further details of Fowlers Cook-A-Chook utensil.

1 20/11 W.W. FV.2498/R

#### **ENTRY FORM**



## CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Complete the following Calypso Jingle with your own rhyming reason why you like White Wings Products.

I'M ON A TREASURE HUNT ON A CALYPSO ISLE HAVE A WHITE WINGS TREAT EV'RY ONCE IN A WHILE MOUSSE, FREEZE, KOOLPOPS, MAKE-A-SHAKE, TOO,

MAME

ADDRESS

POSTCODE

'CALYPSO TREASURE HUNT,' BOX 63, CHIPPENDALE, N.S.W. 2008 CONTEST CLOSES: FEB. 28, 1969

MARY WHITE

AUSTRALIAN JOURNAL,

EVERY DAY WOMEN'S WEEKLY DAY

Page 62

It was a strange story he had to tell, but knowing the

facts so well he soon won the attention of his listeners



## Let's Drink to Charlie

BY ELEANOR SMITH

EXCUSE me butting in, gentlemen, but I overheard what you were saying about Charlie Wainwright. You're wrong about him, you know. No, I don't suppose you could rightly call him a friend of mine, and yet I would know him as well as any one human being can know another. Why, yes, I can see how you came to that conclusion, but I'm positive if you knew the ins and outs of the case as well as I do you would judge poor old Charlie a little more kindly.

How's that? Well, then, if you have half an hour or so to spare, I'll tell you the story as it actually happened, and I don't mind betting by the time I've finished you will see things in a very different light. Here's an empty table. Thanks, I don't mind if I do. A beer would be fine.

Well, then, I wonder where to start. Perhaps it would

would be fine.

Well, then, I wonder where to start. Perhaps it would be best to go back to the time when Charlie was starting out as a salesman. Now, mind you, I didn't know Charlie in those days, but I can picture him clearly, a quiet, gentle sort of bloke, shy and very unsure of himself. He must have been as mild and harmless a fellow as you'd find anywhere.

That is, of course except for his three bates his.

as you'd find anywhere.

That is, of course, except for his three hates, his wife, his nose, and his job. A queer mixture, ch? But nevertheless there it was, he hated them all, but most of all he hated his wife, Rita.

Then why did he marry her, you ask? Well, you see, it was like this. Charlie was a babe-in-arms where women were concerned, and Rita in those days must have been pretty, in a fair, ineffectual kind of way that makes a man feel strong and protective. Oh, there's no doubt, at first, Charlie was attracted to her, and her blatant admiration was a boost to his feeble ego.

But even so it wasn't why he married her. No, sirce. He married her because she told him she was pregnant and he believed her. Charlie was a decent sort of chap and he felt it was up to him to do the right thing. So

and he felt it was up to him to do the right thing. So before he had time to say "Jack Robinson" he was walking down the aisle, a married man, the victim of his own good nature.

own good nature.

Cripes, you can imagine his fury when he discovered he had fallen for one of the oldest tricks in the game. It was at this point that Charlie's mild affection for his wife changed to an active dislike. This dislike became stronger until it was a full-blooded hate.

Fortunately his work took him away from home a Fortunately his work took him away from home a great deal, which made things, if not actually pleasant, at least a lot more bearable. But, even so, Charlie found, his hate growing and growing until it dominated his life. If he could have found a reason he would have divorced her; he did contemplate leaving her, but he knew if he did she would sue him for a substantial alimony. This, for a reason you will understand later, Charlie could not allow.

Believe me, there were times when poor old Charlie

could hardly contain the hate that seethed in him. He longed to take that scrawny neck between his hands and squeeze and squeeze until that whining voice and petty soul were silenced for ever. But in spite of the attractive picture this presented, Charlie wasn't repared to finish his days swinging from the end of a rope. No, siree, Charlie had too much at stake, for he had a plan,

How do I know all this? Well, then, it's this way. There comes a time in every man's life when he has so much bottled up inside he has to talk to someone. I happened to be with Charlie when that moment arrived.

Well, then, where was I. Oh, yes, his next hate, his nose. A great ugly thing it must have been. A regular colossus of a nose, hooked and bent, it dominated his face, and people meeting him for the first time did not see past its hideousness to the blue of his eyes or the kinduess of his mouth. Poor Charlie was conscious of that nose, day and night.

So now we come to the last of his hates, his job. Charlie was an out-of-town salesman for a big hardware firm. His work took him the length and breadth of the huge State in which he lived, belting over rough and dusty roads in the scorching heat or bitter cold; sleeping in fifth-rate lodgings, with their bugs and sagging springs; eating greasy, badly cooked food, and he with his delicate stomach.

Now, for goodness' sake, I don't want you to get the wrong impression, for Charlie, in spite of his unsightly nose and natural shyness, was a first-class salesman who was drawing a very substantial wage. And always, when the going was the toughest, he had his plan to spur him on.

Now this plan of Charlie's was a well-guarded secret which hinged on his extremely healthy bank balance.

Now this plan of Charlie's was a well-guarded secret which hinged on his extremely healthy bank balance. This he had built up over the years by all sorts of dodges and devices; by long hours of overtime; by staying at cheap hotels; by meals skipped; and many other self-inflicted economies.

Though there were times when Rita was suspicious, he never let on that safe in his bank his nest-egg was growing and growing. And as his bank balance grew so did his determination that his grasping wife would never benefit by his thrift. Saving every cent became Charlie's whole life, for each dollar saved brought him closer to the realisation of his dream. Only once did he deviate from his plan he deviate from his plan.

he deviate from his plan.

It was shortly before Christmas and that day the firm had distributed the annual bonus cheques to their employees. Charlie was unusually elated, for his had been far bigger than he had dared to hope. It was at this juncture a man had come to the office selling shares in an oil-drilling scheme. He had a persuasive line of talk, but you wouldn't think an old campaigner like

To page 63

Charlie would fall for that. But he did, and away went his beautiful, hard-earned money for what later appeared to be worthless craps of paper.

This episode shook old Charlie no end, and he redoubled his effort to save. Poor fellow, his life was even more spartan than before. Well, then, there he was, living uncomfortably, to say the least, and trapped in a marriage that was preying on his mind as well as his digestion. Hate always made him feel ill; Charlie had a

as his digestion. Hate always made him feel ill; Charlie had a mighty delicate stomach. My throat's getting dry talking so much. Why, yes, mine's a beer. That's better. Now to get on with the story. The long and the short of it was, he endured his unpleasant life for 12 long, long years, and then one day he vanished, as far as Rita was concerned, into thin air. Yes, of vanished, as far as Rita was con-cerned, into thin air. Yes, of course, she went to the police and demanded they get busy, find her husband, and return him to her loving arms.

Maybe they did their best, but maybe—well, she was always an unpleasant woman, so perhaps their hearts weren't in the search, any case, he was no criminal.

their hearts weren't in the search. In any case, he was no criminal, no, siree, just another husband in search of peace. There was no suggestion of foul play, so while the file remained open nobody could have cared less where Charlie was, except, of course, Rita.

AND where was the man in question during all this hullabaloo? He was tucked up in a comfortable nursing home far away in another State, registered under an assumed name. Now, mind you, I didn't know Charlie before his operation, but if what he told me was halfway true it surely worked wonders, for he came out of that hospital an extremely good-looking fellow, with not a scar to show the ordeal he had been through. Clever chaps these plastic surgeons.

Well, then, looking like thousands of other men, Charlie started out in search of a job. He knew his work from beginning to end, and with his good looks and pleasant personality he quickly found a well-paid one. That part of his plan accomplished, he turned his attention to finding a

of his plan accomplished, he turned his attention to finding a

turned his attention to finding a place to settle down.

After trying a few unsatisfactory boarding houses, he chanced on one run by a widow, Molly Clancey. It was clean and comfortable, and, most important, the board was reasonable. Although Charlie was well-to-do by most sandards, the years he had strimped and saved had left their mark, and nothing was going to make him waste his hard-earned money.

money.

Molly Clancey was a warm-hearted woman, the absolute opposite of Rita. She was plump and cheerful, with a hearty laugh. She was a sensible woman, too, and her boarding house ran or granted wheels.

too, and her boarding house ran on greased wheels.

I suppose it's obvious to you what happened next? You're quite right. They fell in love, and it wasn't very long before they decided the sensible thing to do was to get married. The fact Charlie already had a wife didn't disturb him in the slightest. If he'd been asked, he would have said that the old Charlie was dead and the new man was making a new life for himself, free from all past ties.

Now that was a reasonable enough way to look at things, but he had overlooked the fact that the past has a nasty way of catching up with the best of us.

A LL characters in serials and abort stories which appear in The Australian Wemen's Weekly are fittlicus and have no reference to any living person.

## LET'S DRINK TO CHARLIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

and always when we least expect it, and always at the most incon-

venient moment.

What makes me say that? Well, then, if you sit here long enough and I don't die of thirst in the meanwhile, you'll find out. Why, yes. Thanks. The same again would be fine.

Well, then, the happy couple settled down to a blissful married life, and everything in Charlie's garden was fine and dandy.

If, sometimes, in the long dark hours of night, with his wife sleeping peacefully beside him, Charlie thought of Rita, it was

with a heartfelt sigh of relief. Any regrets Charlie had about his marriage, and they were few, were about money; being married was a little more expensive than he had expected.

Now she had a husband to support her, Molly stopped taking in boarders. He didn't mind that, in boarders. He didn't mind that, not really, but it meant there was less money coming in each week, nor did he have the time or inclination to work his former long hours of overtime. Molly enjoyed life and expected him to enjoy it, too. There were odd moments when he wondered

uneasily if she really understood how important money was.

I can tell you it came as a nasty shock to Charlie when he discovered one day that his precious bank balance was a great deal smaller than it had been six months previously. It made him think, But, in spite of it, Charlie was happy.

Then fate attended in section of the control of the contr

was happy.

Then fate stepped in and Charlie began his progress to where he is today.

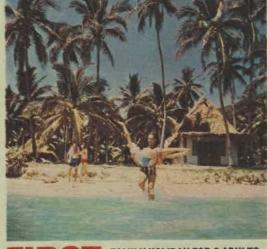
One morning, Charlie, carefree and happy, was on his way to work when he happened to catch a glimpse of big black headlines outside a newsagent's. They read "Overlander Oil

To page 67





# ALYPSO TREASURE HUN

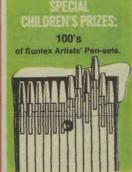






## ENJOY THE CALYPSO SUMMER WITH WHITE WINGS INSTANT PUDDING!









Complete the litting White Wings Calypso jingle on the entry form opposite, with your own rhyming reason why you like the good things you make with White Wings. Send in as many entries as you wish. The very first one might win a prize and every fortnight there are prizes which qualify you to be judged for the big first prize. It's the easiest, breeziest contest yet.

· 华兴兴华





#### LOOK INSIDE THESE WHITE WINGS PACKS FOR CALYPSO TREASURE COINS!



OMING IN! YOU HAVE



# the end of the bend

(you'll never have to bend to bake again)

Now all your cooking is naturally easier. Everything where you want it to be. Easy to reach. Easy to see. At eye-level.

level. The Barclay that you see above is just one of 7 all-new electric Super-Ranges from Everhot. They bring you a feast of features that make every kind of cooking more relaxing, more rewarding than it's ever been before.

Look at that big oven. The door is special one-way glass. Turn the oven light on and you see everything that's cooking.



Oven light off — stops anyone looking! Inside that turkey-

size oven there's a really big Rotisserie that cooks every meal to perfection every time. And a bright new idea that makes oven cleaning a breeze — 'Easy-Care' Oven Liners!



The all-new Everhot Super-Ranges think of you in other ways too. Cleaning is faster and easier than any other electric

range.
Hotplates, spillage bowls, trim
rings lift out . . . the grill-boiler
lifts up. The grill pan and rack
lift right out — the cooktop
hinges up!
With your Everhot SuperRange you also get a separate
Grilling Compartment. Out of



the oven. So you can grill and bake at the same time! The special Selecta-Grill control gives you perfect grills — every time. The slide out rack that holds the spatter free grill pan never tips., and just beneath it is a special plate warming area. All controls are right where they're easiest to use — at your fingertips. Each hotplate, and the oven too, has its own signal light to tell you whether it's switched on or not. Hotplates respond to the slightest adjustment . . . from slow simmer to fast boil. With the huge grill-boiler you can use the full hotplate or just half as you please.

"Lane Cove, 2066. QLD.: Willers &

All Everhot Super-Ranges are fully automatic whenever you need it. If you're not at home to switch the range on and off, it does it all by itself!
What else do you get with an Everhot Super-Range? Everything you've ever wanted!
They've been designed with you in mind, right to the last detail, And each range is a convenient 24" wide to fit perfectly where your old range used to be.



See the all-new Everhot Super-Ranges soon at your nearest electrical retailer or write to your Everhot State Office (addresses below) for free, full-colour brochures.



ALL NEW SUPER-RANGES

VIC.: 43 City Rd., South Melb., 3205. N.S.W.: 400 Pacific H'way., Lane Cove, 2066. QLD.: Willers & Co. (Distributors) Pty. Ltd., Newstead Ave., Newstead, 4006. S.A.: Radio Electrical W/salers Pty. Ltd., 10 Orsmond St., Hindmarsh, 5007. W. A.: Kelvin Industries Pty. Ltd., 39 Abernethy Rd., Belmont, 6014. TAS.: Medhursts W/sale Ltd., Hobart, Launceston, Burnie.

# WOMEN! DO YOU HONESTLY WANT EQUALITY?

THERE is always a great deal of talk about the equality of the

But did you ever consider the possibility that we women might suddenly become too equal for our own good? If we go on as we are,

becoming more aggressive and less feminine, we might one day get quite a surprise. We might wake up one

one day get quite a surprise.
We might wake up one
morning to find that the men
have been pushed back to
second place, and the women
have taken charge.
It would be quite a thing.
Sad baritone voices would
be heard to cry: "Take
cover! The birds have taken
over!"

From then on, the men would be the ones to go about saying: "How come we do all the washing up?" and "You girls had better come away from that keg and talk to us, or this party

Phase One of the takeover would be a lot of fun. There would be a good deal of bullying and lots of women would be swaggering about in pantsuits being unfair to

And then Phase Two

Soon, groups of women would be seen all over the country with their heads in their hands. There would be rueful mutterings: "Be honest, Rhonda. Do you think we've gone too far?" Because the men wouldn't just sit down and accept the

coup. They would be sure to fight back.

## No chivalry

Around morning-tea time the first day, there on the first day, there would be an announcement: "Chivalry is off, lads!"
No more hats would be

raised, unless we took to raising ours to them. No more car doors would be opened for us. No more chairs would

would be the last into lifts and we we would be the last people into lifts and we would have to pay for our drinks, and probably theirs. We would have to change

We would have to change tyres and hammer in nails. And those of us about to turn 20 would be asked to register for National Service. Before things get to such a terrible state, I think we women ought to decide just how event to be

how equal we want to be.

Tve given it a lot of thought myself. And my sawer is "not very."

I don't think we'd like full

equality if we got it. And I think we could get it if we wanted it badly enough. I think we could eventually take over and run things if we were prepared to become harab-voiced bully girls.

But this would upset the balance of nature, and I don't think we should do it.

Men and women are biologically and temperamentally different, and I don't see how they could ever be declared completely equal.

Of course, there are some rare women who, by a combination of genius, extraordinary powers of concentration, and exquisite tact, are able to excel in a particular field. They should be allowed to get on with it.

But I think the rest of us should concentrate on doing

should concentrate on doing just a little better than we

just a little better than we are doing now.

I think the men would allow this if we went about it the right way.

For a start, I think we ought to put a gag on those fierce women who go about shouting: "We demand full equality by three o'clock this afternoon." We could set up a panel of little old ladies with disciplinary powers to deal with that lot.

The little old ladies could

The little old ladies could

is expected (never mind where it is due). "Without the staunch help of my husband, George, with his won-derful grasp of economics and his startling ability to add up, I would be up the creek without a paddle."

It doesn't matter if George is a sulky dunce. He will be terribly pleased when he reads what you have said to the newspapers, and you can leave the cut-ting where he'll see it next time he gets home and time he gets ho dinner isn't ready.

Not all women mothers, of course, and those of us who are not are most likely free to become career

And the behaviour of some of the career women in this country could stand a little improvement.

Career women should stop behaving like Hannibal about to sweep down on about to sweep down on Rome. We don't want to be known as a lot of unscrupulous bullies

## .... By .... JOAN FLANAGAN

telephone the fierce ones at all hours of the night and whisper: "You'll catch more all hours of the mgnt and whisper: "You'll catch more flies with honey than you'll ever catch with vinegar." I'm the message would finally sink in.

Women in the public eye who boast of their love affairs and announce in affairs and announce in newspaper interviews that they will never bother to marry will have to be per-suaded to keep their plans to themselves.

We need less talk of the pill and the freedom it has given us. It is making the men nervous, and, if they are to be expected to allow us to progress just a little way toward equality, this skiting will have to stop,

The unconventional girls will have to keep their ambitions within reasonable bounds. We don't want to find ourselves so emancipated that we have to pay alimony.

Before we get too busy improving our lot, I think we should all agree that the continuation of the species is of paramount importance.

But that does not mean that a housewife-mother person cannot be ambitious. The newspapers are full of brave women who start up boutiques in a spare bedroom, or who wade into the caterials. ing business with Grandma's recipe book.

If you are planning a venture of this kind, remem-ber Rule 1 for Cottage In-dustries. Give credit where it

start by smiling more. A smiling face has a good chance of getting what it is asking for. A frowning face is quite often deposited back into the typing pool.

Men must be asked for a lot more advice — and not just stuff about our jobs, either. Men are usually quite pleased to advise us on aspects of the share market, or insurance policies, or the strange noises which cars sometimes make. Explaining things to us is very calming for them, especially when they become agitated and start to imagine that we are

Women in business should keep their eyes open for accidental success. There is much more of this about than you might think. In industry, things are moving so fast that executive plan-ning is not always what it might be.

An agile female can skip in and establish herself in an attractive new job before anyone else notices it is there. Nobody is going to begrudge her a tiny bit of advance-ment if she can prove she stumbled into it.

If you should manage to pull off this trick, be sure to tell everybody what a foul job you've got. You must stifle the very natural urge to boast, and do a fair bit of complaining instead. Make sure all the men feel sorry for you. "Poor Moira, She'll

be lucky to hold that job. Beats me why she wants it." We can't all arrange to succeed by accident, so some of us are going to have to work at it.

But let's try to advance without bloodshed. Why not pick a situation in which women are already regarded as a good idea. Breaking new ground is messy.

I think we ought to con-centrate on advertising, and public relations, and journal-ism, and universities, and cosmetics firms, and places where we don't have to over-power a sentry to get in.

And don't forget that firms using computers have made the startling discovery that women have just as good a chance as anybody else of figuring out what the IBM man is talking about.

## Smile a lot

And I think we should take a positive attitude in our job-hunting. If we say things like: "I suppose you won't give me this job because I'm a woman," the won't give me this job because I'm a woman," the interviewer will probably say, "That's right, I won't."

So let's just go in and ask nicely, let's speak softly, and smile a lot, and wear lots of pale blue linen.

Men aren't cruel, you know, and I don't think they'll mind if we take just a tiny step forward.

make sure that we don't take any steps backward.

When you consider the trouble some women went to so that the rest of us could vote, it is pretty dishearten-ing to stand about outside an election booth. Half of the women who go in are shepherded by male relatives who take two copies of each of the How to Votes and announce loudly: "Don't confuse her any more. I'll tell her what to put."

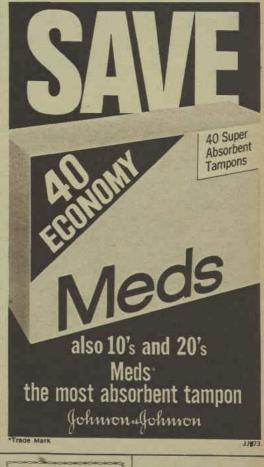
It would be easy to imagine that some undue influence is being exerted if it weren't for the feeble little voice which emerges from the lady voter: "Tell me again, Charlie. I've forgotten who to vote for. I've forgotten who you said."

And it isn't much good our And it isn't much good our complaining that women aren't elected to public office if hardly any of us bother to stand for election in the first place. What we need is a supply of female candidates, ready for cheerful defeat. We'll get them used to the idea, in case the day should come when we really WANT to be elected.

I don't think we're any

I don't think we're anywhere near ready for equality. We're not making use of the little bit we've







# great value!

if you choose Grosvenor Stainless because it looks like a million dollars don't show anyone the price tag!

Grosvenor is the beautiful, quality Stainless with a written guarantee. It's gift packed, too, and comes in a wide selection of designs to suit any taste — any table setting. From left: Shoreline, Springtime, Wildflower, Pacific.

GROSVENOR

means a great deal

Page 66

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

I

Strikes Gusher." The name immediately rang a bell. Surely that was the name of the company whose worth-less shares he had not bothered to collect from the

bothered to collect from the safe deposit in the bank in his old hometown.

He bought a paper from the boy at the corner of the street, and as soon as he reached his desk he opened it with trembling hands. No, there was no mistake. there was no mistake. Unbelievable though it was, his shares were worth thous-ands of dollars.

For a moment he was wild with excitement, and had Molly been with him he would have blurted out the whole story. But she wasn't, and it gave him time to think; time to realise it wasn't going to be as simple as he first had thought. The shares were registered în his old name.

How could he explain that? Had Rita divorced him? Were the police still looking for him? He certainly didn't want to be involved in a bigamy charge. He could see the whole affair bristled with difficulties. He would have to give the matter a lot of thought.

As the days passed, poor Charlie became more and more depressed. All that lovely money, so near and yet so far. He wanted to con-fide in Molly, but he didn't know how she would react to the news that he was still married to another woman.

married to another woman.

It was infuriating; after all, the money was his. It was lucky he had never told Rita anything about his affairs.

At last he could stand it no longer; whatever the outcome might be, he must make an effort to get the money. He would go to the bank and ask for the shares. He would have to sign for them, but after all it was his own signature, so that his own signature, so that presented no problem. He could say he had been a victim of amnesia. It didn't matter a brass razoo whether they believed him or not— after all, he wasn't the first husband to desert his wife, and he wouldn't be the last. And a fat lot he cared what

His mind made up, Charlie proceeded to act. He told Molly he was off on a short business trip, and at last he was on his way. He spent the trip happily dreaming of the wealth soon to be his.

Immediately he landed at Mescot he took a taxi to the

Mascot he took a taxi to the bank. As he expected, no one remembered him. His file was sent for. So far everything had gone according to plan, and when he was asked plan, and when he was asked to go to the manager's office he wasn't alarmed, for he knew there would be forms to sign and a few techni-calities to be attended to before the shares could be handed over to him.

The manager met him at the door of his office. There

## LET'S DRINK TO CHARLIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

was a worried look on his face. Charlie took a chair while the other thumbed through the papers that lay

on his desk "Mr. V

on his desk.

"Mr. Wainwright," the manager said after a long silence, "I'm sorry, but we haven't got your shares."

"You haven't got them?"
Charlie repeated. "Of course you have. I left them here."

"We kept them until recently, but not long ago we turned them over to your wife. After all, we had had no instructions from you for many years, and we had no way of knowing you were still alive. Your wife applied to the courts to presume you to the courts to presume you were dead, and when that happened we had no choice but to notify her of their but to notify her of their existence and hand them over to her."

"But they were mine," Charlie said blankly, "you had no right to give them to

had no right to give them to her."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wain-wright," the manager said, "but what else could we have done under the circum-stances."

Poor Charlie found himself out in the street. He was desperately street. He was desperately disappointed, but there was still hope. Rita was a stupid woman, and the betting was she would be unaware of the shares' true value. She might have thrown them away, but, knowing his wife, Charlie felt that was extremely unlikely. Rita was a hoarder; every drawer and cupboard in their house had been crammed to the brim. No, he decided, she would still have them.

There was no one he could

There was no one he could There was no one he could trust; he would have to go to Rita himself. It could be dangerous, but he hoped she wouldn't recognise him after so many years, and with his new face he looked very different. He would tell her he was

overlander Oil Company and offer to buy back her shares. He would give her a hundred dollars in cash. That would make her hand them over greatly manyle. them over; greedy people can never resist ready money. He would be prepared to go as far as two hundred.

It was dusk when he reached his own home. It

reached his own nome. It looked neater and tidier than he remembered; the walls had been freshly painted. Surely Rita could not live there. She opened the door to his knock. It had been a head of the shade he would be the sould be the soul long while, but he would have known her anywhere. She wore an expensive silk dress, but it was grubby and the hem hung down in places. Her hair had been blonded and there were diamonds on her fingers and in her ears.

But she was still the untidy sloven who had been his wife.

As he had hoped, there was no recognition on her pale, blank features. He stated his business in short, sharp sentences.

For a moment she looked surprised, then a crafty look spread over her face and she gave a sly giggle. "Buy those shares for a hundred dollars? You must think I'm a mug. You must think I'm a mug. Why, I sold them for a damn lot more than that. Buying them was the only decent thing Charlie ever did for me." She stopped abruptly and her eyes narrowed with suspicion. "How did you know about them? Only Charlie knew about them, so he must have told them, so he must have told you. That means he must be still alive. Did he send you?"

She didn't wait for a reply She didn't wait for a reply but went on, a vicious note in her voice. "Of course, he did. Well, you go back and tell him from me it's too late. Tell him I'm having a won-derful time spending his money. This time the joke's on Charlie."

Charlie stood there rigid with fury. Now he was face-to-face with her again, all his

with fury. Now he was laceto-face with her again, all his
old hatred came flooding
back. He took a step
toward her, and a shaft of
light from the hallway fell
across his features. Her face
fell in astonishment.

"Why, Charlie," she said,
and her foolish giggle tinkled
senselessly. "Why, Charlie
dear, you've come home to
your loving wife—or is it the
money you're after? Crawl,
Charlie, crawl. But it's too
late. It's all mine now, I tell
you, all mine, every last cent
of it. You'll never get it,
never, I'll spend—"

The words trailed away as
his hands fastened around
her scrawny throat and she
began to scream, highsitched corramys of terror-

ner scrawny throat and sne began to scream, high-pitched screams of terror. But as his fingers tightened and tightened they died with her breath and she fell, life-less, to the ground.

Well, then, that's the end Well, then, that's the end of the story, yes, siree, and the end of poor old Charlie, too. Only a few more hours and he'll be gone, hung by the neck until he's dead. Not a bad bloke, Charlie. I ought to know. I'm a warder at the State prison, and, believe me, there's much worse men than Charlie walking about free today.

Under most circumstances he'd have been a real nice guy. Rita drove him too hard. There ought to be a law against women like her. But that's life, I guess.

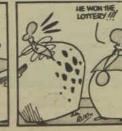
No, I'll buy this round, gentlemen, and let's drink to poor old Charlie, who was his own worst enemy.

(Copyright)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

O APTER A MONTH YOU AME BACK TO YOUR HUSBANI





THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968





# Sandals your feet are Mad about-by Scholl.

Feet feel fitter in them. Legs look livelier.

Your step gets springier. So go get yourself a pair of Scholl exercise sandals.

Go get yourself the young look. Everybody's doing it!

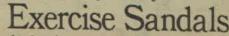
Adorably mad? Madly practical? Both! It's all in that clever, exclusive Scholl toe-grip. Tones and braces your muscles, From toe to thigh. Strengthens

Makes you walk better. Can even

Makes you walk better. Can even slim legs.
And Scholl exercise sandals don't just do you good. They're incredibly cool and comfortable.
Flat or raised heels. Different colours. And they last like crazy!



Every step a step to beauty



At chemists, stores, and Scholl shops

## **OUR TRANSFER**

Dutch motif in red and blue to brighten household linens, is from Iron-On Transfer No. 202. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Prices: 15c plus 5c for postage.

## Delicious frozen dessert wins \$10 recipe prize

An unusual frozen dessert, made with a biscuit-crumb base, and having a creamy mocha flavor, wins the main prize of \$10 this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of \$2 each are awarded for recipes for a moist fruit loaf and an economical omelet made with one egg, to serve one person.

FROZEN MOCHA CREAM Ilb. plain (uncoated) chocolate biscuits

20z. melted butter

4oz. extra butter

cup sugar eggs

loz. melted chocolate 1 dessertspoon instant coffee powder melted chocolate

teaspoon vanilla cup castor sugar

Crush biscuits finely, add melted butter, mix well. Press half bis-cuit mixture into base of greased and lined 8in. square cake tin. Refrigerate while making filling. Cream together the extra butter

and sugar until light and fluffy. Separate eggs. Add egg-yolks to creamed mixture, beating well after each addition. Stir in cooled melted chocolate, coffee powder,

melted chocolate, coffee powder, and vanilla.

In separate bowl beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add castor sugar, beat until stiff peaks form.

Fold egg-whites lightly but thoroughly into chocolate mixture, pour over biscuit base in tin.

Sprinkle top with remaining crumb mixture. Place in freezer overnight, Remove from tin our ovarnight. Remove from tin, cut into squares. Serve with ice-cream or whipped cream.

Serves 9.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. Betty Cox, 17 Alberta St., Latrobe, Tas. 7307.

## ONE-EGG OMELET

egg dessertspoons milk dessertspoon cornflour teaspoon salt dessertspoon butter

Separate egg. Beat together egg-yolk, milk, cornflour, and salt. In separate bowl beat egg-white until stiff, fold carefully into yolk mixture. Heat butter in omelet pan, pour in mixture. Cook in usual way, then place under griller a few minutes to brown and set ton.

and set top.

Alternatively, pour mixture into pan, cook gently approximately 1 minute, until brown; turn, brown other side.

Serve plain, or spoon any desired filling into centre.

Serves 1.
Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs.
P. R. Donovan, 74 Dion Cres.,
Riverside, Tas. 7250.

## APPLE FRUIT LOAF

4oz. butter or substitute

cup sugar
 cups warm, unsweetened, stewed apples
 teaspoons bicarbonate soda
 cup mixed fruit

cup chopped walnuts
dessertspoons cocoa
cups plain flour

Cream together butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in apple pulp, add to creamed mixture. Fold in fruit and nuts, then sifted dry ingredients; mix well. Turn into greased and lined 8in x 4in, loaf tin, bake in moderate over 45 minutes or mail. crate oven 45 minutes or until cooked when tested. Leave in tin to cool slightly before turning

out. Serve sliced and buttered.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. K. Walsh, P.O. Box 989, Mt. Isa, Qld. 4825.



Eterna is proudly sold in more than 140 countries and is available to only a limited number of fine jewellers in Australia.

See Eterna — it's worth looking for!

ustrated above. Eterna-Matic 3000 Sevenday 706 DTB/345 - 1500. Day and date, ultra thin auto-atic, 18ct. gold, with heavy solid gold bracelet, waterproof. Price — \$995.00. ema-Matic Sahida Extra Ilat. 744/LEB/256 - 1445 de luxe. 18ct. solid gold with bracelet, 38 amonds. Price — \$1,200.00. Other Eterna-Matic watches — men's from \$75.00, ladies' from 00.00. Eterna manual models — men's from \$55.00, ladies' from \$56.00.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

# **MADE** WITHOUT **BAKING**

In the hot weather — when you don't want to light the oven - you can still serve wonderful - tasting cakes, biscuits, desserts to your family or guests. All the good things in this feature need no baking.

## RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

#### COFFEE CREAM ROLL

th plain biscuits cup sifted icing sugar 30z ground almonds

teaspoon vanilla extra icing sugar

Crush biscuits very finely; place in mixing bowl with icing sugar and ground almonds. Mix well, make a well in centre, stir in coffee and vanilla. Mix together well to form a soft dough. Sift a little extra icing sugar on to large sheet of greaseproof paper. Roll out mixture on greaseproof paper to rectangular shape approximately 9in. x 12in. Spread filling over evenly. Holding paper with both hands, gently roll into swiss-roll shape. Roll in greaseproof paper, refrigerate until firm.

We've given a choice of two fillings for the roll—cream or butter-cream. If you want to make the Coffee Cream Roll several days in advance, use the butter-cream filling; the whipped cream filling will soften the biscuit crumbs if kept for more than one day. However, if making the roll to use the same day, the whipped-cream filling is delicious.

BUTTER-CREAM FILLING

#### BUTTER-CREAM FILLING

4oz. butter d cup sugar 1-3rd cup water 1-2 teaspoons rum

Place sugar and water in saucepan, place over low heat, stirring, until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil, boil 5 minutes. Remove from heat, cool. Beat butter until creamy, gradually add cold syrup, beating well after each addition. Add rum to taste, beat well.

## CREAM FILLING

1 cup cream † cup icing sugar

1-2 teaspoons rum

Beat cream until stiff, gradually adding sifted icing

## CONTINENTAL CHOCOLATE SLICE

4oz. butter or substitute

cup coconut cup chopped walnuts

TOPPING 2 tablespoons hot water 4oz. cooking chocolate 2oz. butter or substitute 2 cups icing sugar 1 tablespoon custard powder

Combine butter, sugar, and cocoa in saucepan. Stir THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

2 cups crushed wheatmeal biscuits

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquidounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

over low heat until well blended. Stir in beaten egg and vanilla. Cook, stirring, I minute. Remove from heat, stir in biscuit crumbs, coconut, and chopped walnuts, mix well. Press mixture into greased lamington tin, refrigerate

Topping: Cream butter well. Sift together icing sugar and custard powder, add to butter alternately with hot water. Beat until light and fluffy. Spread over biscuit base, refrigerate.

Melt chopped chocolate over boiling water, spread evenly over topping, refrigerate. Cut into small squares to serve.

#### CREAMY COFFEE PIE CRUMB CRUST

6oz. sweet wholemeal hiscuits

3oz. melted butter or sub-stitute

FILLING

dessertspoon gelatine tablespoons water eggs, separated t cup sugar chopped walnuts

1 dessertspoon instant coffee 1 cup milk 4oz. packet cream cheese whipped cream

Crumb Crust: Crush biscuits, add melted butter or



TWO OF THE LUSCIOUS CAKES AND BISCUITS you can make without lighting the oven are Coffee Cream Roll and Continental Chocolate Slice. The recipes are on this page.

substitute; mix well. Press into greased 9in. pie plate, refrigerate until set.

Filling: Soften gelatine in water. Place beaten eggyolks and sugar into saucepan, gradually add milk, stirring
constantly. Place over boiling water, cook until custard
coats back of wooden spoon, stirring constantly. Add
coffee and softened gelatine, stir until dissolved; cool.
Beat cream cheese until soft, gradually add cooled custard,
beating well between each addition. If mixture separates,
continue beating until smooth. Beat egg-whites until stiff,
fold into coffee mixture. Pour into crumb crust and refrigerate overnight. crate overnight

Serve decorated with whipped cream and chopped

#### LEMON PARTY SWEETS

1 tablespoon butter or sub- 2 cup coconut hundred-and-thousands to stitute 2 tablespoons lemon butter 2 tablespoons icing sugar

Cream together butter and lemon butter, add sifted icing sugar, beat until light and fluffy. Stir in coconut, mix well. Form mixture into small balls and roll in hundreds-and-thousands until well coated. Refrigerate until firm. Makes approximately 1 dozen.

These are delightful little sweets for a children's party. If rolled in coconut instead of hundreds-and-thousands, they are also an unusual sweet accompaniment to coffee.

Continued overleaf

#### PASSIONFRUIT CRUNCH SQUARES

Ilb. crushed wheatmeal biscuits foz. butter cup condensed milk passionfruit 14 cups coconut grated rind 1 lemon

Melt butter over low heat, add condensed milk and passionfruit pulp. Cook, stirring constantly, I minute over low heat, without boiling. Remove from heat, stir

in coconut, lemon rind, and biscuit crumbs, mix well. Press mixture evenly into greased lamington tin. Ice while still

Makes approximately 4 dozen.

PASSIONFRUIT ICING

2-3rd cups icing sugar tablespoon butter tablespoon water passionfruit

Heat together water and butter until butter has melted. Stir in sifted icing sugar, beating until smooth. Add passionfruit pulp, mix well; spread over slice. Allow to set before cutting into squares.

#### BRANDIED CHERRY TRUFFLES

4oz. cake crumbs 4oz. plain biscuits 40z. plain biscuits

I dessertspoon cocoa

cup coconut

1-3rd cup raspberry jam

20z. melted butter

I tablespoon brandy

20 glace cherries

60z. dark chocolate Combine in basin the cake crumbs, finely crushed biscuits, coconut, and cocoa. Add jam, butter, and brandy; mix well. Mould approximately 1 tablespoon of mixture round whole glace cherry. Roll between palms of hands into a ball. Continue until all cherries are used. Refrigerate until firm. erate until firm.

Melt chocolate over boiling water, coat balls with chocolate, return to refrigerator to set.

Makes 20.

## FRUIT PUDDING

l l lb. mixed fruit lb. plain, sweet biscuits l teaspoon ground ginger teaspoon cinnamon l teaspoon mixed spice 8oz. butter or substitute 4lb. marshmallows cup orange juice cup sweet sherry

Chop fruit, add to finely crushed biscuits with spices. Melt butter and marshmallows over boiling water, add to fruit mixture with orange juice and sherry; mix well. Press mixture into greased 2-pint pudding basin, cover and refrigerate overnight. Unmould; serve in small slices with ice-cream.

Serves 6 to 8.

#### FRUIT CRUMBLES

4oz. butter or substitute cup sugar tablespoons milk cup powdered milk tablespoons cocoa teaspoon vanilla dessertspoon sherry cup crisp rice cereal cups cornflakes cup sultanas cup currants cup raisins

Place butter, sugar, and milk in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar has dissolved and butter melted. Sift powdered milk with cocoa into mixing bowl, Make well in centre and stir in butter mixture, beat until smooth. Stir in sherry, vanilla, and remaining ingredients, mix well. Place teaspoonfuls of mixture in small heaps on greaseproof paper, refrigerate until firm. If storing, store in refrigerator.

Makes 21 dozen.

#### CRUNCHY FRUIT SQUARES

3 tablespoons drinking chocolate
3 cup coconut
4 cup sultanas
5 cup crushed cornflakes
5 cup chocolate
5 cup chopped walnuts
1 teaspoon sherry or fruit juice
2 tablespoons crushed sweet
biscuit crumbs
4 tablespoons condensed milk

Place all ingredients except chocolate into mixing bowl; mix well together. Press mixture into lightly greased 7in. square tin, smooth over surface. Melt chocolate over hot water, spread evenly over surface of mixture; mark with fork. Refrigerate; when set and firm, cut into small

bars or squares. Makes about 2 dozen.

## ALMOND BISCUIT ROLL

tablespoon butter oz. almonds 4oz. butter or substitute, extra 1 cup brown sugar egg teaspoon vanilla

6oz, crushed plain biscuits

Melt 1 tablespoon butter in frying pan, add halved almonds, saute until light golden brown. Allow to cool, then chop very finely. Cream butter and brown sugar together until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla, beat well. Stir in biscuit crumbs and half the chopped almonds, mix well. Form mixture into roll approximately 8in. long. Roll in remaining chopped almonds, wrap in foil, refrigerate overnight. Cut into slices for serving.

Serves 4 to 6.



## Why Give Something Old-fashioned?

Unless it's for someone you love.

There's Lavender. (Or Gardenia and Lily of the Valley, too.) Don't the names suggest flower fragrances as charming as the one you're choosing them for? At Potter and Moore we've learned a lot about toiletries in the 200 years we've been making them. And everything we've learned is wrapped up in these pretty gift packs. (Gardenia and Lily of the Valley

fragrances are just as pretty - only the colours are different.) Even so, Potter and Moore toiletries aren't too expensive, so perhaps you can afford to remember more people this Christmas. And have them remember you. Illustrated: (1) Talc and skin perfume, \$1.75. (2) De luxe skin perfume, \$2.00. (3) Pack of six guest soap tablets, 49c. (4) Bath perfume and guest soap, \$1.15. (5) Talc and powder puff, \$1.25. See the whole range of gift packs and separate items, gift wrapped, at your chemist or at selected stores.



Page 70

## COCONUT AND WALNUT DELIGHTS

14oz. can condensed milk 14 cups golden syrup 1 teaspoon vanilla 34 cups crushed cornflakes 4 cup finely chopped walnuts coconut

Combine condensed milk and golden syrup in saucepan, bring slowly to the boil. Boil 40 minslowly to the boil. Boil 40 min-utes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, stir in vanilla. Com-bine cornflakes and chopped nuts in basin. Pour in golden syrup mixture, blend well. When mix-ture is cool enough to handle, form into small balls with wetted hands and roll in coconut. Refrigerate until firm

Makes approximately 3 dozen.

#### CHOCOLATE DATE SLICE

Soz. cooking chocolate toz. butter or substitute

cup sugar
cup chopped dates
cup crisp rice cereal
Melt half chopped chocolate
over hot water, spread over base
of well-greased lamington tin;
refrigerate.

Put butter, sugar, and chopped dates in saucepan; cook, stirring, until butter has melted and dates are soft. Stir in rice cereal, spread mixture over chilled chocolate. Melt remaining chopped choco-late, spread over as topping; refrigerate until firm. Cut into small fingers. Makes approxi-mately 4 dozen small slices.

#### CHOCOLATE BISCUIT SLICE

50z. solid white vegetable short-

2-3rd cups icing sugar

teaspoon vanilla
tablespoon cocoa
be milk coffee biscuits.

Sift together icing sugar and cocoa into basin. Stir- in lightly beaten egg and vanilla. Melt chopped shortening over gentle heat, stir into mixture in basin, heat until smooth. Line 6in. straight-sided, square cake tin with greaseproof paper. Spread a layer of chocolate mixture in base of tin, then press in layer of biscuits. Repeat these layers twice more, finishing with chocolate mixture. Refrigerate until set. Cut into slices.

Note: Before using biscuits in this slice, allow them to soften slightly by exposing them to the air for at least 24 hours. Otherwise, they will be too crisp, and the slice will not be so easy to

## PINEAPPLE AND APRICOT CREAM PIE

WALNUT CRUMB CRUST

60z, plain sweet biscuits 1-3rd cup finely chopped walnuts 40z. butter or substitute

#### FILLING

2 teaspoons gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water
1 cup cream
1 tablespoon castor sugar
15oz. can drained crushed pineapple or pineapple pieces

### TOPPING

4oz. dried apricots

cup water cup sugar dessertspoon rum

Walnut Crumb Crust: Crush Walnut Crumb Crust: Crush hiscuits finely, combine with walnuts in mixing bowl. Melt butter over low heat, add to bucuit mixture, mixing well. Press into greased 9in. pie dish. Refrigerate until firm. Filling: Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water. Beat cream until stiff, gradually adding castor sugar. Beat in dissolved gelatine. Drain pineapple pieces well, fold into cream mixture. Spoon into prepared pie shell, refrigerate.

shell, refrigerate.

Place apricotes and water in saucepan over low heat; cook, stirring, until apricots become soft and pulpy. Push apricots and liquid through sieve or blend until smooth in electric blender. Return to saucepan with sugar. Bring to boil and boil 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, stir in rum, cool. Spread evenly over pineapple mixture. Refrigerate until set.

Serves 6 to 8.

Serves 6 to 8.

## CHESTNUT LOG

5oz. butter ‡ cup sugar egg 11b. can chestnut purce 3oz. cooking chocolate 1 dessertspoon rum

Cream together butter and sugar, add egg, beat well, Gradually add the chestnut puree, beating until smooth. Refrigerate mixture I hour or until firm enough to handle. Place on greaseproof paper and shape into roll approximately 8in. long. Refrigerate until firm.

Melt chocolate over boiling water, remove from heat, add rum. Spread chocolate over roll

log. Refrigerate overnight. Serve plain or with whipped cream.

Note: There are two types of canned chestnuts; one has sugar, glucose, and vanilla added, the other is pure chestnut puree with no sweetenings added, and is the correct one to use in this recipe. Check ingredients on can. Check ingredients on can

#### HONEY CHEWS

for the way of the way

Melt butter and honey in sauce-pan, boil gently 5 minutes. Crush cornflakes and place in large bowl with sunflower-seed kernels, coco-

nut, and chopped cherries. Stir in honey mixture, mix well. Press firmly into 11in. by 7½in. greased slab tin, refrigerate. Cut into

(Sunflower kernels are obtainable from health food stores.)

1-3rd cup hot, mashed potato loz. melted butter 1 and 2-3rd cups icing sugar 1½ tablespoons cocoa 1½ cups coconut

1 teaspoon vanilla pinch salt.

Beat butter into hot potato, gradually beat in sifted icing sugar, salt, and cocoa. Add coconut and vanilla, mix well. Spoon teaspoonfula on to greaseproof paper, refrigerate.







Steps (above) which lead to nowhere—another view from the Collins' house showing burnt-out sites of near neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. Collins moved into their new home (at right), built on their own burnt-out site, just eight months after the disastrous bushfires which destroyed their home and all their possessions. Another view of exterior is shown overleaf.





Wrought-iron candlestick-holder is centrepiece of the beautiful blackwood table in dining-room. Candlestick was the only item salvaged from the ashes of former home. Servery hatch to kitchen at right; living-room divider at left.



Everything is easily accessible in the wellplanned kitchen (above). An extractor fan over stove reduces cooking odors; a convenient servery hatch opens to dining-room. Cupboards have laminated surfaces; wall areas are of tiles.

Story and plan overleaf

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

Page 73

HOUSE of the Week

. . . continued



Non - inflammable materials were used for the exterior of Mr. and Mrs. C. Collins' home at Fern Tree, Tas. The house, on the side of Mt. Wellington, has extensive views of Hobart below.



## Pink milk for your skin.

As you grow older, the plump moist skin you had when you were very young begins to change. The years have made it drier. Rougher. Tiny lines appear.

This is the moment for Skin Dew. The deeply penetrating, replenishing emulsion that puts back the moisture growing up took away. Skin Dew is far different from the thin watery moisturizers you may have tried before. This richly textured emulsion is made with "ferment lactiques", a unique milk-culture derivative

that nourishes thirsty skin, restoring the smooth, soft tender young radiance it once had. A few drops under your make-up each morning, and a few drops before you go to sleep, is all you need. Skin Dew is pink in the bottle. Invisible on the skin. Skin Dew from Helena Rubinstein, It's the milk dry skin drinks.

Helena Rubinstein

TO rebuild on the same site or not — that was the difficult question facing Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Collins, of Fern Tree, Tasmania, following the disastrous southern Tasmanian bushfires

February, 1967.

In the fire, Mr. and Mrs. Collins and their family of two sons and two daughters lost everything—home, personal possessions, all except the clothes they wore then.

except the clothes they wore then.

Mrs. Collins still has vivid recollections of that fateful day.

. with flames licking the old home, she just had time to shepherd her youngest son, Stephen, and their pet cat and dog into the family car and drive half a mile to the small mountainside township of Fern Tree.

But after waiting there for three hours, the township itself was threatened, and all the women and children, together with numerous household pets, had to bundle aboard a truck that had come to their rescue.

come to their rescue.

A tarpaulin was thrown over the occupants of the truck to protect them from sparks, but had to be discarded when it caught

alight.

The ride to safety was a neverto-be-forgotten nightmare, with
broken power lines adding to the
danger. But they had left just in
time, for, very soon after, the
Fern Tree Hotel and many homes
in the vicinity ware howned does

in the vicinity were burned down.

Meanwhile, Mr. Collins, as engineer/manager of the Metropolitan Water Board, was kept busy organising and dispatching water trucks to fight the fires which had set the whole country-side ablase. side ablaze.

When the smoke and flames

finally cleared, the only remain-ing asset left to the Collins' was the block of land on which their

the block of land on which their house once stood.

Naturally, there were qualms about rebuilding on the same spot. The whole family, although only youngest son Stephen is now living at home, gathered together to talk about the problem.

All agreed that their mount.

to talk about the problem.

All agreed that their mountainside retreat, nestling on the winter snowline of Mt. Wellington 2000ft. above sea level, was such an ideal place to live they should rebuild there.

"Everyone, including the Government, was marvellous," said Mrs. Collins, "Friends rallied round and the Public Works Department made their architects available free of charge.

architects available free of charge.

"We were fortunate to obtain the services of Mr. Barry Kennedy to design our new home."

Rubble from the old home was bulldozed flat and a concrete pad placed over the top. The old fireplace, all that was left standing of the old home, was incorporated in the new patio.

With Mr. and Mrs. Collins' efforts and the help of their friends, the new home rose on the ashes of the old; exactly eight

To page 75

Page 74

months to the day after losing their old home, a very proud Mr. and Mrs. Collins moved into their new house.

With thoughts of the disastrous fires fresh in their minds, the Collins chose non-inflammable materials for exterior fittings. The

materials for exterior fittings. The main structure is of rough concrete blocks, painted white, with aluminium window frames, fire-resistant outer doors and roof.

Rooms in the 13-square house are so designed that those used for entertaining are at one end of the house, and bedrooms at the other, with these two areas divided from each other by the kitchen (see plan above).

The ceiling is of Tasmanian oak throughout, and floor-to-ceiling teak doors give the appearance of added height. Concealed lighting and sliding fly-screen doors are also used throughout.

froughout.

For maximum sunlight, all living areas and bedrooms look down the mountainside to the city of Hobart below.

In the living-room, maximum window space allows magnificent views of the summit of Mt. Wellington on one side, and equally attractive views of the city and harbor of Hobart on the other.

harbor of Hobart on the other.

In this and other rooms, walls are of a stone color, with oyster thai-silk curtains from floor to ceiling for added height. The beige carpet completes the neutral background for the furniture in blue, red, and black.

A room divider, fitted with a cupboard, bookshelves, and bar, gives access to the dining-room, which in turn is connected to the kitchen by a hatch with sliding smoked glass panels. Underneath is a concealed traymobile designed as a cupboard.

In the dining-room a delightful refectory blackwood table has as its centrepiece a three-tiered

its centrepiece a three-tiered wrought-iron candlestick, of particular sentimental value to Mr. and Mrs. Collins. Originally made by an old Chinese candlestick maker in Malaya, where they previously lived, the candlestick was recovered intact from the ashes of their old home.

The modern spacious kitchen has tiled walls and laminated cupboards, so no painting is required. A concealed ironing-board under the table-top enables

board under the table-top enables Mrs. Collins to iron with a view. An extractor fan over the stove absorbs cooking odors.

Blue tiles in the bathroom were fitted by the Collins' eldest son, Michael. This room has an extractor fan to protect the peacock-blue nylon carpet.

The main bedroom has fitted black-bean wardrobes with off-white nylon carpet throughout. Japanese hand-woven, off-white vallpaper, curtains of oyster thai silk, and a green bedspread are a colorful contrast.

Off the main bedrooms is a shower, toilet, and vanity basin, with floor-to-ceiling tiles in cinnamon.

cinnamon.

The entrance hall at the rear of the house has a quarry-tiled floor, spacious cupboards, and colored pendant lights in amber, blue, and ruby.

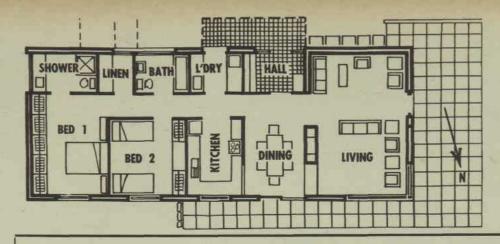
The Collins' new garage, and a most useful chain-saw, were gitts from mainland friends.

A teatree fence gives protection to the back garden.

The front garden is a mass of colored flowers and green grass;

colored flowers and green grass; a birds' feeding-bowl on the front porch provides delicacies for the many brightly colored bush birds.

Story: Jack Millar Photographs: Leabon Stabb



Plan (left) shows how the kitchen divides living areas from the bedrooms — these areas have maximum window space to take advantage of views.

## 20 cu. ft. duplex refrigerator freezer

#### (the 33 inch miracle)

You wouldn't think you could get so much storage capacity into such a slim unit. But you -and that's not all! In the Metters MD20, the powerful, efficient Tecumseh sealed unit is completely contained underneath the refrigerator, which means that the MD20 can be "built-in" with kitchen cupboards and benches to suit the individual layout of your kitchen. Just another reason why the Metters MD20 is so revolutionary.

freezer one side 13-5 cu.ft. fridge on the other

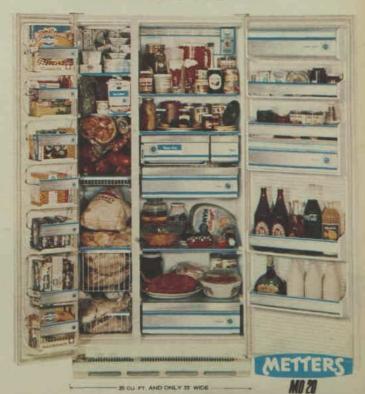
frost-free everywhere



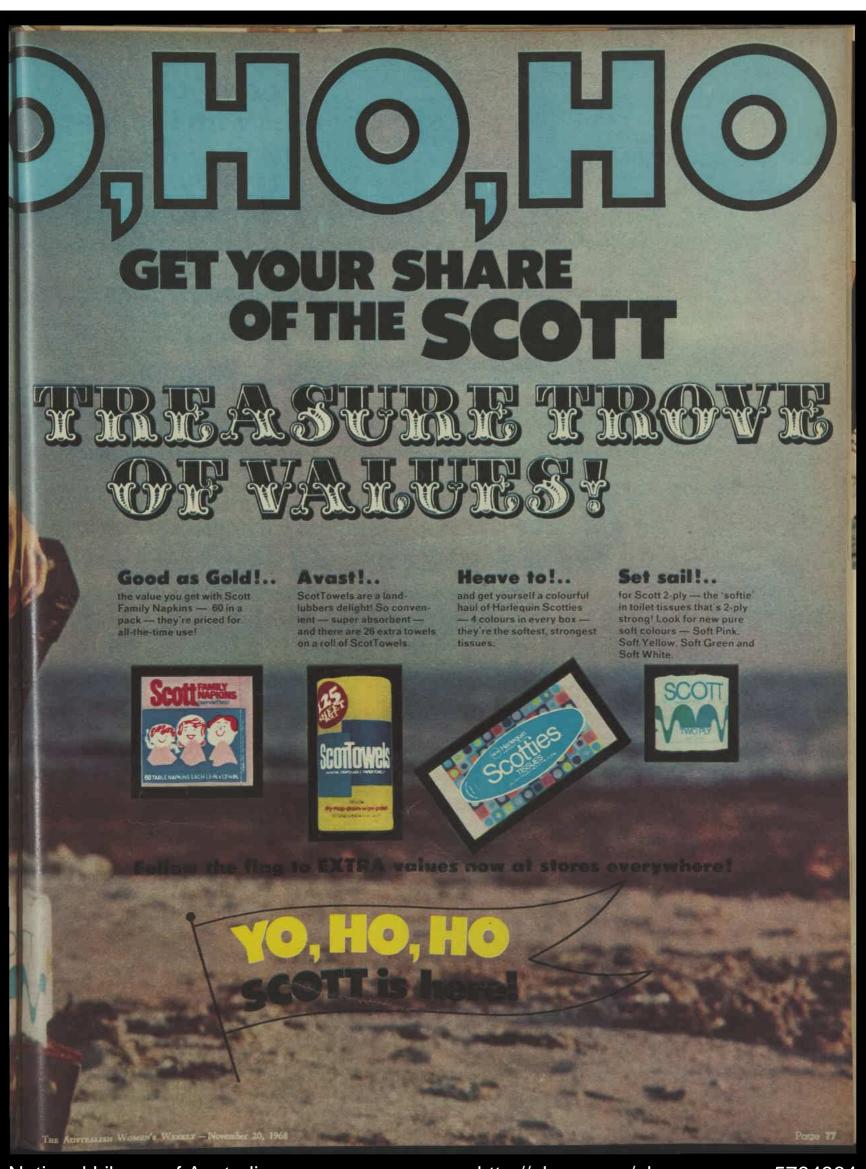
exclusively was AUSTRALA



METTER











Theirs was a loyal and undemanding friendship never to be forgotten

## THE SPIDER IN THE LAUREL

By MARILYN HARRIS

PEOPLE are plagued by a variety of compulsions. Only recently I astonished myself by suddenly cancelling plans to attend a guest lecture on our local campus because I'd awakened with a relentless compulsion to clean the attic. "Threats of the Nuclear Age" was the lecture topic, and the speaker was a knowledgeable man who'd gone from the science laboratory to the pulpit in a terrifyingly straight line. It was an event of value for our community and one that had been marked on my calendar for several months.

months.

After Pd telephoned my regrets to the necessary parties, my husband, an admirably self-contained man, asked, "Why the attic, Anne?" I told him pleasantly, over a second cup of coffee, that in my opinion the real threat to our universe was the human trait of collecting trivia, that ultimately the proliferation of "things" would be our undoing. I tried to describe in lucid terms a civilisation sinking into a soggy tundra of memorabilia. The look he gave me in parting was the same look he'd given me years ago when I lost the First Grade Dodge Ball Tournament for his team.

Nevertheless, as soon as the house was empty, I hurried up the actic stairs, determined to level the accumulation of the years. All went well until I came across a malevolent memento from the past that sheared away my good intentions and left me limp with remembering. At the bottom of the second carton I found a small cigar box filled with crinkly receipts and a scent of sea breeze, and Louis was there, and Robert, and I was ten years younger, and the world was waiting.

In those days, when the three of us lived together in the rear apartment of number 91 Commercial Street, there was about us a sense of imminent catastrophe which we mistook for destiny, and accord-

ingly, during arid periods of creativeness, we went about collecting evidence of our existence. Rent receipts, pawn tickets, grocery lists — they grew shorter as the summer grew longer — any scrap of paper that bore the scent and smudge of our corporate plight went into the cigar box that sat on top of the icebox next to the breadbox where the mice lived.

Anyone who knows Provincetown knows Commercial Street, that garish artery that takes up where Truro leaves off, and leads the diligent traveller past emporiums of salt-water taffy and sea-shell crucifixes, past little urgent art galleries where bearded proprietors hawk multicolored Rorschachs, past pale shingled tourist homes, and vivid hollyhock hedges, and lobster dens and chowder parlors and rows of pushy little pastel cottages that sit on the edge of the kerb, and if the traveller is persistent enough, the street leads him out across a palm of sun-bleached sand and dumps him finally into the broad blue-lapped Atlantic.

Atlantic.

For all its wares, there is not an honest whiff of destiny the length or breadth of Commercial Street, but in those days we smelled it everywhere, and armed with convictions made iron-strong by a cheap and nutritional diet of raisins, we prepared ourselves for the greatness that waited just around the corner, beyond the Portuguese laundrette, or somewhere.

Louis said he heard background music that summer, It was that kind of summer, and Louis was that kind of person. He was the oldest at twenty-four, tall, with dark, intense good looks which had been made more intense by a stultifying winter's employment with a mediocre dance band in New Jersey. The desire to write good music grew inside his sparse frame like a friendly cancer, relegating all exigencies of living to a dim dawn beyond tomorrow.

To page 80



#### NOW - FASHION STYLING AT HOME!

#### NEW! GENERAL ELECTRIC 'PORTABLE' PROFESSIONAL-TYPE HAIR DRYER

And so economical, too! At last—for your own home—a hair dryer unit like the salons use. And it's a lightweight portable at the same time. Place on any standard table, it adjusts easily to your height. Conditioned, filtered air flows evenly throughout the hood, drying hair quickly, leaving it easy to manage. Professionally designed hood rises and lowers easily for maximum comfort, and there is ample room to reach inside and check hair. Four-heat remote control unit lets you change heats without moving from your chair. Don't miss this sensational new hair dryer from General Electric.







"TRADE MARK OF GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., U.S.A. — WORLD'S LARGEST ELECTRICAL ENTERPRISE

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC IAPPLIANCES PTY LTD NOTTING HILL VICTORIA, 3168.

# LULUBELLE Lisa "Look! A flower person!"

#### THE SPIDER IN THE LAUREL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

He selected for himself the smallest cell in the rear apartment, the one at the top of the landing with the thickest door, and no outside doorknob, and from behind this fortress, assisted by an antiquated upright and a certificate from Juilliard, he crystallised the air of our summer days into rhapsodic movements of hushed andantes and leaping allegro vivaces that pierced the porous walls of number 91 and resounded as far as the Windjammer gallery a block and a half away.

In a confidential and affectionate midsummer huddle, Robert and I decided that Louis had overshot his century by a good sixty years. He belonged with the Edwardians, in the days of grace and chamber music and lawn croquet.

Robert, on the other hand, Louis and I decided in an equally confidential and affectionate summer huddle, had arrived on the world scene at least a quarter of a century too early. He reminded me of H. G. Wells' Mr. Maydig, "full of the sweetness of unlimited power."
Extravagantly brilliant, he approached life like a bursting bomb, and carried with him at age twenty-one the distinction of having been dismissed from three Ivy League colleges.

He had a taut, compact physique and contrary sandy-colored hair, and relentless brown eyes that shone as bright as light. He was addicted to good scotch and spiral notebooks; the former he gave up during our spartan stay in Provincetown, while the latter went with him everywhere and served as a timorous foundation for his fourth unpublished novel, although as far as I could see he filled most of the pages with perverse caricatures of past literary greats.

The literary quarterlies loved him and regularly sent long, flowery letters and little, inadequate cheques. Robert's contribution to the summer was a wry wit and a large pickup truck, courtesy of his father, who owned a flourishing nursery on Long Island and who had wisely washed his hands of his quixotic son.

My personal contribution to this menageric of misfits was a small talent with the brush and a smaller inheritance which had enabled me to leave my small Midwestern environs for a small art school in Manhattan where small art professors endeavored to teach me small techniques for use on small canvases.

THAT first year we painted small onions and smaller grapes, and all the while there grew inside me such an insatiable hunger for scope that when Louis and Robert burst into my life I embraced them as if I'd known them always, and although it seems incredible now we met for the first time in December, and six months later we were devotedly ensconsed in our communal flat in Provincetown, supporting and leaning on one another as if there were blood ties binding us together.

I saw Louis for the first time

I saw Louis for the first time in front of the box office of a theatre on Bleecker Street, where I'd gone to purchase twofers for a foundering Off Broadway production, Anyone who has survived New York City on a less than adequate budget is familiar with twofers, that benevolently charitable institution whereby financially embarrassed persons may acquire two tickets for the price of one to financially embarrassed plays, the result being as consummate an exercise in "smiling through" as you'd hope to find anywhere.

anywhere.

On this particularly bleak December day I was purchasing tickets for myself and a girl-friend from the Art Institute. Chekhov was to be our sole Yule splurge. Louis stood in line behind me, and for the first few minutes we ignored each other skilfully, as lonely people do in New York. He asked for a match. I gave him one. He offered me a pistachio nut. I took it, and by the time we reached the box office we agreed that, as nuts go, the pistachio had a great deal to recommend it.

Four nights later the Chekhov play died, but by then Louis and I had shivered together in Rockefeller Center, split a hot dog at Howard Johnson's, and exchanged enough dreams to make our friendship irrevocable. I described the Andrew Wyeth type paintings I saw in the eye of my mind, and he hummed several of the rich magenta passages that haunted his inner ear. We agreed on everything: that Christmas

To page 81

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

Page 80

#### THE SPIDER IN THE LAUREL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

trees looked basically hostile, that New York was a lousy place to live, that mammon was the arch-enemy of all artists, and that heaven must surely be a rent-free sandy beach, limitless sun, and

bare feet. By January, Provincetown was By January, Provincetown was more than a scheme. It was a mechanical rabbit, a golden apple suspended an inch beyond our reach, replete with insurmountable problems that we discussed feverishly in public places, as guileless as children who believed that solutions fell like miracles out of a blue and kindly sky. The thorniest problem was the transportation of Louis' piano and my canvases. The Greyhound people were friendly, but not that friendly. U-Haul trailers were expensive, and money, as

were expensive, and money, as always, was of the essence. Then we met Robert. The dying play, as I recall, was Strindberg. The night was unstintingly January, and our mood was a frozen blend of both. We sat slumped in our seats during an interminable intermission and discussed fitfully our dilemma, our conversation edged with the terseness that accompanies frustrated dreams. "Have you ever con-sidered using the recorder,

#### 

#### FROM THE BIBLE

 Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

St. Matthew 6; 26.

#### 

Louis?" I asked, moments after the first-act curtain fell, clearly indicating where my mind had been throughout the rantings on stage. "It is more portable, you know."

To this preposterous suggestion Louis coolly replied with another. "Have you ever done a seascape on a scratch pad?" He sat with his elbows propped on either side of the seat, intertwining his long and firmly spatulate fingers across the bridge of his nose, glowering I'd never done a seascape at all. At the institute we'd progressed to rocks and dead wood. I understood his point, however, and for a moment we shared a thoughtful silence.

a moment we shared a silence.

There was a gum-popper in the row behind us with contrary sandy-colored hair and relentless brown eyes. I'd caught a brief gimpse of him before the play started, and now I kept hoping he'd drift out into the lobby with the other 30 people. But he sat fast and seemed to limit his gumpopping to our silences. I slide popping to our silences. I slid unobtrusively down into the seat and lowered my voice to a well-modulated tone above a whisper. "You know, Louis, it wouldn't burt to call one of those trailer places and just ask how much they..."

places and just ask how much they—"
"You catching cold?" Louis demanded full voice.
"No," With my hands cupped around my mouth, I spoke the word in an exaggerated and silent fashion, and at the same time tried to indicate with my eyes the presence of the eavesdropper behind us. Apparently the result was little more than a grimace, communicating nothing. Louis persisted. "Then why are you whispering?"

you whispering?"
"I see no reason to shout," I replied evenly, now using my hands as blinkers in a foolish

attempt to hide the waves of embarrassment that washed hot and cold over the back of my neck. Given a choice between a public scene and death, I'd choose the latter any day. My maternal grandfather was rigidly Executive. English.
Louis' was French. "Who's shouting?" he bellowed.
"You are!"

"You are!"

"I wasn't shouting. You were whispering, and what difference does it make, anyway?" He gestured toward the empty rows in front of us, then slid farther down into his seat. "And those trailer places will rob you blind, so there's no reason to call, not unless we have to." Temper, as a general rule, was not a regular

feature of Louis' character, but the cold night, the bad play, empty pockets, and ailing dreams conspired to bring out the worst in hm. My suggestion of the recorder had done nothing to help. The gum-popper filled the silence, assisted by muffled whis-pers conveying disaster coming from behind the stage curtain.

Then, without warning, a voice evolved out of the popping, and a brash, knowing face appeared over my shoulder. "I seem to have lost my program," it said, too innocently. "I was wondering if I could borrow yours for a

I handed back a crumpled playbill lined with rows of per-forated half-moons caused by my

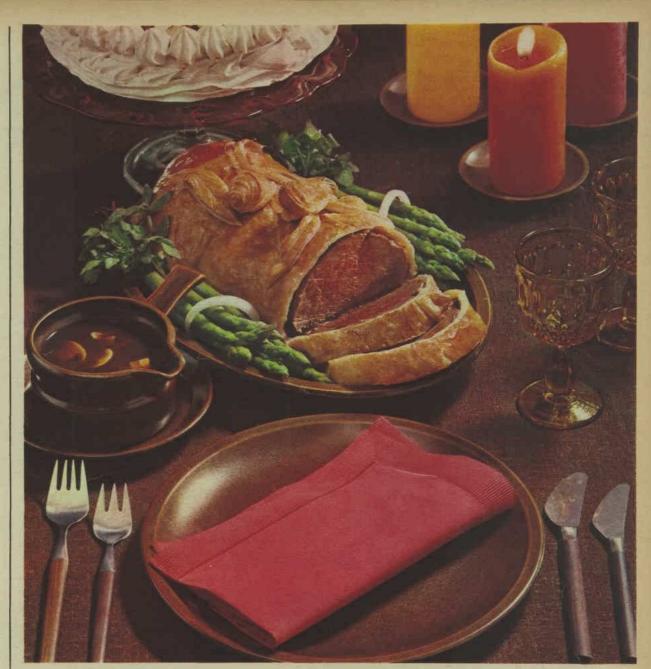
fingernails and embarrassment. fingernails and embarrassment. Louis acknowledged the intruder with a scant backward look, then promptly resumed his iconoclastic posture. Amidst a loud and superficial rustling of paogram pages, the voice persisted. "It's too bad these plays have to starve," it said with conviction. "Not commercial enough, I suppose," and the conviction dwindled to a weariness.

There was more rustling followed.

There was more rustling, followed by a brief silence, then, "It's a pure and simple case of the spider in the laurel, if you ask me," and although no one had, Louis swivelled his head around, apparently stirred to interest in spite of himself. "A case of awhat?" he queried.

It came again, "Spider in the laurel," as cryptic as before, and thereupon followed one of the thereupon followed one of the most stunning examples of self-assertion I've ever witnessed. He repeated the line for the third time in singsong fashion, "The spider in the laurel spins—'" He returned my program, and lifted one leg over the back of the seat next to mine. "The weed exiles the flower—'" The other leg followed. "'And, flung to kiln—'" The spring-action seat. leg followed. "'And, flung to kiln—'" The spring-action seat closed on his ankle. "Damn!" He freed himself and continued undaunted. "And, flung to kiln, Apollo's bust—'" He was settling now into the seat beside me.

To page 82



#### How to plan your next affair with LADY SCOTT

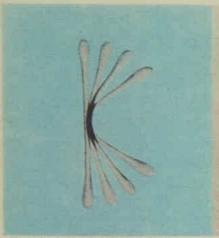
Take your pick or mix and match with gay abandon: Hot Orange, Snowdrift White, Deep Red, Avocado Green, Royal Purple. Gay, colourful Lady Scott. Soft, luxurious, 3-ply dinner napkins. 25 in every packet at your local supermarket. \*recipe for Boeul en Chemise available on request. Write to: Lady Scott Recipe, Bowater-Scott (Australia) Limited, P.O. Box 117, Box Hill Vic. 3128





### Buds are flexible.

(100's of uses.)







JOHNSON'S flexible Cotton Buds.

Convenient and cost so little'

Cotton Buds help hide a spot.



Cotton Buds can clean a baby's ear.

Or a cut.



Cotton Buds apply a lip gloss.



And brush on eye shadow.



They were invented for babies.



But grown-ups like them, too. (\*26c for 50. 47c for 100.)

Johnson Johnson

JOHNSON'S COTTON BUDS

FOR THE CHILDREN

# Walk Snull & Talk

#### THE SPIDER IN THE LAUREL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

"'Makes lime for mammon's tower'.'

He adjusted his tie, drew a deep breath to feed his exertion, and grinned. "Melville, Herman Melville, except for the damn. That was Friedlander, Robert Friedlander." He leaned forward, extended an except head to the control of the extended an eager hand to a gaping Louis, who caught the contagion of the grin and returned it, along with a hand-shake. And then we were three.

I recount the circumstances of our meeting with no profound truth in mind, although it came over me powerfully that night, the solubility of man's loneliness. The great scourge, poets call it. Not necessarily. Then, as now, I debate the issue with giants, recalling the incredible case with which a Melville-quoting gumpopper was metamorphosed into a warm and endearing friend.

So now there were three of us to huddle together in the evenings and contemplate the tantalising, unattainable dream of summer sun and freedom. Of all the problems which confronted us, transportation of Louis' piano and my

canvases seemed the most in-soluble, although there was never a shortage of lesser dilemmas to

a shortage of lesser dilemmas to occupy our attention.

Then one night in the coffee shop of the Victoria Hotel, Louis was stirring the fifth packet of sugar into his coffee, and studying the little tan whirl-pool. "And I think we should make a rule," he announced, after Robert had agreed to join the venture. "No outside employment for any of us. Starting June first, we live on what we've saved. Agreed?"

first, we live on what we've saved. Agreed?"

Robert, who had embraced the wild dream with the unbridled enthusiasm of a born idiot, bobbed his head in immediate approval. If my own reply was less eager, it was because I held in my lap the empty cigar box which had moments before been designated the official treasury. After relieving our respective pockets of all available currency, the sum total was \$1.57. "Why don't we wait," I cautioned, "until nearer the time?"

the whirlpool in the coffee-cup and leaned forward, his hands flat on the table in an urgent, open gesture that expressed his intense longing for the summer. "Then what's the point of going?" he protested. "If we have to slice our days up into a dozen pieces, we can stay right here in the city and do that." He moved closer in the seat beside me and focused all the power of his dark persuasion in my direction. "Can you imagine." he began intimately, "what it would be like to do precisely what you wanted to do, all day, every day, uninterrupted, without having to stop once to run off and sit on a switchboard or walk a dog?"

He was talking to me, switch-Louis

He was talking to me, switch-board sitting and dog walking being two part-time jobs that supplemented the small inheri-tance. "What do we live on?" I argued weakly. I shook the lonely contents of the cigar box, hoping the skinny sound of too few coins would be a more effective debate. "There'll be more." Louis'

would be a more effective debate.
"There'il be more." Louis' face lightened with optimism.
Across the table, Robert was scribbling in his ever-present spiral notebook, drawing long-legged black spiders. "Anne, you're back to mammon again." He grinned. Then with typical zeal he launched forth into a biblical catch-all. "Consider the lilies,'" he intoned.
"Consider the cost of just the

"Consider the cost of just the trailer," I blurted, "to say nothing

consider the tost of just the trailer." I blurted, "to say nothing of—".

"Trailer? What trailer?" he asked, his brows pleated and a hint of concern entering his voice for the first time.

I felt pragmatic and itchy, and spoke briskly to get it over with. "The one we'll have to hire to transport Louis' piano—"

"—and your canvases," added Louis a shade impatiently.

Robert blinked at both of us then grinned. "That's ridiculous!" It was one of Robert's charms that, faced with any problem too large to solve, he blinked, and grinned, and pronounced it ridiculous.

"For you, maybe," Louis

"For you, maybe," Louis muttered, eyeing the dog-eared notebook that rested close to Robert's elbow.

Robert's elbow.

Without warning, Robert grew jubilant, as the insane do, for no apparent reason. "Come on," he ordered abruptly, and grabbed his notebook and the check, and was halfway down the aisle of the crowded coffee shop before he realised he was travelling alone. "Well, come on," he shouted, and forks were poised in

To page 86

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

#### Flowering trees and shrubs with a bonus of berries

They bring color to the autumn/winter garden, those fruit- and berrycarrying plants that also blend so well indoors with autumn foliage and those tawny chrysanthemums.

By ALLAN SEALE





COTONEASTER cornubia flower (at left) and bearing its red winter berries (above). C. cornubia is an evergreen shrub, growing 6-8ft. tall, and is hardy in most climates, withstanding frost and cold. Its berries make indoor decorations for winter

Picture by Rosaline Redwood, of New Zealand

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 - page 316

#### Try some of these beautiful flowerand-berry producers in your garden

(Some — the crabapples — are even useful in the kitchen)

CRABAPPLES give an out-U standing display of spring blossom. Their late-summer fruits are decorative and often valued for the appetising jelly or jam

CRABAPPLES or Pyrus malus. The range of crabapple varieties is increasing as new ones are being added by overseas nurserymen. Several hybrids recently introduced in New Zealand will no doubt soon find their way into Australian gardens.

Most varieties are suitable as small shade trees. Being deciduous they let sun filter through their leaf-less branches in winter, and raking up is kept to leaf-fall in autumn.

Some of the best varieties now generally available include:

M. aldenhamensis. Rosy-red single flowers, reddish-bronze foliage, red fruit. Grows to 12ft.

M. eleyi. Single rosy-red flowers, bronze foliage, elongated dark red fruit. Grows 15 to 20ft. with vigorous root system, so needs plenty of space.

M. floribunda hillierii. Red buds open-ing to semi-double pink flowers. Fruit reddish-purple. To about 12ft.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 - page 317

M. rosca-plena. Large, double, rose-pink flowers, small yellow fruit.

M. spectabilis. Masses of narrow-petalled single flowers, carmine-red in bud, opening to soft pink. Very showy. Yellow fruit, Growing 10-12ft,

ARBUTUS UNEDO, the Irish straw-berry tree. Flowers late summer into winter, carrying pendulous clusters of pearly-white, lily-of-the-valley-like flowers, followed by rounded, straw-berry-like red and yellow fruits. These are edible, but lack flavor. Arbutus makes a dense foliage, rounded, evergreen tree growing to about 15ft.

ELAEOCARPUS, blueberry ash, Slen-der, evergreen tree; to about 15ft., with small, fringed, white bells clus-tered below the branches. Sprays of wedgwood-blue pea-sized berries in summer. A native of Eastern Aus-

COTONEASTER. There are numerous varieties, all hardy and adaptable to soils and climates. Flowers are usually white and less spectacular than the berries. Cotoneasters can be clipped to shape, espaliered, or left to make a large rounded shrub.

To page 85

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Australian Women's Weekly - November 20, 1968

## Give your party

**Porphyry Pearl Punch** 

Mix (in order) in a large punch bowl with ice, juice of two Oranges, juice of two Lemons, ½ cup of Sugar, ½ cup White Rum, one large can Pineapple Juice, pulp of two Passionfruit. Stir and pour in two bottles well chilled Sparkling Porphyry Pearl. Decorate with sliced fruit-serve



PORPHYRY PEARL—THE NATURAL SPARKLING WINE WITH CHAMPAGNE BUBBLES.

## The disappearing air conditioner:







The disappearing air conditioner: You'll have to look closely to see it because Pope air conditioners are built to blend with heautiful homes.

Whatever your decor, you can match it with a Pope air conditioner. There's the beautiful "Furniture Front" teak finish that harmonises elegantly into most modern homes, or the versatile plain timber front that you can paint, paper or stain to match your own plan exactly. Of course, people will know you have one, even if they can't see it right away They'll feel the comfortable temperature immediately they're inside, when it's oven hot-or freezer cold-outside.

Pope's ability to cool down in summer-and warm up in winter-surprises lots of people who think air conditioners are only summer workers.

And did you know this? It costs less to run all year than it costs to run a radiator all through winter. And there's more.



Pope Air Conditioners care for furniture, clothes and building materials by reducing summer "mugginess." Pope also works at freeing air of invading germs and hayfever-producing dust and pollen particles. Pope Air Conditioners hide behind their "furniture fronts" at your nearest electrical dealer. The man with the slide-rule-type card that tells you the exact sized Pope you need. Go see a Pope Air Conditioner soon-for the temperature that comforts



#### MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

#### Flowers and berries—Continued from page 83

COTONEASTER, continued-

Among the most popular of the evergreen species are:

C. pannosa. Small leathery leaves, dark green above, grey beneath, on arching branches covered with red berries in autumn/early winter.

C. franchetii, Also has pendulous growth, 8 to 10ft.; with orange-red berries.

C. serotina. Large bunches bright red berries into early winter. Grows quickly to about 10ft.; is pendulous with deep green foliage.

CRATAEGUS, hawthorns. Lovely small trees with showy berries, autumn/early winter. Those with less spectacular berries have more outstanding spring flowers. Foliage is also attractive, sometimes coloring in



Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 318

PYRACANTHA angustifolia in flower (above) gives way in winter to its load of bright orange berries (left). It is hardy, withstanding frost and cold, but will grow also in the warmer areas.

Picture by Rosaline Redwood, of New Zealand

autumn. All are deciduous. They grow well in temperate climates, but are seen to perfection in cooler districts. Growth usually upright and conical.

C. carrieri. A beautiful variety, with clusters of large, bright red, cherrysized fruits, and usually richly colored autumn foliage at the same time. Best in cool districts. Grows to about 15ft.

C. mexicana. Similar to C. carrieri, with yellow rather than red berries.

C. cordata. An attractive tree, with glossy green spring/summer foliage which colors well in autumn, and generous clusters of small, bright red berries well into winter after foliage has fallen. Grows 15 to 20ft., gives a good performance in temperate as well as cool districts.

C. oxycantha. This is the type grown in cool districts as a hawthorn hedge — in England, known as may. Flowers resemble the Spiraea known as may in Australia, but are in larger, looser, clusters. Red berries follow the flowers, but are usually sparse, especially in temperate areas.

ORNAMENTAL CHILLI. An annual only 2 to 3ft. high, but easy to grow, with decorative branches of upright, oval berries. These change color from cream to mauve, orange to deep red, and last well into winter. Sow seeds in spring or early summer, preferably in a warm sunny position with a sprinkling of complete fertiliser.

OCHNA. Slow-growing shrub to about 8ft., with glossy green foliage which sheds briefly in winter before butter-cup-yellow flowers appear. Green berries follow, arranged round the base of a large, fleshy calyx with petal-like bracts. The berries turn back, then fall, leaving a bright rosyred calyx, which is the showiest stage—usually in early summer, useful for Christmas decoration.

POMEGRANATE, Punica granatum. Graceful shrub with showy flowers, fruit, and gracefully arching branches carrying slender, glossy green foliage

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 - page 319

which turns gold in autumn. This variety has large, crepe-textured red flowers followed by showy, polished yellow/rosy-red fruits as large as a cricket ball. Spreading growth to about 10ft.

P. granatum Andre Leroy is similar to P. granatum, with large, double orange-red flowers margined white.

P. granatum nana grows only to about 2ft., with flowers and fruit in miniature.

Pomegranates grow well in all but very tropical districts.

PYRACANTHA. Vigorous, hardy evergreen shrubs with slender, leathery foliage, and generous masses of showy berries, late summer to winter.

P. angustifolia. Most vigorous of species, with spreading growth to 10ft., fairly dull green foliage, almost covered in autumn by masses of brightest orange, glossy berries. Has sharp thorns, and can make a man-proof hedge.

P. crenulata. Upright growth to 8ft.; dark green, glossy foliage, and showy, deep crimson herries into spring.

P. rogersiana. To 10ft.; yellow berries, turning deep orange. Bears early, finishes by late autumn.

P. rogersiana flava. Has clear yellow berries.

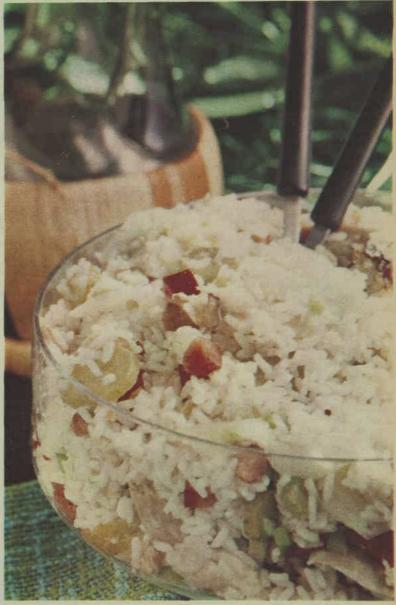
Pyracanthas grow in all but tropical areas.

ROWAN TREE, Sorbus aucuparia.
Also known as mountain ash. Small tree with cany growth, huge bunches of beautiful red/yellow berries, autumn. Best in mountain climates.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

# Something says it's Summer... like chicken & rice salad



#### CHICKEN & RICE SALAD (AND SEND FOR MORE)

3 cups cooked chicken cut into fairly large squares • salt and pepper to taste
 2 apples, cut up • 1 large cucumber, sliced • 1 dill pickle, sliced (optional) • 2 cups ready cooked rice from your refrigerator • 1 small tin asparagus • a dash of garlic salt • Mayonnaise • Parsley.

Sunwhite Long GRAN RICE

Method: Combine chicken, apples, cucumber, pickle and rice. Season with salt and pepper and garlic salt. Decorate with asparagus spears. Serve with creamy mayonnaise.

Always keep ready-cooked rice on hand, cook up a whole pound of Sunwhite and store it, covered, in your refrigerator.

Send for this colourful recipe file (10" x 8" with pockets) with free Rice recipes. Enclose your name and address with 25c in stamps. Or, for a free Rice recipe book only, enclose a 5c stamped, addressed envelope. Send to:

RICE COOKERY BUREAU Dept. WW62, Box 432, G.P.O. Sydney 2001.



Page 85

mid-air all over the restaurant as people stopped to listen. "I want to show you something," he continued more loudly than before.

Louis gulped his coffee and made a wry face at the gritty sugar that had accumulated in the bottom of the cup. "We'd better do what the man says," he mumbled. As we stumbled out into the aisle, all eyes left Robert and focused on our less than graceful exit. Clutching at the cigar box, a coat, scarf, and gloves, I dropped everything at least once, except the cigar box, and by the time we reached the cash register, hot fingers of embarrassment had planted themselves on either side of my face. When Robert paid the check with a fifty-cent piece from the cigar box, Provincetown slithered away into the general indistinctness of Never-Never Land.

Still breathless with some private enthusiasm, Robert arranged us on the edge of a cold, slushy kerb and told us "Wait! Promise you'll wait right here. Don't go away, and keep your eyes trained on the corner." With that, he was gone swallowed up by the night and the crowds on the sidewalk.

For the first few minutes Louis and I stood as obedient as robots, mesmerised by the sheer energy of our new friend, but when a cab careened close to the kerb and splashed January's frozen muck over our feet and anables.

of our new friend, but when a cab careened close to the kerb and splashed January's frozen muck over our feet and ankles, I regained my senses and grumbled "Louis, this is silly. We could stand here all night. He-probably off somewhere right now, having a good laugh."

Louis turned his collar up around his neck, plunged his hands into his pockets, danced on one foot, then on the other, all the while keeping his eyes trained on the designated corner. "Maybe! Maybe not! We'll wait a few minutes." His words were lost behind puffs of frost that wafted vaporous as sewer steam into the night. A melancholy evolved out of the street traffic. Everything seemed to be moving but us. Buses, crusty little sports cars, people bent with destinations and appointments, the air bristled with purposeful pragmatism. pragmatism.

Still we stood, gazing numbly off into the distance, waiting for Robert, or a bluebird, or something. I felt like an escapee from a Chaplin movie, and I was cold. "Louis?" I pleaded, shivering ardible.

audibly.

Disappointment blended with resignation to mar the precise contour of his brow. "He didn't seem the sort," he mourned. As he took my arm to steer me back into the warmth of the coffee shop, he craned his neck for a last look, and through the thickness of my coat I felt his fingers tighten on my elbow. A look of reaffirmed faith shone through the frost puffs, and a smile blazed. "Well, what do you know."

know."

Closer to the ground by a good foot and a half, I knew nothing until we'd hurried back to the kerb. Then I saw it. A four-wheeled miracle with Friedlander Nurseries printed on the side in large scratchy letters. Robert navigated the truck to a rattly stop close to the kerb and smiled down, the wide-open smile of a self-acknowledged saviour. "Sorry I took so long," he shouted above the traffic. "But I didn't have any money for the parking-lot attendant."

Louis, who had already deter-

Louis, who had already deter-mined that the back of the truck was as long as a piano, hurried in concern to the window. in concern to the "What'd you get

#### THE SPIDER IN THE LAUREL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

"I gave him an IOU," was the blithe reply.

"And he took it?"
"Sure. I told him I was as good as my word. Come on, get in. I'll give you a ride."

Louis and I exchanged a wide-eyed glance of pure incredulity, then the three of us burst out laughing like the fools we were. One of New York's finest blew a whistle at our madness and told us to move it out Inside the cabin of Robert's truck there was the smell of potting soil and geraniums, and growing things. the smell of potting soil and geraniums, and growing things. The heater toasted my feet to a

mellow turn, and frost-glazed neon outside the windshield melted into a pastel blur. Wedged securely between Rob-

Wedged securely between Robert and Louis, there grew inside me an accelerated contentment. Two weeks earlier, Robert's effortless entrance into our lives had planted humanist thoughts in my mind and left me with a firm belief in the all-pervading goodness of man. Now the miraculous appearance of the truck left me with deeper thoughts of divine intercession and answered prayers, so that as we jiggled along Riverside Drive I felt my

senses soar and grow giddy from the heady elixir of too much faith, believing at once in both

God and man.

We herded the truck on a dry run across the George Washington Bridge and paused on the Jersey side for a cliche-ridden perspective of Manhattan. Distance enhanced the city, and the sensation of dreams happening allowed us to rhapsodise on the unique beauty of the rock pile that had, until now, kept us from our special destinies.

Louis' attention was divided

Louis' attention was divided between the city across the river and the vast expanse of the truck's rear end. "I can't get over it," he murmured continuously. Robert, in a rare moment of

repose, sank down behind the steering wheel and concentrated on the lights across the river. "'And, flung to kiln, Apollo's bust..." he mused, with the charming weariness of a tired

"The spider in the laurel?" I smiled, relating.

"Exactly!" and he pounced on the word, pleased that I'd remem-bered.

But it was Louis who summar-But it was Louis who summar-ised our feelings with admirable succinctness. Several moments later, still submerged in the sombre intensity he brought to everything, he leaned forward, and with his agile and talented

To page 87

## 4½ reasons why Max Factor's new Ultrasucent Blusher is better than yours:



fingers folded together in an attitude not unprayerful, he murmured, "Just wait until June," and it was at once a threat, a promise, and a child's eestatic realisation of the power contained within his wondrous self.

I looked out into the cavity I looked out into the cavity of the night and hugged close to my body the cigar box which now held fifty-seven cents — we'd paid off the parking-lot attendant on the way out of town — and for the first and possibly last time in my life I felt dangerously sweetly superior to every living thing in the to every living thing in the

an expedition been planned with such exorbitant love or anticipated with such unbear-able eagerness. June first be-came an elusive dot on the calendar that threatened never to arrive. In the months that followed, our schedules doubled as we took on extra employment to fatten the cigar box, but we always found time to meet at least once a week, usually in the coffee shop of the Vic-toria Hotel, and there we'd count our money, and make jokes about mammon, and laugh about nothing and everything.

When that day came, Never before or since has was ready and waiting. By

#### THE SPIDER IN THE LAUREL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

seven o'clock in the morning the kerb in front of my apartment house was lumpy with little clumps of equip-ment: empty canvases, easels, sketch pads, a fishing-tackle box filled with paints and brushes, and a large duffle bag stuffed with clothes.

I stood at the centre of the debris, a selfconscious wortex, clad in a pair of old shorts, an older sweater, new beach thongs, and a large pair of dark glasses to hide the circles beneath my eyes, the result of a night rendered

sleepless by excitement, and clasping, as always, the cigar box, weighted now by what box, weighted now by what was surely the largest amount of money in the world—one hundred and sixty-seven dollars, and three pawn tickets. (One radio, one metronome, and a steam iron had been our final sacrifices to mammon.)

Louis and Robert arrived thirty minutes later, at the height of the morning rush hour, singing at the top of their lungs about "blowing the man down" and sweating

profusely. Louis' piano was strapped on the back of the truck with miles of rope, like a landlocked fragment from the "Ancient Mariner." Louis bounded out of the door while the truck was still in motion, kissed me lightly in passing, then sprinted around to check the ropes on his precious cargo.

Robert appeared over the top of the truck, a sailor cap adorned with Willkie buttons on his head. "The time has come, the walrus said," he called, and his clarion tones attracted attention from both sides of the narrow street. For the next 15 minutes we provided sidewalk entertainment for the hundreds of "spiders" on their way to work in mammon's towers,

work in mammon's towers, and although at that time I read admiration and envy in their sleep-glazed expressions, it was more accurately apprehension or pity.

As we stashed my equipment in the back of the truck, a kindly police officer, who had probably been young once himself, fluttered nervously about and urged us to hurry. We were blocking traffic. Then, when the last canvas had been laced into place, he gave us police escort for three intersections and finally waved us on with and finally waved us on with undisguised relief.

undisguised relief.

Ours was a triumphant exodus, melting the hardeyed, glacial exterior of native New Yorkers at every traffic light. Toothless truck drivers waved down giddy greetings from their aloof, high cabins, and once, on the highway an emormous volhigh cabins, and once, on the highway, an enormous, solvent-looking black limousine sped past, and framed in the rear window we saw a woman's face, quite beautiful in a perishable, expensive sort of way, and distinctly wistful. The main attraction, I suspect, was Louis, who had insisted on riding behind with his piano. Sitting on the bench in front of the keyboard, his dark hair wind-flattened (haircuts cost money), bearded (razors cost money), bis calm, keen face as tranquil as ever.

EVERYWHERE EVERYWHERE
my eyes went that morning
I saw a scene to paint. By
some miraculous transformation the whole world had
become a subject which
begged to be recorded
against the day when time
and men would alter its
present loveliness. Colors exploded out of a mass of
brighter colors, each more
vivid than the one before,
and all too unreal to imitate.
The slant of gold June sun
on the orange of a Howard
Johnson roof, the pale lavender are of shadow beneath a
fully adorned summer tree,
millions of tiny reflected
squares on an arrangement squares on an arrangement of red apples at a roadside stand, black hollows between buildings.

buildings.

And the more I saw, the more I realised that none of it could be recorded for the simple and quite obvious reason that it went by too fast. I remember I felt maudlin, and sentimental, like a Thorton Wilder heroine, and I record it here because it was the first of many similar sensations that were to plague me that summany similar sensations that were to plague me that sum-mer. Indefinable forebodings, a vague scent of catastrophe descended, without warning, and drifted out to sea with-out giving me a chance to-glimpse its face and identify it.

it.

Robert called a rest stop outside of Hartford, and the furtive, black mood went away. Although we never gave it words, I'm almost certain that both Louis and Robert falt the examplication. certain that both Louis and Robert felt the same disquicting sensations, because when we started off again Louis rode inside the truck, and it seemed the most important thing in the world that we stay very close to each other. We arrived in Provincetown with the twilight, and went, lemming-like, directly to the sea, impervious to the

To page 88



We packed it all in a compact so small, you can hide it in your palm or your tiniest purse. See the difference for yourself. Just put the big old blusher you now use on top of ours. You'll find the best, longest-lasting blush comes in the smallest package.

UltraLucent Blusher by Max Factor

harsh necessity of securing lodg-ings. There on the beach at Race Point we stretched our legs and roint we stretched our legs and chased sandpipers and waded knee-deep into the green surf in an intimate and primitive bap-tism, shouting incoherent impres-sions at one another, running in erratic circles from the swell of the tide.

Then, too abruptly, a slice of night fell out of a nearby cove, and, as if on cue, the sun gathered up her colors and went away. Louis hurried back from the distant and solitary wandering that had reduced him to a black religious and Backer distant and splinter, and Robert disinterred himself from a warm, sandy grave. With the guilty silence of children late for supper, we went

#### THE SPIDER IN THE LAUREL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

back into town, only to be greeted three times in a row with the excessive, inhuman requirements

excessive, inhuman requirements of inhospitable landlords.

"No noise, no kids, no pets, and a marriage licence," were the terse orders of the first three gentlemen. The fourth, a pinched, leathery-faced old man who sucked continuously on a splintered toothpick and scratched at something inside his undershirt, offered us a slight variation. "I run a clean, respectable place here," he scolded. Then, "No noise, no kids, no pets, and a —"

— and a marriage licence."

Louis joined in on the end of the chant with the stiff civility that was his only visible manifestation of temper. The greater his anger, the more courtly his manner, and as the old gentleman's groundless hostility flowed out across the darkened porch, Louis retreated with a suffocating air of reverence. "Thank you, sir," he muttered. "Thanks for the—information—"You young kids ought to go

"You young kids ought to go on back where you came from," and the hard voice followed us down the dark sidewalk, louder than the tide a block away. "It's

the likes of you that give this place a bad name," he ranted. "We don't want you here! You

hear?"

We heard! Robert twitched and breathed hard and started back with a rebuttal when suddenly inside me a dormant, maternal strain stirred, and I whispered a platitude that apparently had been left over from some younger crisis. "Don't give him the satisfaction, Robert," I whispered. "Just ignore him. There's nothing you can say."

Robert concurred although he

Robert concurred, although he was still breathing hard after we'd settled close beside each other in the front seat of the truck. We pulled away from the kerb. I stole a backward glance, and

recorded an image of hate that remains with me to this day. When the old man followed us out on the porch, he turned his back to the light of his house, his features were obliterated, and he became nothing more than a queerly feeble silhouette.

he became nothing more than a queerly feeble silhouette.

The foolish little episode took its toll and left us strangely sobered. Wordless, we cruised the length of Commercial Street, passed dozens of "For Rent" signs, which now had become neatly lettered rectangles of pure intimidation. Once, when the skittering half-light of a street lamp washed over our faces, I saw a pulse in Robert's temple. A moment later Louis drew a deep breath that seemed to pull him forward in the seat, and quite unexpectedly he revealed a vulnerable pastel shade of his character. "Poor man," he said quietly. Then, more softly, "Poor old man," and his words lavished healing on our unidentifiable wounds.

LOST count of the number of times we drove up and down the street, speaking little or not at all. Finally, Robert parked the truck across the street from a drugstore, took a dollar from the cigar box, and went in search of cheap food. Louis stayed behind with his piano, and I stayed with Louis. To our right was a sapped and rambling grey house with a light in the window and white curtains and a homemade sign tacked lopsided on the front door that said "Apt. for Rent," but when I pointed it out to Louis, he merely looked straight ahead and said flatly, "We'll wait till morning."

and said flatly, "We'll wait till morning."

"But what do we do tonight?"

The apprehension in my voice was imbedded there, and I could do nothing to hide it.

"We'll go back to the beach."

He sounded confident, and that confidence, for a while, engulfed me. Robert returned with three grilled cheese sandwiches, three coffees, and both pockets crammed full of free packets of sugar.

"Dessert!" he grinned, displaying the sugar. We munched the
tasteless bread and locked each
other out with private thoughts.
The rambling grey house was
number 91. We had no way of
knowing that less than a hundred
varids away was the rear aparts. yards away was the rear apart-ment that would be our home for ment that would be our home for the next three months. Apparently the world, like Louis, was intent upon revealing itself a turn at a time. Fate could not be coerced into happening, and like skilfully manipulated puppets we drove, unprotesting, back to Race Point. That the first night of our

That the first night of our glistening, urgent dream should terminate in meagre confusion seemed not absurd. We were, my unpredictable friends and my un-

unpredictable friends and my uncertain self, mere figments of a
larger imagination. It would end
well. Someone would see to it.

A beach by night is a very
different thing from a beach by
day. The sun makes the wind
sing while the same wind, left to
its own dark devices, becomes a
cold ghost voice, unconsummated

To page 89

Notice to Contributors



#### THE SPIDER IN THE LAUREL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

and bewildering. We wrapped ourselves in every available piece of clothing and took refuge in a

of clothing and took refuge in a cove where we burrowed out of the sand three private niches, an anaemic protection against the obscure immensity of the ocean.

The whitecaps far out at sea died. Fear flowed like sap through my body. My lips moved to form a faint but frank confession, "I'm a faint but frank confession," I'm a faint but frank confession, "I'm a faint but frank confession," I'm a faint but frank confession, "I'm a faint but frank confession," I'm a faint but frank confession, "I'm a faint but frank confession," I'm a died of the confession in the co

my body. My lips moved to form a faint but frank confession, "I'm afraid," I whispered, and added a weak laugh designed to negate the truth of my words.

Robert, disgustingly adaptable, was already courting sleep, and spoke in a voice that at the last minute substituted for a yawn. "Do what I do, Anne," he mumbled. "Keep thinking of yourself as a sparrow."

There was, in his facetious reference to the all-encompassing Eye, a skimpy margin of comfort, but it wasn't until Louis suggested that we close ranks for warmth's sake that my fears were wholly assuaged. With the feel of life close by on either side, I dared to relax, and grew instantly sleepy. Robert pointed to one star out of a hundred billion, and said that although he couldn't be certain, he thought it was Uranus. "Do you know how far away it is?" he whispered drowsily.

No, we didn't know.

"Too far to talk about," he chuckled. A short while later we fell asleep.

The proprietress of number 91 Commercial Street was an incredbly ancient woman named Miss Sophie. She grew window jungles of African violets and crocheted of African violets and crocheted dull pot-holders for the summer trade. In a good clinical sense of the word, Miss Sophie probably would be considered quite mad. The morning after our night on the beach she greeted us as warmly as if she'd been expecting us, and invited us, without cere-cons, into her cramped quarters

mony, into her cramped quarters for a cup of tea and driest toast. She floated about in a faded lavender voile dress and served the tea in dime-store pottery with the crooked-finger grace of a duchess, retired. In response to such unprecedented kindness, we

such unprecedented kindness, we had no choice but to be blatantly honest, and when the matter of the rear apartment was brought under discussion, Louis soberly announced our liabilities.

Like a shockproof little bird, Miss Sophie passed the sugar bowl and told us of course we didn't have a marriage licence, we were all much too young, and that, next to African violets, she loved itano music more than anything.

next to African violets, she loved piano music more than anything. When the summer turned out to be everything that Louis had promised, we looked with dread to its end. This is not to say that it was without discomfort. Robert missed his scotch. I grew intolerable on the subject of a balanced diet. Louis locked himself in his room for hours and assaulted his piano as if it were responsible for the dwindling days.

piano as if it were responsible for the dwindling days.

In spite of wise and prudent handling, the green currency in the cigar box disappeared, and crinkly receipts buried the three pawn tickets at the bottom. There were spiders everywhere to tempt us, but we resisted, and lived the last two weeks off the bounty of the land. There were always blueberries and seaweed pudding and berries and seaweed pudding and handouts from the fishing boats that docked at the wharf off Commercial Street.

Commercial Street.

I will state once, and emphatically for the benefit of old Mrs. Beauacre, who resided at number 93 and who established a vigil at her bedroom window on the day we moved in and maintained

it until the day we left, that the summer was innocent. The three of us slept together on occasion because we were cold. We hugged one another because people are intended for that sort of thing. We were to each other a family, and drew from our closeness the kind of nourishment that speaks of goodness, is ephemeral and fragile and regrettably short lived.

When I went home the following spring, I promised Louis and Robert that I would return to New York in time for Province-New York in time for Frovince-town. It was my intention to do so. But a solvent voice of reason, the same voice that had selected me to be on his team in the First Grade Dodge Ball Tournament, advised me not to go, and I

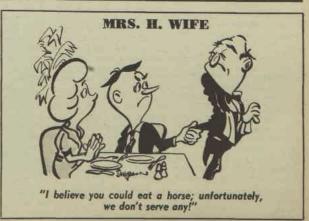
didn't. It was the season at home for green grass, and the voice con-vinced me there was no greener

I am perfectly content inside my wall-to-wall carpeted laurel bush. It's foolish that I should cling to an old cigar box full of receipts and pawn tickets, but I suppose I retain it as one would a flattering photograph displaying an attractive profile, a good side.

Only occasionally, late at night, when I'm warm and quiet, do I long for one small sense of genuine catastrophe, a sense, it puzzles me to admit, that I ran from once, a long time ago, when the world was waiting.

(Copyright)





#### Have Figure Perfection this Summer

It is so easy to have a slim figure free from the slim figure free from the problems of overweight as there is now available through all chemists the safe digestive tablet that requires no doctor's pre-scription and which is sucked like a sweet. One or two Mevon extract tablets each day

One or two Mevon extract tablets each day, with a sensible light diet of lean meat, fish, salad and green vegetables, soon hasten the digestive process of food eaten without any harm to the digestive system, quickly restoring the figure to attractive trim proportions through the shedding of excess and use-

A Mevon diet plan is a comfortable and safe way



#### FASHION FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"BETTE."-Smart dress with drop-waist is available in deep pink/white, black/white, aqua/white, or royal/white dacron/cotton.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$13.35; 36 and 38in, bust, \$13.55.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$9.55; 36 and 38in. bust, \$9.75.

Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra,

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 98. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney 2000, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No. C.O.D. orders.

The health of your family may depend on your choice of insecticide. . .



#### Pea-Beu aerosol, the most powerful insecticide available today, is Guaranteed 'Safe' to spray near Children, Pets and Food

INTENSIVE scientific research into the most powerful insect killing substance known that is lethal to insects yet perfectly harmless to humans and pets has led to the development of a powerful new insecticide which is completely safe to spray anywhere in the home, even near food, in places where food is stored, or in the presence of children and pets. This is because Pea-Beu does not contain any of the poisonous chlorinated hydrocarbons which can irritate and cause damage to delicate nasal tissues or the lungs, and because of its powerful strength factor it kills all insect pests with amazing speed.

Insects cannot become so often find their way on immune to the powerful to food and drink, or Pea-Beu fine mist which, The dangers of diseases.

The dangers of diseases Powerful proven Pea-Chlordane, which require Beu aerosol spray quickly the greatest care in handwhen sprayed in short bursts in a room, produces an umbrella - spreading fume-action which pene-trates to all corners with devastating effects on all insect pests (flying or crawling) and even seeks out and destroys those hiding in inaccessible

The housefly has a soft proboscis (sucking mouthtube) and therefore cannot bite. Instead, it uses this proboscis like a straw in a glass of milk, then regurgitates filth and germs which enteritis,

stressed enough, especially to mothers of young children. Even if your home is free of fly haunts your family is not safe from the menace, for the harmless-looking pest can travel up to thirteen miles in a single

flight.

Never let a fly escape!

By destroying every fly that enters your home you quickly lessen the chances of food contamination and health hazards and reduce the risks of the spread of illnesses such as gastro-contential policy tuber.

Powerful proven Pea-Beu aerosol spray quickly kills flies, mosquitoes, kills flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches and all insect pests that carry infection and cause annoyance and irritation in your home, removing the dangers of disease and ensuring

healthy, carefree living.

Pea-Beu acrosol insecticide contains the safest, strongest, most effective killing substance known, and is guaranteed safe to surely anywhere in the ontamination and spray anywhere in the home, even near children, of the spread of such as gastropolio, tuber- polio, tuber- any of the poisonous chlor-

ling, it can be used with the utmost confidence.

The active ingredient in Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide is recognised as the strong-est and safest killing substance; lethal to insects, but safe to man and his household pets.

The strong concentration of Pea-Beu acrosol spray makes it economical in use — short bursts only in a room adequately ensure protection from all disease carrying insect pests. Pea-Beu is pleasantly perfumed and freshens the home.

Published in the interests of Public Health by A.N.I. Chemical Research. The safe, powerful

#### Pea-Beu insecticides are now available at chemists and all leading stores.

#### **TEST YOUR** GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

#### **OUESTIONS**

- 1. Each year Nobel Prizes are awarded in Sweden for distinction in various fields of achievement. Would you remember who received the prize for literature this
- 2. A member of the cast of the well-known TV series "The Addams Family" has been in Sydney to star in the film "Color Me Dead," which is being made in Australia. Who is she?
- 3. A famous weekly, "War Cry," celebrated its centenary last month. What organisation publishes this paper?
- Who earned the distinction of winning Australia's first Gold Medal at the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico City.
- 5. An Australian performer will top the entertainment bill on the maiden voyage of the new Cunard liner, Queen Elizabeth II, over Christmas. Who is he?
- 6. A new James Bond is to be launched on to the movie screens. This young Australian, who will replace Sean Connery, will have Diana Rigg, the former TV "Avengers" girl, as his co-star. Who is he?
- 7. What does the word "pantloon" bring to mind?

  (a) A pantomime character serving as a butt to a clown?

  (b) A mounted officer's riding breeches?

  (c) Trousers?
- 8. Do you consider yourself a "well-read" person? If you do, can you say who wrote (a) "Pride and Prejudice"? (b) "The Canterbury Tales"? (c) "Doctor Zhivago"? (d) "Gone With The Wind"? (e) "The Old Man And The Sea"?
- 9. South Australia is to have its first Australian Governor. His appointment was announced by the Queen through Government House, Adelaide, last month. Who is he?
- 10. How well do you remember news headlines? Where were Greek multi-millionaire Aristotle Onassis and the former Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy married?
- 11. An Australian author who received high praise from the critics for his novel "Bring Larks and Heroes" has had another novel published. Its title is "Three Cheers for the Paraclete." Do you know his name?
- 12. What is a farthingale? Is it (a) An early type of bicycle? (b) An old English coin? (c) A hooped petticoat? (d) A fledgling of the nightingale family?

#### **ANSWERS**

- Japanese writer Yasunari Kawabata, 69, the first Japanese to win this coveted prize in literature. It was awarded for his "thin little novel," "Snow Country," which took him 14 years to polish to perfec-
- 2. Carolyn Jones, who played the role of Morticia Addams in the TV series.
- 3. The Salvation Army. Its prime purpose was to be "the white-winged messenger proclaiming the Gospel." Its founder and first editor was William Booth, the founder of the Army. It is printed in 36 languages.
- 4. Victorian athlete Ralph Doubell, when he equalled the world record in the final of the 800 metres
- 5. Rolf Harris. His show, on what is referred to as "the cruise of the decade," will be televised live to audiences throughout Britain.
- 6. George Lazenby, a former mechanic, who lived at Goulburn, N.S.W. His first appearance as the sophisticated, hard-hitting James Bond will be in "On Her Majesty's Service."
- 7. You'd be right in whichever choice you made. It refers to all three.
- 8. (a) Jane Austen (b) Geoffrey Chaucer (c) Boris Pasternak (d) Margaret Mitchell (e) Ernest Heming-
- 9. Major-General Sir James William Harrison, 56, General Officer-Commanding Eastern Command in Sydney. He is due to retire next year. He was born in Camperdown, Vic.
- 10. In the Greek Orthodox Chapel of the Holy Virgin on the island of Skorpios, in the Ionian Sca.
- 11. Thomas Keneally. His second novel is set in a religious "House of Studies." He was trained for the priesthood in Sydney, but did not take Orders.

#### "We're looking for people who like to draw."

If you like to draw, you may have a talent that could change your life. Find out how you can be trained right at home by the Famous Artists School—now in Australia.

by Norman Rockwell



Norman Rockwell, one of the world's most beloved artists, almost quit painting early in his career because he was unsure of his talent.

If you like to draw or paint, a group of America's most distinguished artists want to test your art talent. We'd like to help you find out if you can be trained to become a successful, money-making artist.

This offer is part of a program we began 20 years ago in America. We found that many men and women who could have become artists—and should have become artists—never did. Most of them were unsure of their talent. Others who were convinced they had talent simply couldn't get top-notch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

#### A plan to help others

We decided to do something about this waste of talent. We decided to help anyone who has talent worth developing get the training he needs to become an artist. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we ourselves were able to learn only through long and successful experience.

We illustrated this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings, then organised it into a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting . . . lessons that anyone could take right in his own home and in his spare time. Finally, we perfected what is probably the most personal method ever developed for criticising a student's drawings and paintings.

#### You get personalised attention

For every art assignment you send in to the School, your instructor—who is himself a working professional artist—actually draws and paints his suggestions for improvement. Often he spends as much as two hours on a single assignment. Then he writes you a personal letter giving you specific advice about your work. While your instructor is working on your assignment, no one else competes for his attention. You are literally a "class of one" and you get personalised, individual attention.

#### Our students find success

Our program of art training is highly respected all over America and in many countries throughout the world. We have helped thousands find success as illustrators, designers and painters. Here are just a few:

Carl Kock was only 18 years old when he enrolled in the Famous Artists School. Today he is a successful illustrator and does work for such clients as General Motors. He has also won 5 gold medals for his art work.

Mrs. Lal Lanyon of Queensland, Australia, another Famous Artists student, says: "We are opening a small gallery, connected with the Brisbane Gallery, in our town. I have been asked to hold an exhibition of my work for the opening."

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 20, 1968

John V. Christian of Port Macquarie, N.S.W., says: "With the information I have acquired since joining the School, my work has improved to the extent of selling three paintings for a sum of \$215. I highly recommend the School to any artist interested in improving his work."

Nancy Houston of Manchester, Georgia, was encouraged to take the Famous Artists Course by her husband. She says: "Now I exhibit locally and even get jobs from as far away as New York. Word travels—even for a small-town housewife."

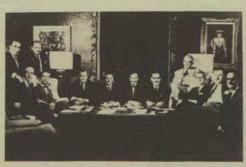
Esther P. Ingraham of Wailuku, Hawaii, says: "I was not an outstanding student at the time I took the Famous Artists Course. But it was a case of delayed reaction, for all of a sudden results began to take hold. I have had three one-man shows, exhibit regularly and have made a good number of sales."

Roger Vanseveant of Poperinge, Belgium, found that taking the Course was a turning point in his life. "It helped me turn a hobby into a profession," he says. "I am a free-lance artist now and I have more work than I can handle. On my first one-man show I sold enough paintings to pay twice the cost of the Course."

Monique Devaux of Bordeaux, France, has signed a contract with a major publisher to illustrate a children's book. She says: "No need to tell you how much the Course is helping me in the realization of my book."

And Mrs. Faye La Belle, a Guelph, Ontario, housewife, has won five awards for her paintings since beginning her Famous Artists training. One of her pictures was displayed at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto.

If you have art talent, you may be able to join these men and women and take advantage of the many exciting opportunities open to you in the art field today.



From I. to r. standing: Albert Dorne, Ben Stahl; seated: Fred Ludekens, Norman Rockwell, Stevan Oohanos, Jon Whitcomb, Harold Von Schmidt, Al Parker, Peter Helck. Austin Briggs, Robert Fawcett and George Giusti.

#### Growing demand for artists in Australia

With the rapid growth in the publishing and communications fields in Australia, more artists are needed than ever before. Magazines are looking for artists to illustrate their stories and articles. Advertising agencies are searching for talented newcomers to join their art staffs or to work free-lance. Business firms, both large and small, need artists to design folders, brochures, posters and publicity material.

In the painting field too, you can win prestige and extra income with your talent. More and more people are collecting original paintings for their homes and offices—and they're paying good prices to get what they want. Whether you are interested in working part-time or full-time, you can find success as an artist in Australia today—if you have talent and are willing to develop it properly.

#### Send for the free Famous Artists Talent Test

To find men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special Art Talent Test. You'll find it enjoyable to do and it will take only a half-hour of your time. The test will be graded free by a member of our staff and returned to you. If you pass, you will then be eligible to enrol in the School. However, you are under no obligation to do so. We will also send along to you an illustrated brochure, without charge, describing our School and our unique method of teaching. Fill out and mail the coupon for your free Talent Test and descriptive brochure. It could mean the beginning of a whole new life for you.

Famous Artists School, A.D.C. Building, 189-193 Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000

Famous Artists School	ì
A.D.C. Building,	
189-193 Kent Street,	
Sydney, N.S.W. 2000	

I am genuinely interested in finding out if I have talent worth developing. Please send me, without cost or obligation, your Famous Artists Art Talent Test and illustrated brochure describing your courses.

mustrated prochure describing your courses.
Mr. Mrs
Address
Suburb City
State
FS 220

Page 91

## Ansett: the airline with a million jet-away holiday ideas for you.



And take care of the irksome details-Tickets. Accommodation. Transport. We can advise you of the best things to see, the swingingest things to doanywhere. We can mix up a holiday to suit your budget. Your time limit. Your personal taste. Here are some ideas to whet your holiday appetite.

Whatever sort of holiday you want we'll arrange it.

New Guinea
Be bold. Go on a personally escorted holiday to Papua and New Guinea.
We've lots of different tours at varying prices which include everything. Breathtaking mountain ranges. Lush jungle. Palm shaded beaches. Colourful wildlife. Native villages. Strange tribal rites. The Kokoda Trail. Port Moresby, Lae, Mt. Hagen, Rabaul, Air-conditioned hotels. Local and international cuisine. Be bold. Adventure up to Papua and New Guinea soon.

New Guinea holidays ex Melb, from \$626.90, Adelaide \$670.70, Sydney \$579.90, Brisbane \$550.90.

\$579.90, Brisbane \$550.90.

Tasmania
Historic buildings and ruins, Leafy
lanes. Tiny hamlets. It's almost
England, See Tasmania by coach.
Or rent-a-car (and caravan if you wish).
Or even go by chauffeur driven car—
surprisingly cheap. For special
interest there's pheasant shooting,
Cradle Mountain and Lake St. Clair.
Snow skiing, Big game fishing.
And some of the pretitiest scenery in
the world. Tasmania, She's more
than just apples for a holiday.
Tasmanian holidays ex Melb, from

Tasmanian holidays ex Meib. from \$69.40, Adelaide \$106.50, Sydney \$109.30, Brisbane \$151.20.

\$109.30, Brisbane \$151.20.

Snowy Mountains
For a 7000 ft. tall holiday see
Kosciusko, our highest mountain.
Lake Eucumbene, 6½ times greater
than Sydney Harbour! Tour the giant
Snowy Mountains scheme. See huge
power stations. Alpine villages with
some of the world's best skiing —
perfect for a special winter ski holiday.
And when the snows melt, a perfect
place for a summer holiday. Thrill to
the tug of a trout on your line.
Enjoy as many days as you want in the
Snowy Mountains — a place to really
satisfy your holiday appetite.
Snowy Mountains holidays ex Melb.
from \$89.90, Sydney \$85.30, Adelaide
\$133.70.
Red Centre and North Australia

\$133.70.

Red Centre and North Australia

Come on an off-beat holiday, and see
Ayers Rock change colour every hour.

Explore the wonders of Standley
Chasm. The Olgas, MacDonneil Ranges,
Iush Palm Valley. Stay on a ranch
and horse ride. Learn boomeranging.

Swim in rock pools. Or go on up
North to Darwin, see Rum Jungle,
Arnhemland, vast cattle stations and
missions.

Red Centre and North Australia holidays ex Melb. from \$228.80, Adelaide \$134.30, Sydney \$259.50 Perth \$300.80.

Perth \$300.80,
Western Australia
Once frontier land. Now tomorrow
land too. Radio tracking stations.
Vast mineral developments. Giant
Karri forests. Gold towns, Fabulous
warm weather. Tour down the
beautiful south coast and see the

magnificent wildflowers. Or take a tour from Perth to Darwin by coach or ship. Stop at Port Hedland, the Ord River and other fascinating places on the way.

Come see both lands—now!

Western Australian holidays ex Melb. from \$243.50, Adelaide \$226.40, Sydney \$283.20, Brisbane \$332.40.

Sydney \$283,20, Brisbane \$332,40. The Barrier Reef We've a dozen Barrier Reef islands dozing in the sun. Some are great for golfing and bowling. Some famous for night life. Birdwatch (both types). Dance. Drink. Shell-hunt. Skin-dive. Barbecue. Sleep. Or go on an island cruise. Whatever you want we can advise you how to find it on our Barrier Reef island holidays.

Barrier Reef holidays ex Melb. from \$182.20, Adelaide \$221.60, Sydney \$139.90, Brisbane \$95.60.

\$139.90. Brisbane \$95.60.

Gold Coast

You'll more than tan your hide on our Gold Coaster holidays. Stay in a Penthouse or tent. Hotel or motel. We can arrange any type of accommodation you desire. Enjoy late nights and lazy mornings. At Surfers. Coolangatta. Southport. Or anywhere along the entire Gold Coast. Come, and have more happy days per dollar on a Gold Coast Holiday.

Gold Coast holidays ex Melb. from

Gold Coast holidays ex Melb. from \$104.00, Adelaide \$139.00, Sydney \$67.00.

\$67.00.

Around Australia
Circle Australia at specially
discounted air-fares. 32 stopovers
including Alice Springs. See great
mining towns. The Ord River Scheme.
Modern cities too. Complete the
circle in anything up to 90 days. Try a
smaller circle holiday with 11 stopovers. Or a Matthew Flinders Tour,
16 stopovers, including the Snowy.
Airfare from only \$193.
We've lots of other holiday ideas too.

Airfare from only \$193.

We've lots of other holiday ideas too. Visit historic Lord Howe Island. It's aimost in a different world. No traffic. Wonderful fishing. Beaches are uncluttered and perfect for swimming.

Or tour the Barossa Valley, and perhaps sample the produce of the vineyards.

See the real Australia on an outback safari.

See the real Australia on an outback safari.
Or try a fly-drive Caravan holiday down the Queensland coast.
We've lots more ideas to satisfy your holiday appetite.
Start planning now.
See your Travel Agent or your Ansett Airlines office, or send now for free brochures.

ANSET AIRLINES OF AUSTRALIA

ŀ	Australian Tours Manager, Ansett Airlines of Australia, Holiday Travel Department, 489 Swanston Street, Melbourne, 3000.
ŀ	Please send me without cost or obligation your Golden Jet Holidays brochure covering
ŀ	(Name your destination here)
ŀ	Name
ŀ	Address
ŀ	
i	State Postcode
ı	ANSESS

## THE MAN ON THE GORN



BRENDAN saw the man for the first time one afternoon when he was walking home from school. They had stopped at a street crossing, he and his older sisters, Katie and Peggy, and his older brother, Paul; while they were waiting for a car to pass, Brendan happened to look up at the precise moment that the man standing beside the corner mailbox happened to look down, and each caught the other's eye and smiled. He was a man of most distinguished appearance, Brendan thought—dressed all in grey and carrying a walking-stick. When a strong wind scattering a few drops of April rain swept around the corner, he raised a gloved hand to his hat, lifting it and then settling it more securely in place. His hair was thick and wavy, mostly black, but grey at the temples. Behind glasses his eyes seemed unusually large, soft, and kind. His smile was friendly, and, without stopping to think whether or not it was all right, Brendan had smiled back.

whether or not it was all right, Brendan had smiled back.

To speak to a stranger on the street was forbidden. Brendan's father absolutely forbade it in the first place, his mother every now and then anxiously reminded him of it, and only the other day his eldest brother, Patrick, had most exactly told him what he would do if Brendan ever got chummy with anybody he didn't know. Besides that, at school everyone in the lower grades had been given a booklet showing all the things they must never do. Never talk to strangers. Never take candy from a stranger. Never, never get into a car with a stranger who might ask you to show him where somebody lived.

But to smile at somebody who smiled at you was something you really couldn't help doing, just as once in a while you couldn't help breaking the rule about not speaking to anybody.

Suppose, as had happened only the day before, you were in your front yard and someone asked you which was Mrs. Sheppard's house. You couldn't just stand there and say nothing. And it would be ridiculous to say, "I'm not allowed to speak to strangers," because if you were going to break the rule, anyway, you might as well break it sensibly by answering the question.

He hadn't thought all this out at the time, of course. He had simply answered, "That one over there," and pointed. A moment later his mother had come out to tell him to play near the back of the house instead of the front.

Again, on this occasion there really wasn't time to think. The man smiled at him, he smiled at the man,

Again, on this occasion there really wasn't time to think. The man smiled at him, he smiled at the man, the car passed and they went on across the street; that was all there was to it that first afternoon.

was all there was to it that first afternoon.

But the next afternoon the man was there again, in the same place. There were no cars coming, so they didn't stop. Brendan glanced up, and though he may have smiled again he wasn't altogether sure he had, it was such a quick glance. But as he stepped down into the street he heard the man say, "You dropped something, son," and he looked back.

There, lying near the kerb, was a bright little rectangular packet, a pack of miniature playing cards. Brendan picked it up.

"It isn't mine." He held it out to the man. "I didn't drop it."

"Well, somebody did," the man said, smiling. "Finders

keepers. It's yours now."

Katie, from the middle of the intersection, called sharply, "Bren!"

sharply, "Bren!"

The man turned and sauntered away in the opposite direction, and Brendan ran to rejoin the others. He still had the little pack of cards in his hand.

"Well, you can't keep them. They belong to some-body else," Peggy said when he explained what had

happened. Paul said, "They're brand-new. The seal's not been

Paul said, "They're brand-new. The seal's not been broken."
"It's funny none of us noticed them," said Katie, "bright red, and lying right beside the kerb. Well, there's no way of knowing whose they are, so you might as well take them along home."

Brendan showed the cards to his mother as soon as he reached home.
"It was perfectly natural to nick them up." his mother.

'It was perfectly natural to pick them up," his mother

said.

But his father, when told that evening of the incident, did not immediately say anything about the cards at all. His father asked questions about the man.

Had Brendan ever seen him before? Had words been exchanged the first time? What did he look like? How old? How tall? How was he dressed?

Under his father's persistent questioning, Brendan tried hard to describe every detail of the man's appearance, even how especially large his eyes were. When he had told everything he could remember, his father summarised the description.

"About forty-five average height grey business said.

"About forty-five, average height, grey business suit, thick lenses, a gold-headed cane. That would be."

But his father did not go on to say who that would be. Brendan felt a momentary uneasiness.

Now his father put an arm around him and said, "You would like to open and use the little pack of cards? Very well. But with care, for if we learn who lost them, you must give them back."

The next day was Saturday. Regularly on Saturday mornings Brendan's mother gave him ten cents and let him go to Shaeffer's Drugstore, two blocks away on their own street and the only place to which he was ever permitted to go alone. This time, because there was a prescription to be refilled, Katie went with him.

At the drugstore he bought a single-dip ice-cream cone. Katie, waiting for the prescription, told him not to go outside but to stay right there at the soda fountain. He was sitting on one of the stools, eating his cone, when another customer came in and took the place beside him. To his surprise, he saw it was the man on beside him. To his surprise, he saw it was the m

the corner.

In the same friendly way he had spoken before, and with the same friendly smile, the man said, "Hello, there, son. Don't I know you?" But without waiting for an answer he addressed his next words to Mrs. Shaeffer. "I'll bet you charged this boy eight cents for that cone, didn't you? How have you the heart to do it? Why, you and I both remember when five cents bought twice that much."

To page 94

This is Super Biodorant. We created it for people who perspire a lot.

It works.



Helena Rubinstein's Super Biodorant is a super anti-perspirant.

It helps check super perspiration. From over-worry, over-work, over anything. (Proved effective in 105-degree heat.)

Super Biodorant is also a super deodorant. It keeps you sweet. And confident. All day.

Super Biodorant is for people who need extra protection. It works

Helena Rubinstein

By MARY WALLACE

"You and I might just as well forget it," Mrs. Shaeffer said, "because five cents isn't ever going to buy again what it used to buy, Mr. Martin."

"It's robbery," the man id. "And I don't know how you get away with it, because down at the diner they still down at the differ they sim-sell a double-decker for ten cents." He smiled again at Brendan. "You remember that, son. Right down there on the next street. A doubledecker for ten cents.

Mrs. Shaeffer laughed and you aren't going to get away from me. Brendan isn't from me. Brendan isn't allowed to go down to the next street."

"Not allowed?" The man sounded as if he couldn't believe it. "Why, isn't this boy all of eight years old?"

"How old are you, Bren-dan?" Mrs. Shaeffer asked.

"I'm eight years and almost three months," Brendan answered.

"When I was eight years old," the man said, "I travelled all over town by myself."

"It was different then," said Mrs. Shaeffer. "There weren't such terrible things weren't such terrine uning-happening all the time. The way things are now, it isn't safe for a young child to be on the streets alone, any-where, And you can be sure this boy's parents know it." Again the large and gentle

eves smiled down on Bren-

"They take good care of you, do they? Well, that's as it should be—a fine boy like you. What is your name again? Brendan?" "Brendan O'Nolan."

"Well, now. I shouldn't be surprised if you're Irish."
"I am Irish," Brendan said, laughing.
"There. You see? I'm a good guesser. Now I'm going to guess again. You like Mrs. Shaeffer's hot-fudge sundaes, don't you? With whipped cream and a cherry on top? Mrs. Shaeffer, how about preparing two of those famous delicacies? One for Brendan and one for me."

Mrs. Shaeffer answered, "Whatever you say, Mr. Martin." But at that moment Katie's voice came between

Katie's voice came between

"Not for Brendan, Mrs. Shaeffer." Katie spoke politely, yet in a way that seemed to Brendan rather cool. "He's had enough, with the cone. Thank you just the same," Katie said to Mr. Martin. "Come, Bren."

Brendan slid down from the stool Fearing that Mr.

the stool. Fearing that Mr. Martin might be hurt by this rejection of his generous offer, he did the best he could to soften it by saying, "Thank you just the same," politely, as Katie had.

Mr. Martin didn't appear to feel hurt. He smiled at both of them and said, "Well, some other time, then. You ask your mother," he suggested, "if Mr. Martin may treat you to a hot-fudge sundae next Saturday. Will you do that?"

"Yes, Mr. Martin." Brendan expected his father to ask even more questions this time. Instead, he asked very few. After listening attentively to the account of the meeting, he said only that Brendan must not go beyond the drugstore;

#### THE MAN ON THE CORNER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

that if he met Mr. Martin on the street, it was permissible to pass the time of day but not to stop and talk; and that if he met Mr. Martin again in the drugstore, it was permissible to talk but not to accept a treat. These three things, his father said, he must remember and obey. Brendan did not meet Mr.

Martin again until the middle of the following week. He thought on Sun-day morning that he caught a glimpse of him on the other side of the street, across from the church, but he

wasn't sure, On Monday after supper when he took a dish of table scraps down to Dinty at the end of the yard, and Dinty barked at somebody walking up the side street, he thought was somebody wearing a ey suit and carrying a grey suit and carrying a grey suit and carrying a cane; but the hour was just at dusk, and when Dinty barked in that cross way with the hair standing up on his back, Brendan set the dish down quickly and raced back to the kitchen, without taking time really to look. But on Wednesday, on the way home from school, he saw Mr. Martin coming toward them.

Brendan was prepared to say, "Good afternoon," in passing, as his father had said he might; but when the oment came, no one spoke, r. Martin looked at them as he passed, but it was a vague look, without recognition. His eyes went briefly, in an unfocused way, from

one to another; he smiled his gentle, friendly smile, tipped his hat to Katie, who was thirteen and tall for her age, and walked on by.

When they had gone on a short distance Paul asked, "Who was that old goggle-eyes?" and Katie answered, "A Mr. Martin." Brendan, a little disappointed because Mr. Martin hadn't remembered him, said nothing.

WO things hap-pened on Friday evening, An hour of daylight remained after supper, and Brendan's father told him to go out into the yard, in the fresh air, instead of settling down at once to his card game.

And his father said the same thing his mother had said the week before — not to stand at the front gate, watching the street, but to stay near the back of the

while he crouching beside the kitchen steps, playing hide-and-seek with his little sister Rose, that he heard his mother and father talking.

"It is hard," he heard his father say, "to know how much to say and how much to leave unsaid. To plant fear and distrust in the heart of a friendly child is wrong and could do lasting harm."

"It's his age," Brendan heard his mother answer. "If he were even one year older or one year younger . . . but those boys," his mother said,

her voice breaking, "were eight years old." Brendan felt a shiver go

through him, though he had not the least idea what boys

they were talking about or what had happened to them. "Each in a different part of the city," his father said, "and distant from here."

This had a reassuring sound, but only for a moment.

"Yet it is thought," his father went on, "that both crimes were committed by the same man. It is thought that he chooses a neighbor-hood far from his own, and lays his plans with great patience, winning the con-fidence of the child over a period of time, so that the

period of data, final step is casy. "But suppose he is clever enough and bold enough— enough—to lay his enough and bold enough—
or mad enough—to lay his
plans in his own neighborhood, that he feels himself
above suspicion. Who would
suspect this man? A man
in comfortable circumstances,
settined from hysiness for retired from business for reasons of health — a bad heart, it is said—a man living alone and quietly, but friendly to everyone, well known and well thought of

"There is more here," Brendan's father went on, 'than lies within the under-standing of an eight-year-old child, even if we tried to ex-plain. But to rely on obedience is to run too great a risk. And we cannot, without more substantial reason, ask that a police watch be kept. What we must do is to keep Perhaps I'm wrong in my suspicion. But if I'm right

"I see you, I see you!" Rose shouted.

Brendan slipped away from his hiding place and was running down the yard with Rose when his father came to look out from the open kitchen door.

The other thing that hap-pened was that his grand-father—his mother's father visiting later in the evening, gave him a dollar for sing-ing "The Fair Hills of Eire-

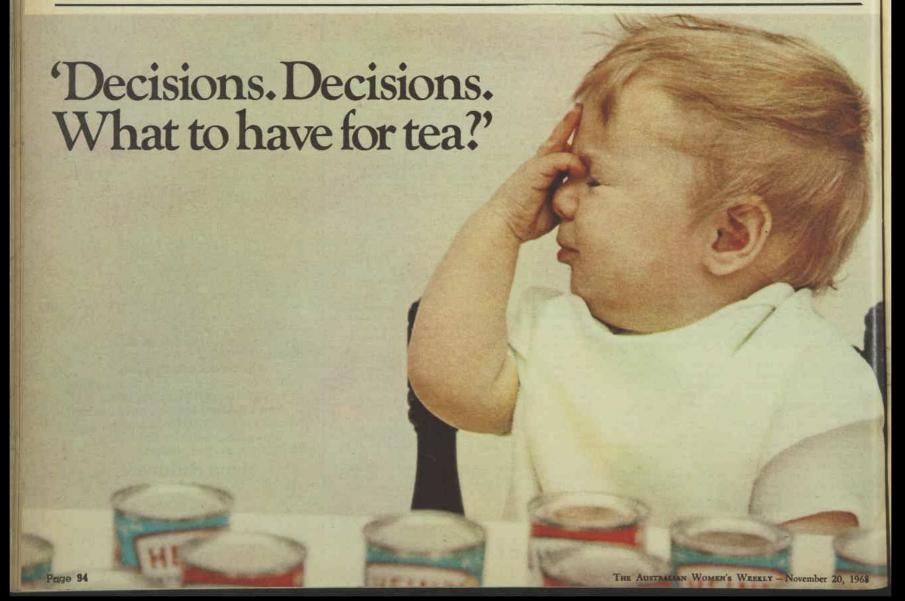
This was a unique ability he possessed. Not any of the other children in the family had ever learned Irish from their father, who had lived on the Aran Islands when he was a boy and spoke two languages, Irish and English, equally well.

Brendan's mother's father didn't understand Irish, but he liked hearing the old songs. To show his apprecia-tion he would put his thumb and forefinger in the little pocket of his vest, in which he always carried some new money, and bring out what-ever he happened to take hold of first—and this even-ing it had been a dollar.

Because Brendan was the only one who could sing in Irish, and therefore the only one having the opportunity to receive this extra spend-ing money, it was usually spent on something that could be divided and shared; but he thought perhaps he would save the dollar, just to carry in his pocket.

On the Saturday morning after he sang for his grand-father, Brendan helped his

To page 95



brother Patrick mow the

Ordinarily Pat worked on Saturdays, doing odd jobs around the neighborhood. Today he stayed home. Warm weather had made the grass spring up in the yard, so he got the lawn-mower out of the tool shed, sharpened and oiled it, and cut the grass.

When they finished the

lawn it was ten o'clock.
"You going to let the
Shaeffers struggle along
without your business this
morning?" Pat wanted to

"I'd rather stay with you,

"That's what I was afraid of," Pat said. "But I thought that dollar would be burn-ing a hole in your pocket." Brendan had been keep-ing a hand in his pocket, clutching the dollar

ing a hand in his clutching the dollar.

"I suppose you plan to hoard it," Pat said, "and con somebody else into shelling out your Saturday-morning dime."

The first part of this was true. The second part was half true; he couldn't ask his mother for ten cents his mother for ten cents when he had a whole dollar from his grandfather, though he would take it if she uld take it if she But he had decided that he wouldn't go to the drugstore at all that morn-ing. Mr. Martin might be there and might remember about having offered to treat him. And he would have to say he wasn't allowed to accept. He didn't resent or even question his father's decision, but he had the same anxious feeling he had ex-perienced the week before.

He was afraid Mr. Martin might think they thought he was the kind of stranger — whatever kind that was that children must speak to. He understood very well that it was Mr. Martin has father had been talking about last evening. His father, for some reason, was suspicious. It would be too bad, Brendan felt, if Mr.

saspicious. It would be too bad, Brendan felt, if Mr. Martin somehow came to realise this. Mr. Martin had such a gentle look that Brendan was sure he was a person whose feelings would be easily hurt.

He didn't explain this to Pat. He merely said again, "I'd rather stay with you." "Well, stick close, then," "Well, stick close, then," "Taking some change from his pocket, Pat selected a dime and placed it on top of the dollar, "You've got that coming, I guess, seeing how you helped."

As Brendan had anticipated, Mr. Martin was in the drugstore. He was talking to Mrs. Shaeffer, but he broke off to say, "Well, here's our young friend now!" and put a hand on Brendan's shoulder. "I hope you've come to have that ludge sundae with me, Brendan."

But before Brendan had time to answer, "No, I'm sorry; I'm not allowed," a curious change of expression came over Mr. Martin's face - first a look of surprise, then a kind of blankness, rather as when a picture drawn on a slate is wiped off with one sweep of a damp cloth.

#### THE MAN ON THE CORNER

Mr. Martin was looking at

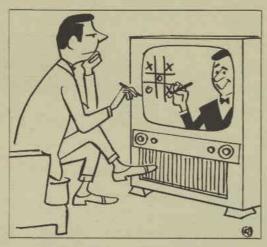
Mr. Martin was looking at Pat.

It was, of course, in no way unusual that Mr. Martin or anyone else would take a good long look at Pat. People always did. Pat was almost fifteen, as big as a man, and very handsome. But Pat seemed also to be looking in a strange way at Mr. Martin. a strange way at Mr. Martin. So very directly. So steadily. And - also rather strangely

how as if Pat had pushed Mr. Martin's hand away.

Brendan said, "This is my brother Patrick, Mr. Mar-

"I'm very glad to know you, Patrick." And now Mr. Mar-tin's smile was more pleasant, what a fine lot of brothers and sisters this boy has! And will you both be my guests?



where Mr. Martin's hand had been, Pat's hand was now. Pat hadn't actually pushed Mr. Martin's hand away. It was simply that as he put his hand on Brendan's shoulder, Mr. Martin took his off. Their hands hadn't touched. Yet it seemed some-

a way of refusing that would not bring that peculiar, frightening blankness over Mr. Martin's face again, "No," he said, "but I'd like to treat you, Mr. Martin. My father didn't say" - he turned imploringly to Pat "—didn't say I couldn't, and I have the dollar—"

"It's your money," Pat said. But he seemed to look at Mr. Martin in a challenging way, as if saying, "I dare you. I double dare you."

Mr. Martin, after the briefest hesitation, said, "I shall be delighted to accept."

They sat at one of the little tables; it seemed more special that way, more polite. Pat, declining the invitation to join them, remained standing close by, leafing through a magazine from the rack. agazine from the rack.

Brendan laid his dollar on the table, telling how he had come by it through his grand-father's liking to hear the

"But you mean you sing them in English," Mr. Mar-tin said.

"No, I sing them in Irish, Mr. Martin."
"You do?" Mr. Martin sounded pleased beyond measure. "Well, I would cer-tainly like to hear that, too.

tainly like to hear that, too.
Will you sing something for
me in Irish?"
"Here?" Brendan asked in
surprise, "Now?"
"Why not? Mrs. Shaeffer
won't mind. But here she is
lat's each her. Mrs. Shaeffer

won't mind. But here she is —let's ask her. Mrs. Shaeffer, would you object to Brendan's singing me an Irish song here in your store?"

"This child sings like an angel from heaven." Mrs. Shaeffer said, placing their sundaes on the table and picking up the dollar. "Who am I to object?"

Brendan's father had told him that he must not be shy about singing when anyone asked him to, for God had blessed him with a pleasing voice and such gifts were ing voice and such gifts were

to be shared. So, after think ing for a moment and de-ciding upon "House by the Sea," a song he especially loved because his own father's mother had made it up, he began to sing, starting off softly, for it still seemed very odd to be singing in the drugstore.

drugstore. "Teach cois na farraige, "Seann mo chroi

Other people turned to look; he could feel their stares. But by the time he reached the chorus he felt more assured, and his voice, as it strengthened, became clearer and more flutelike. "O, ta an ghaoth ag seideadh,

Is ta na tonnta ag luascardh,
Gaoth is tonn le cheile . . ."
Here he brought his eyes
back to Mr. Martin. He was
appalled by what he saw.
Mr. Martin's face was not at
Ill the face it had been all the face it had been a minute before. It was the face of someone suffering intense and unbearable pain. It was fearful to see.

Brendan tried to keep on singing, but his voice faltered and sank to a whisper, then to silence. He thought in panic: Mr. Martin is ill. His heart

Behind his glasses, Mr. Martin had closed his eyes. Now he raised a hand and passed it across his forehead,

and his hand was trembling.

"Oh, no!"

Never, never could that harsh voice be Mr. Martin's. Like his face, it was tortured and broken, terrible in a way that could not have been imagined, could not be believed . . . Without another word,

To page 98

'A delightful predicament. Over 90 different varieties. Perhaps a Lamb Shank Broth to begin, followed by Tuna in White Sauce? No, the Lamb and Liver, but then the Turkey Dinner is always excellent. Of course I will want dessert - but 14 delicious varieties, that's another problem.

Oh decisions'.





At every meal, Heinz gives your baby more to grow on . . . more than other baby foods.

When Decoré holds your hair,



he wants to, too.

Decore have all your romantic moments in mind. It's the new, lightly perfumed hair spray that promises not to spoil any precious illusions.

Spray it on. And there. Your hair's held gently in place without a trace of stickiness, a hint of stiffness. And because Decoré is rich in lanolin, you actually spray on a little extra care, a little extra softness. So he'll never be disappointed. Your hair will feel just as soft and silky as it looks.

Decoré's such a fine one.

It holds all types of hair, won't dull shine and simply brushes out!

Come on now, discover the gentle touch of Decoré, And when he's this near, it's just all softness. Decoré Hair Spray \$1.55.

O Decore Hair Spray.



Page 96

#### Bottle cover to crochet

 This appealing rabbit-design bottle cover is a suggestion for an easily made Christmas gift. Directions below.

Materials: 2 balls blue wool: 1 Materials: 2 balls blue wool; 1 ball white wool (these colors are suggestions only); 1 medium crochet hook; white felt for ears, a bit of red felt; 2 black shoe buttons; brass wire.

Abbreviations: D.c., double crochet; tr., treble crochet.

TO MAKE

With blue wool, make 4 ch., join into ring with sl-st. Work 8 d.c. into ring.

d.c. into ring

d.c. into ring.

Next Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. o end. (16 d.c.)

Next Round: \* 1 d.c. in 1st t., 2 d.c. in next st., rep. from \* o end. (24 d.c.)

Rep. last row until circle is ing enough to cover base of ottle. Cont, thus for body:

Next Round: \* 1 tr. in 1st d.c. ir round below, miss next d.c., tr. in next d.c., rep. from \* to end.

Cont. in tr., working 1 tr. in each space of previous round until work, slightly stretched, covers body of bottle, ending with round d.c. in each space. Fasten

Place on bottle and secure with cord threaded through top treble

NECK PIECE

Make 3 ch., join into ring with st. Work 4 d.c. into ring. Next Round; 1 d.c. in each of ext 3 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c. Next Round: 1 d.c. in next 4

c., 2 d.c. in next d.c. Work 2 rounds d.c. without c., then work 2 rounds d.c. inc. st. in each st.

Cont. in tr. rounds, as for bottle body, inc. evenly on each round to make cone long enough to fit neck of bottle. Work 1 row d.c. loosely and

fasten off.

HEAD

Make two big pompons in blue wool to form head (one from 4½in. diam. cardboard circle, one from 3½in. diameter). Join one from 34th diameters. John tog, to form head and sew to top of neck piece. Sew two black buttons to the big pompon for eyes. Sew on small triangle of red



COLLECTORS' CORNER This feature will not appear in this issue of The Australian Women's Weekly owing to the illness of our expert. felt for the tongue and three pieces of black millinery wire for whiskers.

Cut two large ovals of white felt for ears. Trim to shape as shown in picture below. Finely stitch a length of brass wire along back of each ear to stiffen. With several large stitches, sew ears firmly to large pompon.

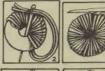
#### PAWS AND TAIL

Make four pompons from white wool (2in. diameter cardboard circle) for rabbit's paws. Sew two at base of bottle and two to bottom of neck piece (see picture). Make another white pom-pon (43in, diameter cardboard circle) for tail.

Diagrams at right show five stages in the making of pompons used in the cover.

- Cut two cardboard circles with diameter as given in direc-tions. Make hole in centre.
- 2. Thread wool needle with double strand of wool. Wind wool round and round cardboard circles through centre hole.
- When the wool covers circles completely, insert point of scissors between circles, and cut wool all round outer edge.
- 4. Wind a strand of wool be-tween the two circles, tie firmly.
- 5. Remove cardboard and fluff











that's as good a reason as any to buy 'Bradmillcolour' sheets

BRADMILL INDUSTRIES LIMITED AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST TEXTILE MANUFACTURERS \*Reg trade mark

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

Incredibly black sheets, orange or gold. Brilliant ideas from Bradmill. For people like you who know that sheets don't have to be white. To be specific, surf aqua, peony pink, sun gold, Venetian green, burnt orange or black. Bradmill sheets last. A long time. And these are

the same high standard of Bradmill quality that you have already discovered with their candy stripes and pastels white and fitted sheets. Sheets that are crisp. And strong. But still so soft and comfortable. Candy stripes and pastels in cotton or "TERYLENE" and cotton. Bradmill colours in pure cotton





#### Hair so lovely to touch

The girl with soft, silky hair is the one who regularly shampoos with Delph 'Peek-In' glow. The hair becomes easy to manage while a naturally beautiful lustre shines through. The 'Peek-In' glow shampoos bring out a soft glow of beauty to all hair types.

#### NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 828—NIGHTGOWN

Pretty nightgown with lace trim supplied is available cut out to make in blue, lemon, aqua, or pink rose-printed plisse. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$2.60; 36 and 38in. bust, \$2.80. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

No. 829—DUCHESSE SET

Attractive set is available traced ready to sew in white, cream, or blue pure Irish linen.

Price is 99 cents plus 15 cents postage and dispatch.

#### No. 830-BARBECUE POT-HOLDERS

Handy holders are available traced ready to sew and embroider on blue, green, grey, or lilac cesarine. Price per set of two is 70 cents plus 15 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 831—SUNHAT AND BAG
Hat and bag are available cut out to make in blue/white, red/white, turquoise/white, or gold/white check poplin. Price per set is \$2.90 plus 30 cents postage and dispatch.

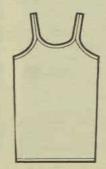




## You've probably got half the story on Jockeys



## Get the other half now.



First, get rid of the idea that Jockey make only briefs. Jockey make underpants and athletic singlets and T-Singlets, too. Now, think about all the singlets you've ever washed. They shrank - remember? Right. Jockey singlets don't shrink. Because they're made from pure cotton PAK-NIT fabric. And PAK-NIT fabric is the one that cuts length shrinkage to less than one per cent. Underpants and

Pak-nit

singlets, too. Get some for your better half.



#### THE MAN ON THE CORNER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

without looking at anyone, Mr. Martin got up and walked in a blind and grop-ing way out of the store.

was a moment before anyone

"Well!" Mrs. Shaeffer ex-claimed. "What on earth came over that man?"

A woman customer said, "He's a character. Oh, very nice, but . . . Well, take all that stylish getup, just to walk around the block. That's rather recent, you know. So is the hair. And those glasses - personally, I think he'd see better without them. One day I'll meet him and you'd think I was his best friend; another day he'll walk right past without seeing me at all. Sometimes I wonder if he isn't a little ...well, you know."

Pat said, "Eat your sundae."

Numb with shock, Brendan sat looking at the two sherbet glasses of ice-cream covered glasses of ice-cream covered with thick, warm chocolate fudge and a generous topping of whipped cream, each enticingly crowned with a cherry and each untouched. He felt sick. He whispered, "I don't think I can, Pat."

Mrs. Shaeffer made a little clicking sound of sympathy.

"Poor child, He's upset, and no wonder. I expect Mr. Martin just got to feeling bad. He does like children so much—more's the pity he never had any of his own. There now, dearie, I'll just set these away in the freezer and we'll have them at lunchtime. Here's your dollar and we'll have them at lunch-time. Here's your dollar back, Won't you take your dollar? Well, you take it, then, Patrick, and give it to him when he's feeling better."

AT home, Brendan's mother comforted him by explaining that a song can move a person very deeply, and in what often seems to other people an unaccountable way, because unaccountable way, because the feeling aroused is such a personal and secret thing. She reminded him that there were songs she herself could never hear him sing without being moved to tears, because Irish songs were almost always sad, even those that were meant to be happy.

He felt cheered by the things his mother said, and presently, although a little core of worry persisted inside him, he was able to set the incident aside.

In the afternoon when In the afternoon when Katie went to the library, as she did every alternate Saturday, he went with her as usual. It was unusual, though, to have Pat go along, and somehow this made him more aware of the little core of worry, the feeling that something was wrong.

They had been late start-ing out, and it was nearly five o'clock when they returned. Their father, arriving home from work, drove up to the house at the same moment. Now, Brendan thought with relief, every-thing would be all right. Now the unusualness, the worry, the pricking little fear deep down, all would vanish. He ran and took his father's hand, not caring that this might seem a babyish thing to do, and they went in the gate and up the walk together.

Peggy was standing on the front porch looking at the evening paper. She turned to them—and suddenly the fear leaped up, leaped right out at him from their own front porch, for he saw fear in the strange way Peggy was look-ing at them and heard it in the strange excitement in her

"Father" — Peggy gasped the word—"that Mr. Martin killed himself! Right after ..." Her wide, frightened eyes met Brendan's. "He wrote a confession before . . . before he shot himself. He . . " Peggy's voice dropped to a terrified, terrifying whisper. "He killed those two boys . . ."

There was a moment of awful silence. Awful because even their father said noth-ing. It was silence too ter-rible for anyone to break, even their father.

Brendan clung to the hand that had tightened on his. Was his father trembling? Was his father trembling? No, it was he who was trembling. Icy fear raced over him. Fear that paralysed not only his body so that he could not move or speak but his mind and every feeling he had, every thought, every awareness of everything except the saving clasp of his father's hand. father's hand.

Then his father, speaking calmly—oh, fear could not touch his father!—ended the terrible silence.

"There are many of one name," he said, "in a city of two million."

two million."

Taking the paper from Peggy, his father glanced at it briefly and then looked down at Brendan. And there was absolutely no fear in his eyes. Not even a reflection of the fear he must have seen. It was as if his father took fear in his hands and set it aside, putting in its place calm reason, reassurance, love—and complete safety.

He held the paper for

He held the paper for Brendan to see, "Do you know this man?"

There was a picture. Brendan looked—and it was a picture of someone he had never seen. A man with thin, dark hair starting far beach. dark hair starting lar back. A man with small, flat, cold eyes . . . The fear, washing away, left him weak, but, released from the frozen grip of the fear he could answer of the fear, he could answer his father's question.

"No, Father." He could even laugh, so enormous was his relief. "Oh, no — that's not my Mr. Martin!"

His father smiled at him and folded the paper.

"It is yourself who should know. There will be no need," his father said, "to speak of it again."

Throughout the next week, and after that every once in a while, whenever he hapa while, whenever he hap-pened to think of it, Brendan looked up and down every cross street on his way home from school, thinking he would surely catch a glimpse of Mr. Martin taking an afternoon walk.

But he never saw Mr. Martin again.

(Copyright)



## Veterans on their very first day!

Your children need to learn so many things before they ever go to school . . . have you the time to give them vital pre-school knowledge to ensure a head start in First Class?

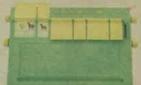


Now . . . for the first time in Australia from Golden Books—a name you've come to trust—comes an outstanding aid to parents . . . to give your children the all-important pre-school-in-the-home-help they so desperately need. And for which parents have never been properly equipped. Called "Adventures in Learning," it contains all the elements your youngsters need for a solid foundation. 16 colourful, fascinating books deal with every important subject . . . delightful play charts teach every-day skills. The "Learn-a-tron" teaching machine is the first of its kind in the world.

You can benefit from this unique programme . . .! Send the coupon today for free and obligation-free details which will give your children the vital pre-school teaching to make them veterans on their very first day!



ILLUSTRATED ABOVE: One of the series of "Learn-a-tron" play charts to give your children wonderful hours of pleasure and pre-school learning. AT LEFT: 16 volumes of "how-to-do-it" play kits. AT RIGHT: The unique "Learn-a-tron" learning machine to fascinate every child.



TO: NATIONAL LITERARY ASSOCIATION INC. PTY. LTD., 10 DOWLING STREET, POTTS POINT, N.S.W.



SPECIAL OFFER to original subscribers: a free fascinating "learn to do it yourself" chart kit. Send today for obligation free details of the Golden Adventures in Learning Programme and you will receive — FREE one of the famous Golden Books.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

New Zealand Enquiries: Box 584, C.P.O., Auckland.

EXCLUSIVELY DISTRIBUTED IN AUSTRALIA BY: THE NATIONAL LITERARY ASSOCIATION INC. PTY. LTD.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

Page 99



**HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!** 

# I assigned is here

No wonder he's in a rush. New LASSIE is the best doggone news he's heard in ages.
Juicy appetising meatballs in a nourishing vitalized gravy, packed with all the protein a perky pup needs. LASSIE is a whole health diet in a single can. Don't let your dog miss out ... even if he hasn't got a skateboard.

Get him some New LASSIE today.

LOOKS GOOD! SMELLS GREAT! TASTES EVEN BETTER!



5900

## Shadows in



#### LETTERS

 Now that affluence has lessened our fears for survival, we seem to be even less confident. My aunt, whenever she visits us in her rather expensive car, rushes to the door every time she hears a car—for tear that hers is stolen! My neighbors don't seem to appreciate the natural beauty of bushland surroundings. Once their property was enhanced by graceful gums, but not one has survived the axe. They were afraid a tree would fall on the house. I'd rather have my car stolen, or be killed by a falling tree, than live in perpetual fear of vague possibilities.

-"UNAFRAID," Mortdale, N.S.W. 

#### End Face Spots

The quickest and easiest way to remedy skin blemishes and pimples is to dab them over with lemon Delph skin freshener. Mild antiseptics together with the natural lemon toning in Delph freshener soon dry up conditions that can lead poor sallow skin and ne. You will be delighted acne. You will be deligated to see how quickly your skin is smoothed and refined to a new, clear loveliness using this method. To guard against possible infection and entry of acne germs, smooth on a pro-tective film of oil of Ulan.

303 STAMPS 25c



Please tick if under 21 over 21.
Over Imited to Australian raidents due cullection only to each applicant.) AWW Youth in concert

THIS is to all teenagers who have never really listened to classical music. listened to classical music.
With pupils from several
high schools, I went to a
concert specially for schools.
The Sydney Symphony
Orchestra played several
delightful classical pieces, as delightful classical pieces, as well as a jazzed-up version of "Peter Gunn." In the middle of the concert there was a musical quiz which everyone enjoyed. Near the end, when told it would soon be time to go, everyone ah-ed." I would like you to know it was a great concert and that I and my friends who went are no squares. We all dig the Monkees and other pop groups.—Anna Freys, Wallsend, N.S.W.

#### Losing game

AS one who, as a teacher said, "lacks the sporting spirit," I strongly feel that sport at school should not sport at school should not be compulsory. All my school life I have been reproached and told what to do by better players, often in not the gentlest tones, Although I probably deserve this because I am a dead loss to any team, my self-confidence suffers, and I derive no enjoyment from games, which, after all, are meant to be enjoyed. Simple exercises for physical fitness, poise, and balance should be done by everyone, and competitive sports left to those who enjoy them.—Jenny Irving, Powlett Plains, Vic.

#### Teen lament

HOW many of you have little sisters or brothers little sisters or brothers whom you cannot tolerate? They tell on you and act so childishly. You think that life without them would be heaven. Well, you're wrong! I know a girl who had a little sister whom she detested (or, at least, she thought she did), until one day the younger sister died day the younger sister died after a car accident. Now, a year later, she still mourns her little sister. Why is it that one must always learn the hard way? — Debbie the hard way? - Debb Donovan, Dee Why, N.S.W.

#### Chinese puzzle

LIVING in the city, I believed that I held no racial prejudice and scorned the reports of prejudice shown by others. On a visit to a country town with a

large Aboriginal population, I was faced with reality, and my first reaction shocked me. my first reaction shocked me. Now, a couple of years later, it happens that my best friend is a girl who is half-Aboriginal and half-Chinese. I am not going out of my way to make up for my previous condemnation—it just happens that this girl is the best person I know.—
"Teenager." Now. the best person I know. — "Teenager," North Adelaide.

#### Trial by jury

MY parents are not old fogies and try very hard to see the modern point of view. However, they have a great task when every night on TV they see the modern generation fighting the police and demonstrating about something or other. Surely if we teenagers tried hard to communicate with

RECENTLY I read that teenagers are the most conformist group in our society. Amazed at first, I soon realised that this is I soon realised that this is true. The situation is highly paradoxical. Within an image of rebelliousness and non-conformity in clothes, hairstyles, and habits, teenagers are extremely conformist. The tightly knit cliques teen-agers divide themselves into rivilly control are agers awae themseves into rigidly control any deviation, by abuse and social ostracism, of non-conforming members. I think this destroys any individual freedom.—John Stoker, Black Rock, Vic.

#### Highly recommended

WHEN I have taken girls out, I usually comment on their appearance if I think it warrants it—and mostly it does! It is amazing the number who say, "Oh, this old dress," or "You can't like this!" or words to that effect, I would recommend just plain "Thank you," or "I'm glad you like it," because even if something is old it can still look attractive. — K. R. Wilkins, Kalinga, Qld.

#### For teenagers

the older generation they would understand us more and be more willing to co-operate with us and our needs. Before we try to communicate with the State leaders, we should test our means of communication with our own parents. -Maryjane Tilley, Cottesloe,

#### HERO WORSHIP

In my opinion too many Australians have a false idea of national heroes. Take Ned Kelly, for example, Many people seem proud of him, despite his crimes. A true hero benefits the whole of the community by his actions. Did Kelly do this? No! But men like Sturt and Stuart helped Australia by their early explorations. These are the type of men who were the type of men who were Australia's real pioneer heroes, and they should be rated with men like America's Daniel Boone. Student," Rydc,

#### Tit-for-tat!

THE main weakness with most student demonstrations is that they are actions. If you are protest-ing about "American bar-barism," you don't indulge in barbarism yourself. For example, you don't beat up the police and wantonly the police and wantonly damage private property. If you protest about civil liberties, you don't interfere with the civil liberties of others. The means should be in accordance with the curb otherwise a basic ore ends, otherwise a basic con-tradiction exists.—"Nation-alist Uni. Student," Bays-water, W.A.

#### Intelligence test

Intelligence test

I AM absolutely disgusted at the way some high-school students treat less fortunate students. The unthinking bullies ridicule others who are in some way different from the group. When will they learn that it's a mark of high intelligence to treat others less fortunate with kindness and consideration? — "H i g h Hopes," Yangan, Qld.

# THE BOYFRIEND

"Try and keep a few paces behind them — it's good for their egos!"

#### Hello Foot!



We're going to get you ready for summer. Scholl. And me. Not a blemish nor a blister. Not even one (whisper it) corn.

Are your feet ready for their summer showing? Most of the year only you see them. Now make them beautiful . . . for everybody else. You and Scholl can do it!

#### It isn't really difficult to banish blemishes,

A to banish blemishes,

So nearly everybody has corns.

Well — you be different!

If you face up to foot blemishes you can almost always get rid of them. Did you know that Scholl Zino-Pads can ease corns away?

It's crazy not to use them!

Visit your chemist right away.

Ask him about Scholl corn pads. Felt or foam ones for simple corns. Zino-Pads for deeper corns!

Pads for other common foot troubles (even callouses and bunions),

But do go now summer is coming.

Feet just can't be beautiful with blemishes.

foot beauty starts at the



at chemists, stores and Scholl shops.



Available from David Jones', Myers, Farmers, Kitchings and leading

travel goods stockists throughout Australia.

## JUST A FLIGHT OF MY FANCY.



THE beginning of the newspaper story interested me. It went:

"A survey of the future of Australian birds was urgently needed, Lady Casey said

The Governor - General's wife might be interested in just such a survey that I have

I can assure Lady Casey that the bellbird (of the Alexander Graham family)

will never become extinct. It's cry of "Hullooo, Hullooo . ." will continue to echo throughout the country.

Pink-eared and white-eyed ducks and quail will still nervously scuttle away from

#### For teenagers

males who try to kiss them.

Large-billed wrens (Navy girls who cost a lot to take out) and dollar-birds will pursue their interests in

The figbird will continue not to give a fig for anyone.

Men will always insist on

marrying gulls just like the gull who married dear old Dad.

And, since there will continue to be summers, there will be many swallows. One swallow, of course, doesn't make a summer.

In years to come there still will be chicks ringing up sales of meat in shops butcherbirds, of course.



The petrel will maintain its reputation for proving that there is no fuel like an old fool.

The tattler will continue to pick up tales and carry them.

And the green cathird will shrilly abuse a prettier bird.

The plover's future is

Naturally, all the world loves a plover.

#### GO-MANGO

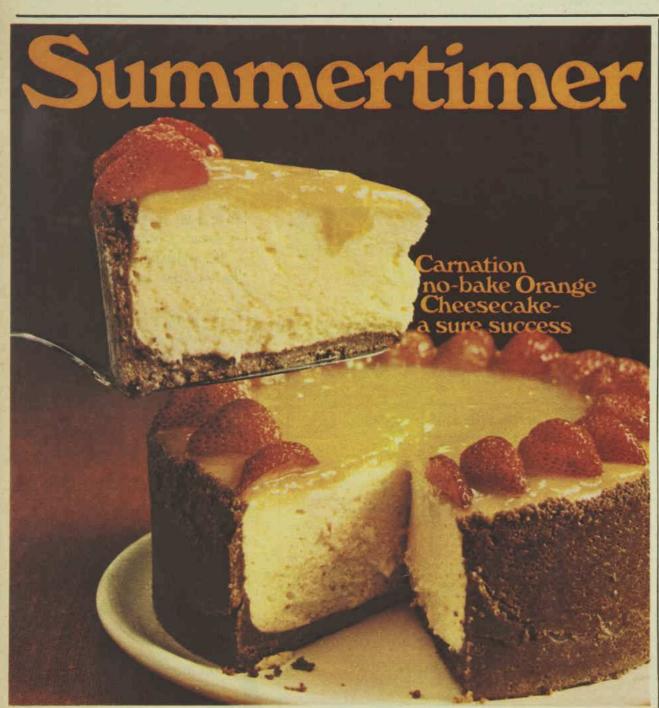








THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY



2 cups crushed sweet biscuits 1 tablespoon sugar

2 tablespoons cocoa 4-6 oz melted shortening Combine all ingredients. Press into sides and base of an 8 inch spring form tin. Chill.

THE FILLING:

2 eggs separated

34 cup sugar
1½ tablespoons gelatine
1½ cups (14½ oz can) undiluted
Carnation Evaporated Milk
I tablespoon grated orange rind
I teaspoon varilla essence

½ cup orange juice 8 oz sieved cottage cheese

Beat sugar, egg yolks and gelatine together. Stir in % cup undiluted Carnation Milk. Chill remainder till ice crystals appear around the edges of an ice-cream tray. Stir over medium heat till the gelatine dissolves and custard coats the spoon. Add the orange rind and vanilla essence. Cool, blend in vanilla essence. Cool, blend in cheese. Chill till mixture mounds from a spoon. Beat egg whites until stiff. Beat in gelatine mixture and fold in egg whites quickly. Pour into biscuit shell. Chill 6-8 hours or overnight.

THE GLAZE

I dessertspoon arrowroot or cornflour

1/4 cup sugar
1 dessertspoon lemon juice Combine sugar and thickening in a pan, blend in juices. Stir till boiling. Cool, spoon over cake top. Decorate Serves 6-8

From contented cows



arnation



BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.S.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

Baron Chance's men. But he sends the disaster signal out first. Mandrake and Lothar go to look for him. READ ON:-





















3. Ye lied for organ cover (6).

7. Pen the French manners of writing (6).



#### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- 1. Household god is around the foam (6).
- 4. Despises grain in a ship (6).
- 9. Serious place for a cadaver (5).
- 10. A girl in France (5). 11. Satan returned and existed (5).
- 12. Perch back for a beetle (3).13. Had a meal in clamor with Edward (5).
- Warship coming back for transport (3).

- 15. Bark back, but settle up (3).
  16. James the actor is a stone-worker (5).
  18. Undermine a vital juice (3).
  21. Scrub a hundred in rank (5).
  22. Part of a tree a 15 down may carry (5).
- 23. Set me alterations, but satisfies (5).
- 24. Dwell permanently swagger (6). concerning
- 25. Noun is altered by agreement (6).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

#### DOWN

- 1. Limb extremity for a 14. Low state of a foundation tradition story (6).

  2. A social gathering may be at Boston (3-5).

  14. Low state of a foundation headland (8). 15. A drink keeper (6).
- 5. Half a dance performed by Frank (6).
  6. To have a certain degree of distinction (4).

  16. Concealed mum on a broken deak (6).

  17. A name for a conqueror (6).

  - A human being could be first, second, or third (6).
- 8. Existing rock found by an explorer writer in Africa. (11).

  (11).

  (12).

  (13).

  (14).

  (15).

  (16).

  (17).

  (18).

  (19).

  (19).

  (19).

  (10).

  (10).

  (11).

  (11).



#### "Day / Long holds my hair the way I like it . . ."

JUSTINE MCCARTHY, INTERNATIONAL

There's never been a hair spray that keeps its promises as well as Day/Long does! This conditioning hair spray has a new kind of holding power. Softer. But firm. Not stiff or lacquered. Combs beautifully in all kinds of weather. Tames the wildest wisps.

And more! Day/Long Hair Spray has a new, finer mist that penetrates the layers of the hair. Deep conditions all the hair - not just the surface. Dries instantly. Your hair stays naturally shiny.

What more could you ask of a hair spray that's formulated on America's top seller? Only that the price is right. And it is! (Sold By Chemists Everywhere) 5 oz 69c · 7 oz 99c · 14 oz \$1.49

. CONDITIONING HAIR

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

conditioning

hair spray

hstant drying

## The Australian Weekly Fashion News





# For shipshape GIRLS AT SEA

#### • FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

At left: Jaunty imported Italian knit frocks with contrast stripe patterns have lots of fashion mileage. Short-sleeved style is in red and white. Sleeveless design is pink with brown and white detail. Both are in range of gay colors. 10, 12, 14. About \$18. (Curzons, Frock Shop, 2nd floor.)



Above: For drinks on deck, two cool, relaxed cotton designs. A-line floral dress, at left, with full front zip and white collar. In lime, navy, pink with white. 10-14. \$8.50. (David Jones', Young Idea Shop, 2nd Floor.) White cotton ottoman dress, at right, is fully lined, casually elegant. In lemon, navy, also. 10-14. About \$51. (David Jones', Young Elite Shop, 6th floor.)



Above: Going aboard, a washable gabardine dress with white collar and large bow. XXSSW-SW. In pink, blue, aqua, black. \$10. (Grace Bros., Fashion Depts., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Roselands.) His polyester/viscose overcheck sports jacket. 34-44in. chest. \$31.50. Ribbed white slacks. 30-38in. \$13.50. Nylon turtleneck top in range of plains and stripes SM-XOS. \$7. (Grace Bros., Men's Outerwear and Sports Shirt Depts., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Roselands.)



At left: Red, white, and blue horizontal stripes decorate this eyecatching little dress of acetate jersey with slightly gathered skirt and self-tie. 10-16. About \$10. (Farmer's, Budget Fashion Shop, 2nd floor.)

Tim Australian Women's Weerly - November 20, 1968

Page 2 - Weekly Fashion News



## PARTY-TIME CASUALS



Above: Perfect for balmy evenings at sea, this printed cotton full-length dress has a high roll collar and cut-out back. In black/white, navy/white. XSSW-SW. About \$15. (David Jones', Evening Wear, 2nd Floor.)

Above right: Wearable little cotton skimmer dress in tones of pink or green has a low neckline for late afternoon or after-live coolness. 10-12. About \$18. (David Jones', Young Idea Shop, 2nd Floor.)



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

At left: Feminine frills for after-five in non-iron dacron dress with a highish velvet ribbon tie. In orange, yellow. 10-16. \$10. (Farmer's, White Collar Girl Dept., 2nd Floor.)

At right: Youthful, allover lace dress is gently gathered at the sides to give a slight flare to the skirt. By Claire Miller. White only. XXSSW-SW. \$12. (Big W Peek-a-Boutique, Liverpool, Bankstown Square, Chatswood, Warrawong.)



Weekly Fashion News - Page 3



## WITH-IT HITS



Above: Swinging poolside trio: girl at left is wearing a bri-nylon striped bikini available in navy/white, black/white. 32-36in. \$11.95. Wide- and narrow-striped bri-nylon bikini, centre, is in red/white/navy, black/white/brown, pink/white/navy, blue/navy, 32-36in. \$11.95. (All Swimwear Depts.) Man's bri-nylon stretch swim-trunks, at right, in navy, curry. 32-38in. \$6. (Men's Swimwear Depts.) (All at Grace Bros., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Roselands.)

At left: Cool cotton shirt with button-down collar, at right, in white/navy/red, white/sky, navy. 34-38in. \$6. Teams with slacks to match or contrast in pink, sky, navy. 24-30in. \$5. (Ladies' Sportswear Depts.) His banlon-knit shirt with rib trim, at left, in color range. Small to X-large. \$13.95. Worn with bri-nylon and cotton stretch shorts, in color range. 30-38in. \$6. (Both from Mustang Shops.) (All at Grace Bros., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Roselands.)



Page 4 - Weekly Fashion News

Above: Snappy cruise outfit by Eclipse teams a long-line top with Jamaican shorts, cheekily slit to show off a good suntan. In range of colors. XXSSW-SW. \$10. (Big W Peek-a-Boutique, Liverpool, Chatswood, Warrawong.)

# SPORTS GEAR THE DECK



Above: Terry-towelling look in a new-season bikini and jumpsuit. Maglia bikini in brinylon and cotton terry is a great shapeholder. \$9. Matching jumpsuit with white trim is a stretchy and comfortable cover-up. \$10.50. Both in sizes 32-38in. (David Jones', Beach Wear, 3rd Floor.)

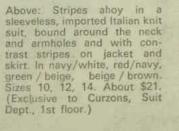
Above, right: Ideal for long, warm, lazy days, this easy-fit beachdress with front zip has pockets set in side seams. In black/white, olive/white, navy/white in striking Tahitian patterns. 10-14. \$7.50. (David Jones', Young Idea Shop, 2nd Floor.)

At right: Nifty slacksuits with striped tops and plain slacks (by Vollmoeller) are in a host of colors and styles both with and without sleeves. Sizes 8-14. About \$56. (David Jones', Young Elite Shop, 6th Floor.)

THE ADSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

Weekly Fashion News - Page 5





At right: Slim effect of a Black Lance estacel shirtdress with contrast collar, cuff trim, buttons, and belt. In black/white, brown/beige. XSSW - SW. About \$24. (Horderns Midcity, Sportswear Dept., 1st floor.)







Above: Subtly shaped frock-coat in striped pure silk made on easy lines has cuffed sleeves held with link buttons. In a variety of stripes and colors XSSW-XW. About \$51. (Prevue Fashions, Chatswood.

# For the Older Woman



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - November 20, 1968



## What people are wearing

Women guests donned long elegant gowns for a special film screening and champagne supper party held on board the Monterey to aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation. They saw Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor's new film, "Boom."

At right: Soft chiffon scarf, waist trim, and the rouleau which laced the front of Mrs. Peter Hardaker's slim long dress matched the hot - pink stripe in the shantung of the material.



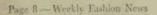




Above: Grecian - inspired white chiffon Empire-line dress worn by Miss Louvaine Groth, on board the Monterey, was trimmed with rows of emerald-green satin ribbon, and complemented her deep suntan.

Above: Mrs. David McGrath's double-breasted dinner gown in a vivid pink French imported silk had jewelled buttons at the front, following the A-line of the skirt. Her silver shoes had jewelled buckles, and she added glittering drop earrings.

At right: Contrasting outfits were chosen by Mrs. Bob Langridge (at left), whose silver-grey metallic evening pyjamas, which she bought in Florida recently, had a shirt top and wide culotte pants, and Mrs. Alan Yeomans, who teamed a pure silk cream shirt with a rich ruby silk skirt.



# in SYDNEY



At the Plaza Theatre, a special preview of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and a champagne party. The evening was arranged by the Carousel Committee which works for Torch Bearers for Legacy.

At left: The finely tucked voile blouse which Cathy Crittle wore with a heavy white satin skirt was the perfect setting for a lovely antique family brooch when she accompanied her uncle, Mr. Roy Crittle, to the premiere.

Below: 'Thirties-inspired cream crepe evening pyjamas were worn by Irmi Schlegel to see "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Her escort was John Trapper. The pyjamas had a loose bloused top with a V-neck and full sleeves, and full flowing culotte pants.



Above: A full-length gown of hotpink-and-white striped silk, made in a simple shirtmaker style, and loosely belted at the waist, was smart on Mrs. Peter Barr when she was escorted by her husband, Dr. Barr, to the Plaza Theatre.



At right: Youthful foursome at the premiere included (left to right) David Capper, Louise Hamilton; whose dress of silver jersey had insets of black lace at the neck, sleeves, and hem, John Parsonage, and Coral Smith, who wore evening pyjamas in a heavy white silk which had a cowl neckline to the hip-length top, and slightly flared pants.



Above: Delicate romantic-look dress in black-and-white pinspotted voile which Danielle Idelson chose for the film premiere, when she was accompanied by William Malouf, had a plunging neckline and long-cuffed sleeves.



Weekly Fashion News - Page 9

THE ADSTRACTAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1968

# What People are Wearing OVERSEAS



Above: With rings on her fingers and boots on her toes
. . . actress Britt Eklund wears eight rings and black
maxi-coat patterned in large cog-wheel design. Her black,
highly polished leather boots are teamed with a black
crocodile leather handbag, carried by daughter Victoria,
as they leave Heathrow Airport, London, for New York.

Above: Maria Callas, left, world-famous opera singer, at Longchamps racecourse, near Paris, with actor Richard Burton, his wife, Elizabeth Taylor, right, and Mme Guy de Rothschild. The jacket of Miss Callas' slim-fitting woollen suit is buttoned to the left, fencer - style. She and Elizabeth Taylor wore contrasting style turbans. Mme de Rothschild's "infashion" wear featured a mini persian lamb coat. Her accessories . . soft leather boots of jet, and jet patent-leather shoulder bag with chain strap.

At right: Honor Blackman, the former "judo and leather girl" of "The Avengers" TV series, svelte in black mantailored velvet suit. Her pin-on tie is beaded in bold diagonal stripes of red, black, and white. Black leather shoes highlight an earthy wheatstalk design in white.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEIGHT - November 20, 1968

Page 10 - Weekly Fashion News



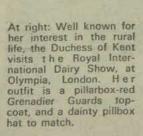
Above: British actress Jill Ireland strikes a stunning pose in a wide-legged trouser-suit during a shopping expedition in Paris. Her suit is bold-patterned with flamboyant bows at the shoulderlines.



Above: Under the greenwood tree . . . American-born actress Anna Trouska, living in Britain, goes back to Sherwood Forest days in her lincoln-green shift with chain belt, and matching laced suede leather boots.



Above: Australian actress Diane Cilento, receiving an American Academy of Dramatic Arts award in New York, in brown leather mini-outfit with high leather boots to match. The motor-cycle jacket has a zippered front.





THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEERLY - November 20, 1968

Weekly Fashion News - Page 11

## OUR BUDGET BUYS OF THE WEEK

• These three attractive budget dresses in tetoron, cool cotton, and pastel gabardine are special offers from stores to our readers, together with a useful little wicker basket for summer occasions. All this merchandise is being held so make your choice quickly.



Page 12 - Weekly Fashion News



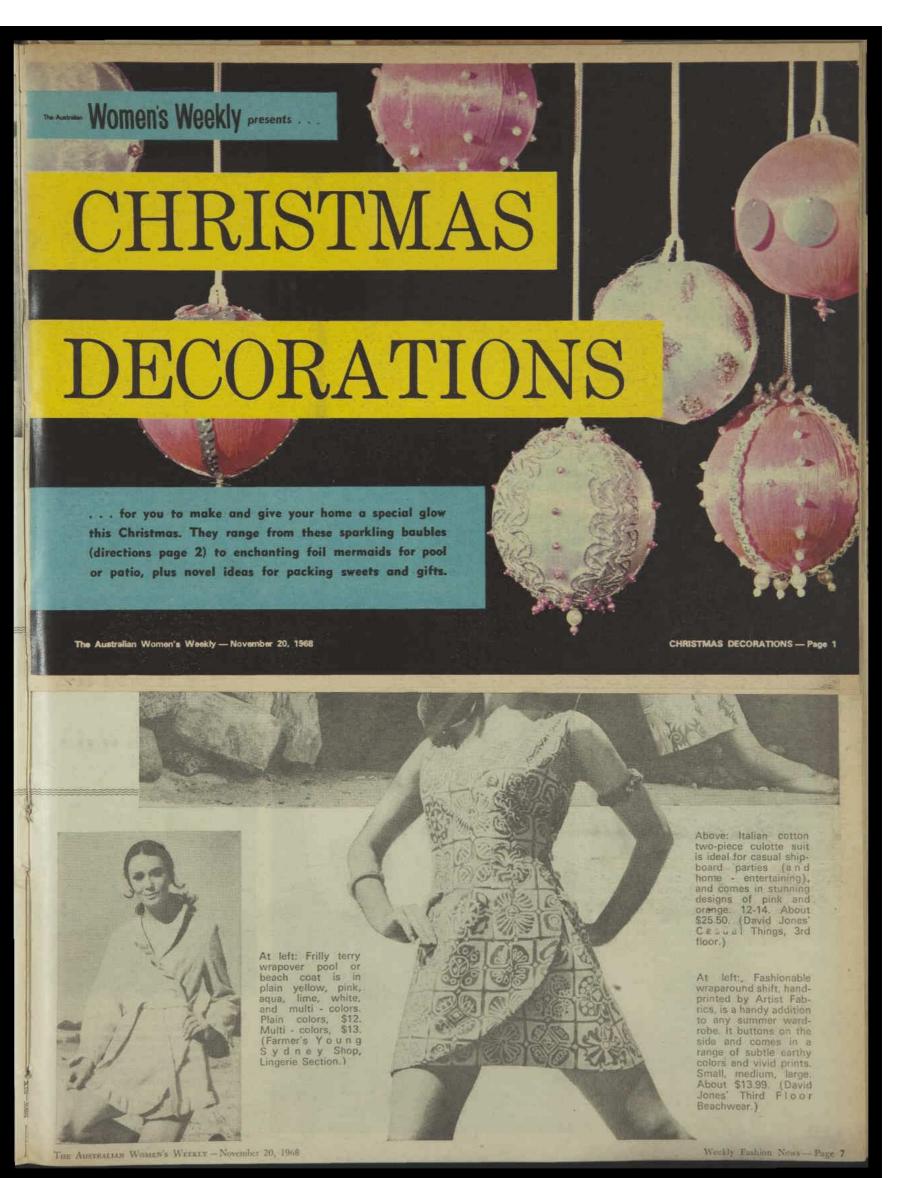
Above: Two simple coolers for warm days. Pale blue floral cotton, at left, has set-in sleeves, its own tie belt, and buttons through. In range of prints and colors. XSSW-OS. \$2.99. Sleeveless mauve gabardine style, at right, with Nehru neck, gilt buttons, is in cream and a range of pastels also. XXSSW-SW. \$7.99. (Waltons Departmental Stores.)

At left: Little tetoron shirtdress At left: Little tetoron shirtdress in a cool print of green and white flowers on navy background is slightly A-line with stand-up collar and long, cuffed sleeves. In red/white, navy/gold/white also. XSSW-SW. \$7.99. (Katies Fashion Stores, Pitt Street, Bankstown, Roselands, Parramatta, Wollongong, Canberra.)

At right: Large and roomy basket-type handbag is imported Spanish willow with a sturdy single handle. \$1.50. (Waltons Depart-mental Stores.)



The Australian Women's Wherly - November 20, 1968



#### SWEET SURPRISES

In color page 3

#### Christmas stocking

Materials: Red and white crepe paper; holly spray.

TO MAKE

Open up and lay out rolls of crepe paper so that you have red outer, two whites for lining, and red outer. Cut pattern (see diagram, page 4), place on crepe, and cut out stocking with pinking shears.

Machine scams ‡in. in from edge,

Machine seams in. in from edge, using zigzag foot. By starting at top of stocking on toe side, you can machine round edge without stopping.

Turn down top of stocking approximately 2in. and stretch slightly. Fill with sweets and seal at top with spray of holly stapled on.

#### Bonbon

Materials: Crepe paper in contrasting or toning colors; lunch-wrap core cut into 4in, lengths; fine wire for tying;

TO MAKE

Cut crepe paper 10in, wide across roll, then cut into 12in, lengths. Lightly paste side of cardboard lunch-wrap core, fasten to centre of short edge of crepe (with grain) and roll tightly round it. Gather crepe in at end of core, fasten tightly with fine wire, fingers inside end and stretching crepe. end and stretching crepe.

Fill with sweets, and fasten other end

in same manner

Decorate bonbon with narrow strips of crepe cut with pinking shears. Take round centre of bonbon and glue. Finish with pompon made as follows:

Cut crepe paper 5in, wide across roll, then use a 12in, length. Cut two pieces in contrasting or toning colors. Lay one strip on top of the other and fold into three with grain of crepe.

Page 2 - CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

Then fold in two against grain. Cut coarse fringe down both sides, into centre, leaving approximately ‡in.

Open up. Place a ruler where fold in centre is in reverse, and press into line with the two end folds. Take strip round finger, with loops on top and fringe at base. Tie round uncut centre

with wire,
Remove from finger, and with thumb on top and finger underneath, press looped top down to fringed base. To finish, fluff up, then paste pompon

#### Christmas tree

Materials: Red and green crepe paper; silver glitter; cellulose tape; paste; 18-gauge tie wire; small icc-cream bucket with lid.

#### TO MAKE

Pot: Cover ice-cream bucket by cutrol: Cover ice-cream bucket by cut-ting red crepe paper 2½in. wide across roll, paste round top of bucket. Stretch and wrap crepe round several times until covering is opaque. Cut off crepe, paste down end. Fill with sweets.

and attach to ball with a pin.

Tree: Cut four 9in. lengths of wire. Wrap together at one end with cellulose tape, then wrap together lin. from other end, Cut green crepe 3in. wide across roll. Without undoing it, cut fringe 2½in. deep x ½in. wide. Open up. Stroke tips of fringe over closed scissor blades, curling them.

Beginning where wire is wrapped 1in. from end, apply paste and wrap curied fringe round wire very thickly, with curling going outward until you reach top of tree. Cut off and paste end down. With your fingers lightly open branches from trunk.

Make hole in centre of bucket lid, put wire end of trunk through. With pliers bend four ends of wire out horizontally and tape to inside of lid.

Cut two stars from cardboard, paste and dip in glitter. When dry paste un-glittered backs together at top of tree.

Garlands: Take a lin, wide length of red crepe, stretch fully. Fold into eight thicknesses, cut very fine fringe down both sides, leaving only a fraction of an inch uncut down centre. Twist garland and paste as many lengths as required to branches.

SPARKLING BAUBLES FOR YOUR TREE

In color, page 1 With gay trimmings - sequins, beads, braid, glitter - and a plentiful supply of pins you can transform plain Christmas tree balls into lovely ornaments you'll want to use year after year. Copy the designs on page 1 or work out your own ideas.

Some of the balls are decorated with pins with colored heads,

others with sequins secured with pins (fine lace pins are best).

Strips of silver braid or diamante are also effective. For a "teardrop" effect at the base use three or four beads of varied sizes

Finish baubles with a length of silver cord or narrow ribbon.

#### Santa Claus

Materials: Red and black crepc paper; ping-pong ball; lunch-wrap core 41in, long; thin cardboard for main shape; heavier cardboard for feet; section of cardboard egg carton; cottonwool; paste; quick - drying adhesive ball; lunch-wrap

TO MAKE

Feet: Cut feet from heavier card-board, see pattern (full size) on page 4, paste and cover with black crepe paper. When dry, trim crepe from

edges.

Belt: Cut strip 8½in. by ½in. from thin cardboard, Cut buckle (see diagram full size page 4). Paste both,

cover with black crepe.

Body: Cover lunch-wrap core with red crepe paper. Glue one end to narrow part (heel) of foot. Coat: Cut from thin cardboard (see

Coat: Cut from thin cardboard (see diagram, page 4), paste and cover with red crepe with grain of crepe running down coat. When dry, trim edges, cut slots and score along shoulderline, Bend coat along shoulderline, place over body. Thread belt through slots, fasten at front with buckle, secure with

adhesive.
Face and hat: Paint face on ping-Face and hat: Paint face on pingpong ball with water colors or felt pens.
Cut beard, moustache, and hair from
cottonwool, paste to head. To make
hat, trim eggholder until edges are
even, paste edge and stretch 2in. wide
strip of red crepe round it. Paste at
top and pinch together to form pointed
hat. Glue cottonwool round edge and
glue cottonwool pompon to top of hat.
Glue hat to head, fasten head to
centre of shoulders and hold for a
moment for glue to set.

#### Candle

Materials: Red and white crepe paper; emerald-green crepe (or other bright color) for tying; lunch-wrap core 4in. long; cardboard; paste; cellulose tape; fine wire; felt pens. TO MAKE

Seal end of core with circle of card-board and cellulose tape. Gut white

Continued on page 4



#### SWEET SURPRISES continued . . .

crepe paper 8in. wide across roll, then use a 16in. length. Paste core, fasten on short end of crepe, and roll round core. Paste down end.

core. Paste down end.

Fill with sweets, gather crepe in 1½in. from top, fasten tightly with fine wire. Above wire cut crepe to resemble flame, paint red and yellow.

To make frill cut red crepe paper 4in. wide across roll, use a 36in. length. Fold in two against grain of crepe 1½in. in from edge. Place a ruler inside this fold, condense crepe in from both ends and pinch it there. Slip rubber-band over top of frill, remove ruler, and frill will immediately form a circle.

Stretch or expand rubber-band, slip

Stretch or expand rubber-band, slip frill over top of candle to base, making sure wider part of frill forms base to hold candle upright.

Cut green crepe paper lin. wide across roll, stretch fully. Tie round centre of frill covering rubber-band and faithing and finishing with bow.

#### Clown

Materials: Red and white crepe paper (1 roll of each will make 12); fine wire; ping-pong ball; strong adhesive; plain white paper for hat; watercolors or felt pens.

#### TO MAKE

Cut both red and white crepe paper 16in, wide across roll, then cut into 8in, lengths. Place red piece on top of white, fold in half against grain, place full pattern (see diagram on opposite page) in position and cut out.

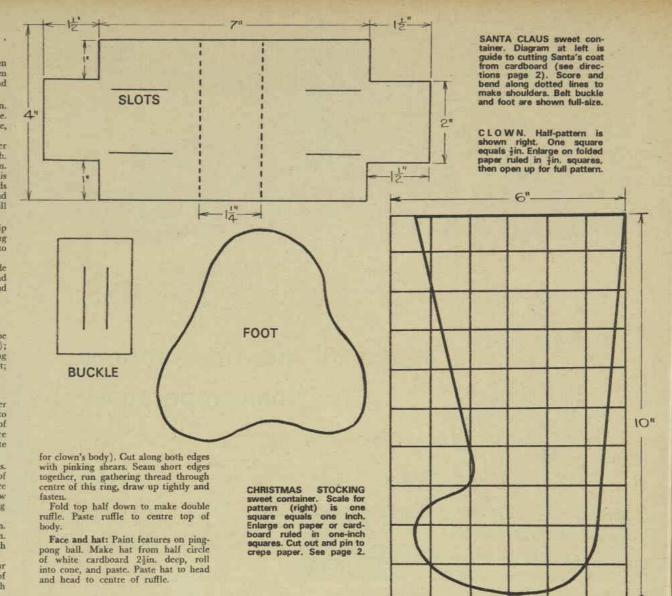
Machine underarm and side seams. Machine a "V" 3\(\frac{1}{2}\)in, deep in centre of lower edge. Trim seams and cut centre slit to form trouser legs. Trim raw edges of sleeves and legs with pinking theory.

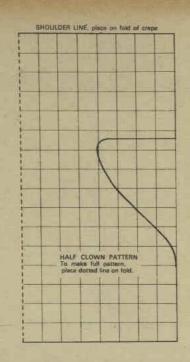
edges of sleeves and legs with pinking shears.

Fill body with sweets or popcorn. Fasten sleeves tightly with wire lin. from pinked edges. Fasten legs with wire lin. from lower edges.

Ruffle: Take an 18in. length of your 4in. wide offcut (remainder of roll of crepe paper after cutting 16in. width

Page 4 — CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS





GALA WREATH is made from six strips of paper flowers. After folding paper (see directions right), pin down centre as marked in diagram, cut along lines, which are 1in. apart, then curve tops of petals.

#### POINSETTIAS

In color page 3

Materials: 3 rolls red crepe paper; paste; gold glitter; gold paint; fine florist wire; pair No. 5 knitting needles. For holder—cardboard egg carton; fine chicken wire 15in. x 10in.

Place some stones inside carton as a stabiliser and gild both wire and carton. When dry roll wire into tube (6½in. circumference), fasten on itself. Stand and fasten wire cylinder to one end of egg carton, forming L-shaped holder.

Lightly gild some ivy sprays and wind round cylinder, making small holes in carton for ivy to come through.

#### FLOWERS

Centre: Cut crepe paper into 5in. squares, stretch one, crumple, and roll into a ball in palm of hand. Place inside another square, bring crepe paper over top to underneath and twist. Fasten with wire, leaving length for stem, and

cut off excess crepe at an angle.

Press top of centre on table to flatten.

Apply paste to flattened top and dip in gold glitter. Allow to dry.

Make three centres for each flower.

Make three centres for each flower.

Stamens: Cut crepe paper 3in. wide across roll. Use 12in. length, cut fine fringe 1½in. deep. Gather stamen strip round centre, fasten with wire.

Petals: For large petals cut crepe paper 10in. wide across roll; use 6in. length. For small petals cut crepe paper 8in. wide across roll; use 6in. length.

For each flower you need four large

For each flower you need four large and four small petals.

Place knitting needle along raw edge (with grain of crepe) and roll to centre of oblong. Turn crepe round, place another needle along this edge, and roll to centre to meet first needle. Pick up and push crepe in from both ends, condensing it; take out needles and stretch out crepe.

Bring crepe ends together and fasten with wire. Pinch top of petal firmly to make pointed shape.

Assemble poinsettia by arranging two large petals at each end of centre and two small petals in centre, Fasten with fine wire and wrap stem with ‡im-wide strip of crepe paper.

Note: Seven flowers are needed to

Note: Seven flowers are needed to make the arrangement shown.

#### GALA WREATH

#### In color page 3

Materials: 2 rolls flame-red crepe paper; 40in. length 20-gauge tie wire; glitter; paste; ornaments for decorating.

#### TO MAKE

Cut crepe paper 6in. wide across the roll. Open up strip and refold into 8 thicknesses, giving size 6in. x 12in. Pin down centre lengthwise (see dia-gram at left).

Cut petals 1in. wide and 2\frac{1}{2}in. deep (see lines on diagram). Do this in such a way that cuts are not opposite each other (again refer to diagram). Round off at tops.

#### FLUTED PETALS

Flute each petal deeply. Do this by holding petal tops between fingers and thumbs of both hands. Hold firmly and pull crepe paper in opposite directions,

Make six strips (or four strips only if you prefer a smaller wreath) in this

Twist one end of wire into a hook. Using the other end of wire (which is quite thin and pliable) as a needle, gather strips right down centre, twisting as you go and stitching wire through all the strips.

Make into wreath shape and twist ends of wire to form hook for hanging.

Apply paste here and there to fluted petals and sprinkle with glitter. Finish wreath at the base with small Christmas bells, ribbon, or other decorations.

Many materials besides crepe paper are suitable for making Christmas wreaths. For a Welcome Wreath made from bows of nylon net, see color pic-ture page 9 and directions page 13.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS - Page 5



#### JAPANESE DOLLS

In color, page 6

#### Big doll

Materials: Large wooden spoon; colored pencils; half hank of steel wool; ribbon bow; brightly colored teatowel; tissue paper; ¶yd. ribbon (1½in. wide); cellulose tape.

#### TO MAKE

With colored pencils, draw slanting eyes, eyebrows, nose, and mouth on back of spoon. Swathe steel wool round head, secur-

ing at back and crown with plastic glue and finishing with bow on top.

With right side out, fold two shorter with right side out, told two shorter sides of teatowel together. Fold again in halves, iron long centre fold. Open one fold and, with first fold at top edge, make big inverted box pleat about 4in, wide down teatowel, with ironed fold edge as centre.

wide down teatowel, with ironed loid edge as centre.

Wrap tissue paper round handle of spoon for padding, secure with cellulose tape. Place handle inside pleat, leaving back of spoon (doll's head) above pleat. Stitch handle in place, catching securely round neck and at 3in, intervals down body.

Beginning at centre neck edge, make inverted fold along top edge (not box pleat), starting from nothing and increasing to 11 in. at outer vertical edge. Stitch both sides in place.

Gather teatowel at waist. Tie ribbon round waist, making bow at back to give an obi sash effect. Stitch firmly.

#### Small doll

Materials: Small wooden spoon; colored pencils; half hank of steel wool; small bow; coarse cotton tablemat approximately 12in. x 16in. (fringed if desired); tissue paper; needle and thread; cellulose tape.

#### TO MAKE

With colored pencils, draw features on back of spoon.

Unroll steel wool, swathe round doll's head, bringing end round back and rolling forward on to crown to give boulfant effect. Secure at back and on crown with plastic glue. Finish hairdo with small bow in front if

desired.

Turn down upper long edge of mat to make 1½in. fold. Fold two shorter sides together with first fold outside, ironing the second fold to define it. Using iron fold as centre line, make an inverted box pleat about 2½in. wide, with opening of pleat facing you in centre.

Wrap tissue paper round handle of spoon as padding, secure with cellulose tape. Place spoon handle inside pleat and back of spoon above pleat. Stitch handle in place, catching securely round neck and at 3in, intervals down

To form shoulders and arms, fold outside raw edges into centre line to just touch at neck edge, slanting outward to be about 2in apart at

outward to be about 2in, apart at lower edge.

Turn back two neck edges into a triangular shape to form sleeves. Stitch into place,

#### SOAP POSY

#### In color, page 6

Materials: Tablet guest soap; 2
7in.-diameter paper doilies; cellulose
paper 8in. square; 2 strips colored net
24in. x 12in.; 4 small fabric artificial
flowers; 2 14in. lengths narrow
colored ribbon; circle of cardboard (3in.
diameter) for backing, with small hole
punched through centre; cellulose tape.

#### TO MAKE

Place soap in centre of cellulose-paper square, pulling over firmly and twisting underneath into a stem. Wind cellulose tape tightly round stem to make firm handle. Push handle through centre of the two doilies. Gather one long side of double layer of net with double thread. Pull firmly into frill round soap and above doilies; sew securely into place.

The Australian Women's Weekly - November 20, 1968

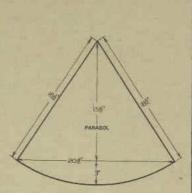


DIAGRAM (above) gives measurements of thin card-board cone used in parasol surprise packet. Directions for making are given below.

LEAF SHAPE (right) is for Mexican Flower which decorates large parcel in pic-ture opposite page. Scale is one square equals one inch. For directions, see page 10.

Make ribbon into bows, sew a flower to centre of each bow. Sew bows to net frill on opposite sides of soap. Sew remaining flowers between the bows. To finish posy, pull cardboard circle over handle to fit firmly beneath doilies.

#### SURPRISE PACKETS

In color, page 6

#### PARASOL

Materials: Thin cardboard; cellulose or other paper; plastic ribbon; wire coathanger; cottonwool; insulation tape,

### TO MAKE

FLOWER PETAL CUT 16

Handle: Undo wire coathanger (or use piece of wire 32in. long), bend into crook shape, pad with cottonwool, and bind with colored insulation tape.

bind with colored insulation tape,
Main shape: Cut cardboard cone (see diagram above), join sides with cellulose tape, making sure widest part overlaps. Cover with paper.

Place handle in position. Make pleated paper frill 4in. wide, stick to top of parasol. Glue plastic ribbon round middle of frill, decorate with tiny shapes cut from insulation tape (or as desired).

Place gifts inside parasol. Cut cardboard circle to fit top, cover with paper,

Continued on page 10 CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS - Page 7





#### SURPRISE PACKETS continued . . .

secure with cellulose tape. Finish with plastic ribbon loop on handle and a bow at pointed end of parasol.

#### Mexican flower

Materials: Colored tissue paper and cellulose paper; fine wire; wool, silk, or cottonwool for centre.

#### TO MAKE

Cut petal pattern from cardboard (see diagram page 7). Then cut 16 petals (eight from tissue paper, eight from cellulose paper). Using a knitting needle, carefully roll tops of each petal toward centre. Squeeze together gently (this gives petal a curled, crinkled appearance at top).

Arrange petals (cellulose paper and tissue ones alternately) round suitable centre (cottonwool ball, wool, or silk pompon), binding securely with fine wire until all petals are in place.

#### Tote bag

Materials: Any type of pliable con-tainer is suitable (one used for bag illustrated was a soft plastic, or you could make shape from thin cardboard); cellulose paper; sequins; plastic ribbon.

#### TO MAKE

Cover container with paper. Place gift inside, then squeeze top together and fasten with cellulose tape. Cut flap from paper, stick in place, decorate with sequins. Attach bow and handles of plastic ribbon.

#### Insulation tape

In the picture on page 6, colored insulation tape makes a gay self-wrapping for a tin of hairspray. Many designs can be made using two or more colors. The tape is suitable for covering gifts already in tin, plastic, or covering the container or containers was plant.

glass container or containers you plan to fill with homemade sweets or biscuits. Place tape directly on to container, press down well, then decorate, if liked, with small sequins.

Page 10 - CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

#### Hat

Materials: Cardboard circles (9in. diameter for brim, 5\(^2\)in. diameter for crown); strip of cardboard 19in. x 2\(^2\)in. for hatband; cellulose paper; plastic ribbon; quick-drying adhesive; cellulose

#### TO MAKE

Cut two circles of cellulose paper

#### Continued on page 12

#### WISE MEN

In color, page 11

#### From crepe paper

Materials: Purple, violet, lilac, pale pink, and black crepe paper; quick-drying adhesive; lightweight white cardboard; 10in. gold paper doily; cellulose tape; gold paint; cardboard roll from lunch wrap; paste.

#### TO MAKE

Head: Cut cardboard roll in to 1½in. lengths, Cut pink crepe paper 8in, wide across roll, cut into 12in. lengths. Paste side of roll pieces, roll crepe round with 2½in, overlap at top. Tie tightly with wire. Cut off excess crepe.

Hair: Cut from doubled black crepe paper (see diagram far left), curl long fringe at back, and paste to front (small fringe), top, and back of head.

Crown: Cut thin cardboard 6in. long x 1½in. deep. Cut points along one edge. Apply paste to board, then cover with crepe in same shade as you intend to use for gown. When dry, cut off excess crepe. Overlap ends of crown by ½in. and glue or staple to join.

Bedry, Cut cordboard, circle 20in.

Body: Cut cardboard circle 20in, diameter, cut into 4. (One segment makes a body.) Roll into a cone shape, fasten at back with cellulose tape. Place head on cone. Cut crepe paper same size as cone, take round body, pasting at back at back.

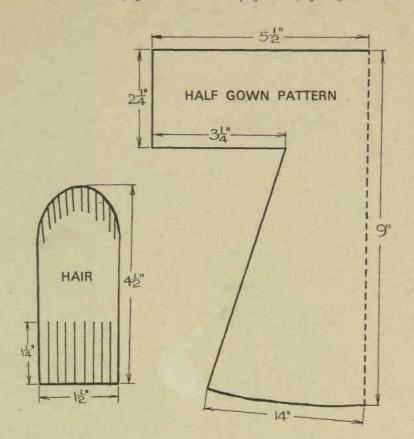
From gold paper doily cut lace and motifs for decorating king's robes (or use white doily painted with gold paint).

Place gown pattern (see diagram-left) on folded paper and cut out full pat-tern. Place this full pattern on 4 thick-nesses of crepe paper and cut out. Cut strip white cardboard 6in. x 13in.,

place between the 4 thicknesses of crepe along shoulderline. Machine shoulder

#### Continued on page 12

WISE MEN FROM CREPE PAPER. Hair is cut from black crepe paper, doubled (see diagram, far left). Fringe along lines. To make half-pattern for royal gown use diagram at left. Dotted lines show fold. Open up to make full pattern.





eams machining in board at same time and leaving opening for neck. Machine underarm and side seams.

Cut down front of gown, machine edges. Apply paste to back of gold motifs and fasten down centre front of undergarment on figure. Then decorate sleeve edges and gown hem, also

Place crown on figure, glue lightly at edge, hold for a moment to set. Bend arms slightly to front.

#### Bottles and fabric

These materials were used for the Wise Men in the smaller picture on page 11.
Use a bottle for the body.

Use a bottle for the body. Any bottle will do, but a 10in. bottle is a good size. For the head use a silk ball with a diameter of about 2½in.

If using a smaller bottle for the body, a smaller Christmas tree ball ornament makes a good head. Keep the head more or less in proportion to the body, but a slightly too large head looks better than a small one.

#### GENERAL DIRECTIONS

There are several ways of fitting the under robe.

Method 1: Cut a piece of fabric the same height as the bottle and wide enough to fit round it, allowing for a seam. Join down long side to make a cylinder and gather at neck. Fit over bottle and draw up with gathering thread at neck.

Method 2: If fabric is not wide enough to fit round bottle, pleat or gather on short end and fit round neck. As this robe does not cover bottle all round, the cloak must be larger.

Method 3: Use this method for a tiny but gorgeous piece of fabric. Glue fabric to front of bottle or attach with adhesive tape. Again the cloak will adhesive tape. have to be generous so that bareness at back of bottle does not show.

Method 4: For soft cloth only. Use piece of fabric about as wide as the bottle, but about 3in. longer. Place on

Page 12 - CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

front of bottle with extra piece over neck. Fold sides in round neck, and pin,

tch, or glue to neaten. With thick fabric, hems are often best made with adhesive tape. The end of a cloak can be left unhemmed and folded in.

bright buttons, and gold braid.

#### CROWNS

To make crowns cut a rectangle of foil a little longer than the circum-ference of head and about twice required height of crown. Cut in zig-zag fashion down centre. This will give you two crowns.

Fold crown into ring, and staple ends. A short piece of tinsel or a gay feather, stapled over join, gives a grand effect. The crown can also be decorated with "jewels" such as sequins.

Note: Method 2 was used for the under robe of Wise Man in left of picture, method 4 for the others. The blue cloak is made from a triangle of fabric and finished with a border of gold rick-rack braid. The green cloak is a square of fabric gathered round the neck. The red one is a rectangle, pleated at one end to fit the neck, and cut to a round at the other end to form ut to a point at the other end to form

All three kings carry gifts made with oil and attached to the neck of the bottle with wire.

#### SURPRISE PACKETS concluded . . .

(one same size as larger cardboard circle, one lin. wider). Cover cardboard with larger piece, pleat fullness round edge, stick down to wrong side. Cover wrong side with second circle.

wrong side with second circle.

Cover crown with one circle of cellulose paper, sticking down on wrong side
as for brim. Join hatband, cover with
paper. Join to crown.

Place gift in crown section, then join
to brim with cellulose tape. Pleat plastic
ribbon round top of crown and also
brim, sticking down with a quick-drying
adhesive as you go.

Finish hatband with ribbon.

#### MISTLETOE KISSING RING

#### In color page 8

Materials: I roll green crepe paper; I roll white; 2yd. white satin ribbon ({in. wide); 20-gauge tie wire; florist

#### TO MAKE

Cut 28in, length of tie wire, make into circle, overlapping wire ends by 2in., fasten with adhesive tape. Wrap this hoop with Iin.-wide strip of green crepe paper.

Leaves: Cut tie wire into 4in.-lengths, then cut leaves from green crepe (see leaf pattern right). Diagram is drawn actual size. Apply paste to wire and place down centre of leaf with wire end even with leaf top. Lightly paste edges of leaf, press another leaf to the covering the wire. this one, covering the wire.

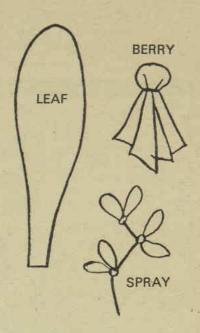
Berries: Cut white crepe paper into 3in. squares. Stretch one fully, crumple, then place in palm of one hand. With other hand on top, roll into a ball.

Place this ball in centre of another Place this ball in centre of another square, stretch crepe over the top, twist underneath and secure tightly with florist wire (see diagram at right) but leave ends for stems. Cut off excess crepe at an angle. Paste base and wrapstem for approximately an inch with \$\frac{1}{4}\times\text{in.-wide}\$ strip green crepe.

Sprays: (See diagram at right.) Cut Sprays: (See diagram at right.) Cut-tie wire into 8in. lengths. Using green strip lin. wide, wrap in 2 leaves and 1 berry, then 2in. down stem another 2 leaves and 1 berry. Repeat until you have wrapped stem for 6in. with leaves and berries. Finish by wrapping paper to end of wire.

Note that leaves should be bent out from main stems and stems are bent at sharp angles.

Make several of these sprays. Attach to hoop as shown in picture on



THREE STAGES in the making of foliage for the mistletoe kissing ring (see directions at left). Leaf is drawn actual size.

#### TO FINISH

Cut five 12in, lengths of ribbon. Sew ribbon ends round hoop at 5 points to balance it. Join other ends at top. The mistletoe ring can then be hung in a doorway, under a light fitting, or wherever you prefer.

#### FLORAL PLAQUE

#### In color page 9

Materials: 1 cardboard dinner plate; 1 cardboard dessert plate; 1 lyds. rose-pink ribbon (1½m. wide); 1 roll orange crepe paper; 1 roll rose-pink crepe paper; glitter to tone; florist wire or 22-gauge copper wire; macaroni or glass beads.

#### TO MAKE

Cut crepe paper 1 in. wide across roll (either color), paste edge of dinner plate and stretch crepe round it, binding edge. Repeat same process on dessert plate.

Staple dinner plate to ribbon 7in. from end, take ribbon across top of plate to opposite edge of plate and staple to ribbon. Staple dessert plate edge to ribbon 3in. below this, then staple ribbon to opposite edge of plate. (Note: You will be making hanging with underside of plate uppermost.)

Make tailored bow from 4yd. ribbon,

Make tailored bow from 1/yd. ribbon, attach (with quick-drying adhesive) to plaque. Sew metal curtain ring to back of plaque (for hanging up)

#### FLOWERS

FLOWERS

You will need to make 22 flowers
(11 in each of the two colors).

For each flower first thread a piece
of macaroni on to an 8in. length of
wire. With macaroni in centre of wire,
bend wire in two. Prepare 22 of these
before continuing.

Cut crepe 5in. wide across roll, open
up strip and cut into four 24in. lengths.
Accordion-pleat in \$\frac{1}{2}\$in. pleats, crease
firmly.

Cut ends into points (see diagram

Cut ends into points (see diagram above right), make hole right through centre with meat skewer, thread the two wire ends through this, leaving macaroni on top (see diagram).

Take two top points. (Nos. 1 and 2 as shown on diagram) and paste together. Hold together between finger and thumb of right hand, and hold two underneath points together between finger and thumb of left hand. Then

twist flower clockwise until fully opened.

Press petals upwards from base and paste the two underneath points to pleats immediately above them (this prevents flower from unwinding). Lightly paste tips of some petals, sprinkle with glitter.

#### TO COVER PLATES

Use 13 flowers on large plate, 9 flowers on small one.

howers on small one.

Start in centre of plate, make two holes with skewer, put two flower wires through, pull flower down tightly, twist wire at back of plate and cut off excess wire. Continue until each plate is covered with flowers.

#### **EVERGREEN BOUGH**

#### In color page 9

Materials: 1 roll green crepe paper; 20-gauge tie wire; silver tinsel (glitter); silver paint; paper doilies; segments from cardboard egg cartons; 6 small round glass Christmas tree ornaments; red satin ribbon for bow.

#### TO MAKE

Christmas bells: Trim edges of egg-holders. Cut borders from lace doilies, paste round edges of egg-holders. Thread Christmas tree ornament on to middle of 8in. length of wire, twist to hold. Make two holes in top of each egg-holder, thread the two wire ends through from inside, out through top, and twist to hold.

Paint entire bell with silver paint (doily and holder). While still wet, roll in silver glitter. Allow to dry, Six bells were used in this arrangement.

Branches: Cut wire as follows: 30 pieces 4in, long, 2 pieces 14in, long, 1 piece 20in, long.

Cut green crepe paper lin. wide across roll. Without opening up, cut fine fringe ‡in. deep. Open up strip and curl between closed scissor blades and thumb.

Next, wrap all 4in. wires for 3in. only,

No. 2 No. 1

FLORAL PLAQUE. Refer to this diagram when making paper flowers for plaque. See directions at left.

by pasting end of wire, fastening uncut portion of fringe on to it with curling going outwards, and twisting wire so that foliage is thick. When you have wrapped wire for 3in., cut crepe, paste down end. These sections make small sprays. sprays.

Now take a 14in. length of wire and, using 1in.-wide strip of green crepe, wind in small sprays at approximately 1in. intervals. Repeat with second 14in. length and 20in. length, using about 1-3rd of sprays on each wire.

Bend gracefully. Tie the three branches and six Christmas bells tightly with wire. Finish with ribbon and bow.

#### WELCOME WREATH

#### In color page 9

Materials: 14yds, large-holed nylon net; wire coathanger; small decora-tions; florist wire; satin ribbon.

Cut net into 3in, squares, Unwind coathanger and make into a ring. Gather each square of net across centre to form a bow, and tie with wire. Bind bow to wire ring.

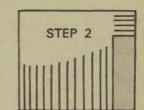
Continue thus, arranging small decorations between the bows as you go. Finish wreath with decorative spray, satin ribbon loops, and tie.

#### Wigs for mermaids

(In color page 16)

STEP 1

Step 1: Using four layers of cellulose paper (each about 2½ft. x 1½ft.), fold in half (along dotted line in diagram above).



Step 2: Slash along lines, discarding shaded part. Glue wig to mermaid's head, fringe at front. Fold in or cut off excess at back. Finish with gay bow, headband, or a bathing-cap.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS - Page 13



#### **PLACEMATS**

#### In color, page 14

Materials: 8 balls main color, 6 balls contrast color Patens Gem Knitting Gotton; No. 10 Phantom crochet hook. Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; m.c., main color; c.c., contrast

#### MEDALLION

Make 8 medallions in m.c., 7 in

Make 8 medallions in m.c., / in c.c. for each mat.

Make 6 ch., join with a sl-st.

1st Round: 3 ch., 2 tr., 2 ch., (3 tr., 2 ch.) three times in ring; join with sl-st. to 3rd ch. at beg.

2nd Round: 5 ch., \* (3 tr., 2 ch., 3 tr.) in 2 ch. sp., 2 ch., rep. from \*

twice; 3 tr., 3 ch., 2 tr. in next ch. space, join with a sl-st. to 3rd ch. at beg.

3rd Round: 3 ch., 2 tr., in 2 ch. sp., 3 ch., \* (3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr.) in 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 3 tr. in 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., in 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., in 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., join with sl-st. to 3rd ch. at beg.

4th Round: 1 d.c. in each tr., 2 d.c. in each ch. sp., working 3 d.c. in each corner sp.

corner sp.
5th Round: 1 d.c. in each d.c., working 3 d.c. in each corner.

#### TO MAKE UP

Using a flat scam, sew medallions in checkerboard fashion 5 wide and 3 deep.
Using m.c., work 2 rounds d.c.
round mat, inc. in corners.
(Note: Each medallion should
measure 23 in. square.)

#### CHRISTMAS ANGEL

#### In color, page 14

Materials: 1 ball main color, small quantity contrasting colors Patons Gem Knitting Cotton; 1 No. 9 Phantom crochet hook; 1 pipe-cleaner for arms; millinery wire for wings; small cone made of colored cardboard (2½m. diameter at base, 6½m. high).

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; picot, 3 ch. sl-st. into 1st. ch.

#### SMOCK

Make 37 ch., join with a sl-st.

1st Round: \* 5 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c.
in next ch., 1 picot, rep. from \* to
end, join with a sl-st.

2nd Round: \* 5 ch., 1 d.c. in centre

of 5 ch. loop, 1 picot, rep. from \* to

Rep. 2nd round 9 times, 5 ch. sl-st, in centre of next 5 ch. loop, fasten off. Join yarn to other side of foundation

ch. and work \* 1 d.c. in each of next 3 ch., 1 picot, rep. from \* to end, join with a sl-st. Fasten off.

#### WINGS

Make 80 ch.

Ist Row: Miss 7 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., 1 picot, \* 5 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., 1 picot, rep. from \* to end, 5 ch., turn.

2nd Row: \* 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. of 5 ch. loop, 1 picot, 5 ch., rep. from \* to last loop, 4 d.c. in 3rd ch. of loop, 1 picot, 2 ch., 1 tr. in 5th ch. of loop, 5 ch., turn.

picot, 2 cm,
ch, turn.

3rd Row: \* 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. of 5 ch.
loop, 1 picot, 5 ch., rep. from \* to end,
5 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows once, omitting 5 ch. at end of last row. Fasten

#### TO MAKE UP

Make a small twisted cord, thread through top of smock, and tie round cone. Sew millinery wire to top of wings, and sew wing to top of smock. Cut 44 pieces of contrast knitting cotton, tie in middle, and attach to top of cone for hair. Draw features as shown in citating.

The Australian Women's Weekly - November 20, 1968

#### How to make a Christmas bell

A LARGE Christmas bell, 14in. high, can be made quite easily from cardboard and crepe paper. You'll need: a piece of cardboard 15in. square; two rolls of white or green crepe paper; red or white thread; 1yd. red ribbon; tie wire; paste; cellulose tape; large red glass ball for clapper.

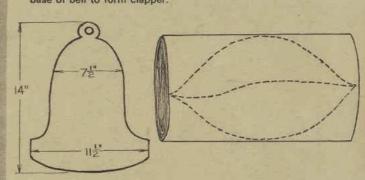
Using diagram (below) cut bell from cardboard. Bend tie wire to shape of bell and fasten to back outer edge with cellulose tape. Also wire loop at top of bell. Bend bell across base into an arc.

Cut crepe paper 31in, wide across roll, then cut into 16in, lengths. Fold length into eight thicknesses. Machine leaf shape (see diagram) through all thicknesses.

(If using white crepe, sew with red thread; if using green, sew with white thread.) Cut crepe paper away outside stitching.

Curl leaves by stroking between closed scissor blades and thumb. Apply paste to back of leaves at base, and press to cardboard shape, starting at base of bell and overlapping so that no card shows. Continue in this way until you reach top of bell, overlapping and following contour.

Bind circle at top of bell with ribbon, and finish with ribbon bow in front. Using cellulose tape, fasten red glass ball to centre base of bell to form clapper.



BELL SHAPE (left) is cut from cardboard. Diagram (right) shows how leaf shape is machined through eight layers of paper. Full-size leaf measures 3-in. x 2in.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS - Page 15

